

SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

25

cents

January



It's Your Fault if
ANOTHER WOMAN STEALS
YOUR HUSBAND

By Judge John Kochendorfer

Now I'm Ready for 800 Men who can Earn \$150 a Week

I am going to show you how you can make from \$100 to \$1000 a month *in cash!* You will be your own boss. You can go to work when you want to. You can quit when you want to. You can set your own hours. You will get your profits in cash every day. You can start without experience, training or capital. And you can earn from \$100 to \$1000 a month in this easy, pleasant work.

A Wonderful New Suit!

I have just brought out a wonderful new suit for men. It's a good suit—stylish, fits fine—and wears like iron. It is made of a marvelous new special cloth that is unusually durable and long-wearing. It withstands treatment that would ruin an ordinary suit. And because these wonderful new suits are so stylish and wear-resisting, they are selling like wildfire. Hundreds of men in your territory will snatch at the chance to buy this most amazing suit.

A Red Hot Money Maker

Does that sound too good to be true? Then read the record of P. L. Hamilton. In less than a month's time Mr. Hamilton sold \$813 worth of Comer suits. He takes 6, 8, 10 orders at a clip. B. Miller writes: "Suits sell very easily—in fact I find it easy to average one suit order every half hour." C. H. Mereness made \$18 profit in half a day. Robert Rizalda cleared \$32 in one day and finds it easy to average \$4 an hour. Casey Hurlbut says customers come to his house. He makes as high as \$15 an hour. And you have the same opportunity to make this big money right in your own town.

Tremendous Demand

We are making this wonder suit in tremendous quantities—not one at a time—but by the thousands. All that modern machinery and efficient methods can do to produce big value at small cost is applied in making the new Comer suit. And finally, we are using the same modern efficiency in selling it—direct from factory to wearer through our local representatives. The result is amazing. It brings this suit to the wearer at a price that is revolutionary—a price that everyone can afford to pay—a price that makes it the greatest clothing value in years.

An Amazing Suit \$9⁹⁵ for Only - - -

Think. \$9.95 for a good suit of clothes. You can see immediately that every man is a prospect. Every community in America is swarming with opportunities for sales. And now if you are interested in making money we want to show you how you can make it. We are appointing men in every locality to represent us—to take orders. That's all. We furnish all instructions. We deliver and collect. But we must have local representatives everywhere through whom our customers can send us their orders.

Experience is not necessary. We want men who are ambitious—industrious and honest. Men who can earn \$30 or \$40 a day without getting lazy—men who can make \$1,000 a month and still stay on the job. If you are the right type—you may be a bookkeeper, a clerk, a factory worker, a mechanic, a salesman, a farmer, a preacher, or a teacher, that makes no difference—the opportunity is here and we offer it to you. My complete line of suits ranging from \$9.95 to \$18.50

gives you a suit for every pocketbook and every need. Just mail the coupon for details.

A Few Hours Spare Time Will Convince You

If you feel you want to devote only spare time to the work, that is satisfactory to us. You can earn \$10 to \$20 a day in a few hours. You will find in a few days that it will pay you to give this work more time—for your earnings will depend entirely on how many men you see.

WRITE TODAY Territories will be filled rapidly. Orders are now coming in a flood. Men are making money faster and easier than they even hoped. So don't delay. Write today for complete descriptions, samples of cloth and full information. Do it now. Don't send any money. Capital is not required. Just fill out the coupon and mail it for all the facts.

C. E. COMER, Pres., COMER MFG. CO., Dept. O-612, Dayton, Ohio

MAIL NOW FOR FULL DETAILS

C. E. COMER, Pres., The Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. O-612, Dayton, Ohio.

Please send at once complete details of your new \$9.95 suit proposition that offers opportunity for a man without experience or capital to earn as much as \$150 a week. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name.....

Address.....



GIVEN In addition to the big earnings I have a plan whereby you can get a Chevrolet Coach to help you in developing this great business. Mail the coupon for full details.

IMPORTANT

The Comer Manufacturing Co. is one of the most successful businesses of its kind in the world, with 12 years of experience back of it. It owns and occupies a modern concrete steel building with 65,000 sq. ft. of floor space where it manufactures all of its merchandise. The business has been built on the policy of giving exceptional values to customers, and fair, square treatment to its representatives.

A new necessity for the toilette



-antiseptic beauty cream

THE old idea was to use an antiseptic after an actual injury—use it to kill germs and prevent serious infection. Between an antiseptic and a beauty cream there was a big gap indeed. An antiseptic was regarded wholly as a medicinal product, while a beauty cream was a preparation merely for surface cleansing of the pores.

Even if it had occurred to anyone to combine germ-killing qualities with the functions of a beauty cream, it would have been impracticable. Until recently all the real germicide-antiseptics were poisonous in their nature, and if used in sufficient strength to do their work, they were injurious to human tissue. But there is now one great exception—one great germicide-antiseptic that is at once powerful enough to be effective and yet harmless even to the delicate skin of a baby. This germicide is Zonite.

Zonite now in vanishing-cream form

Zonite in liquid form is today, for all-round use, the great antiseptic of America. It has proved its worth in millions of homes where women are the guardians of the family health. So when we

began a short time ago to put out this great antiseptic in ointment form, it was naturally these women who discovered a greater



*Women discovered
more than we knew
ourselves*

In making a medicinal product, it did not occur to us that we were putting out probably the finest and most effective complexion cream in existence, until women themselves began to tell us about it.

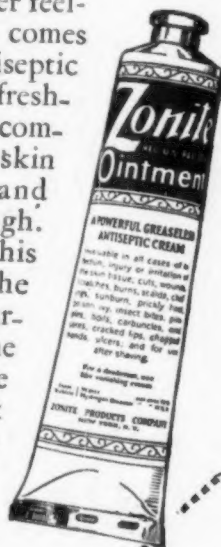
usefulness than we ourselves had imagined.

Zonite Ointment was intended for scratches, burns, chapped hands and lips, cold sores, etc. Its wonderful healing power

often relieves these conditions over-night. Containing as it does the same active principle as Zonite liquid, these successful results were of course to be expected. The real surprise was the immediate use of the new product as a regular vanishing cream in the daily toilette.

A wonderful freshening of the skin

Women tell us of the deeper feeling of cleanliness that comes from the use of this antiseptic cream—of the wonderful "freshness" it brings to the complexion. "It makes the skin tingle with new life and vigor." All this is true enough. In vanishing-cream form, this antiseptic penetrates the pores and leaves them surgically clean. It whitens the skin and gives it a firm tone and a feeling of repose. Ask your druggist for Zonite Ointment and use like any vanishing cream. Or send for trial tube on the coupon below. Zonite Products Company, Postum Building, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.



Zonite
Products
Company
250 Park Avenue
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, as checked:
☐ Free copy of the Zonite Ointment booklet ☐ Sample tube of Zonite Ointment for which is enclosed 6c for postage and packing.

Please print name 12-A

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)



At all druggists
Large tube, 50c

Full directions in
every package

Zonite Ointment

A greaseless, vanishing, antiseptic cream

VOLUME 79
NO. 5

SMART SET

True Stories from Real Life

JANUARY
1927

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NEXT MONTH—Beginning:

Only a Cigarette Girl

“My Mad Romance in Gay Miami”

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Multiplies His Earnings by the Salary-Doubling Plan!

A. W. Weber was working in a grocery store when he took up home-study business training. Eighteen months later, he had earned for himself the position of Assistant Auditor of the Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company, Toledo, at a salary-increase of 150 per cent.

More recently, he has been made Assistant Secretary and Assistant Trust Officer of the bank in which he started as a clerk. His salary-increases now exceed 200 per cent.



**LaSalle Made Possible
the Opportunity**

"My attention has been directed to our Mr. Weber, who is now in his second course of study with your institution. This is most interesting to us as Mr. Weber's progress has been quite exceptional, he having advanced from a clerkship to Assistant Secretary and Assistant Trust Officer in our bank in the short period of five years.

"This attainment is most gratifying to us and we are frank in giving expression to our belief that much credit is due to your splendid institution, through which medium opportunity was afforded in making it possible for him to accomplish the purpose.

"It has ever been our policy to be helpful and to encourage those of our employees in acquiring information and knowledge looking to their own betterment and we are most anxious and willing to recognize and cooperate with those employees whose desires and ambitions are directed to greater achievements and further advancements."

(Signed) EDWARD KIRSCHNER,
Vice-Pres. Ohio Savings Bank
and Trust Co.

LaSalle Training Changes Opportunity Into Dividends

"Without the knowledge obtained from your course, I would not be able to fill the position I hold today. Monthly dividends are being paid me on my investment in LaSalle training, in the form of increased salary, at a rate in excess of 125 per cent."

(Signed) ARTHUR W. WEBER,
Ass't Sec'y Ohio Savings Bank
and Trust Co.



Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company, Toledo
—one of the largest and best banks in Ohio

—How Home-Study Training Nets A. W. Weber 125% a Month!

The prospect of working in a grocery store all his life did not satisfy A. W. Weber, a Toledo man. He resolved to make a *new start*—and to speed his progress he undertook LaSalle training in Higher Accountancy. He secured a job first as time-keeper in an automobile plant—then as clerk in the Ohio Savings Bank and Trust Company. Within eighteen months his training had helped him to the position of Assistant Auditor.

Since that time, repeated promotions have advanced him to the position of Assistant Secretary and Assistant Trust Officer, and he writes that *his monthly dividends on his investment are at a rate in excess of 125 per cent.* Read his letter, and the letter of his employer, in the column at the left.

Mr. Weber is now adding to his momentum by means of a second LaSalle course—home-study training in Law.

Will You Be Selected for Promotion?

You have often wondered whether or not it would pay you to take up specialized business training with LaSalle.

But—can there be any *question* about its paying when so many thousands of LaSalle members are advancing—thru its aid—to positions of responsibility and influence?

In the very bank of which Mr. Weber is an officer, thirty-eight other men and women have enrolled in LaSalle; in the Guaranty Trust Company, New York, LaSalle members number ninety-eight; in the Royal Bank of Canada, two hundred and seventy-nine.

During only six months' time as many as 1,248 LaSalle members reported definite salary-increases totaling \$1,399,507, *an average increase per man of 89 per cent.*

Send for Free Outline of LaSalle Salary-Doubling Plan!

What would it be worth to *you* to increase your earnings 89 per cent—within a comparatively few months?

The LaSalle *salary-doubling* plan will show you how to do so. Simply fill out and mail the coupon—and a 64-page book describing this salary-doubling plan will be sent you FREE. Whether you adopt the plan or not, the basic information it will place in your hands is of very real and definite value.

Balance the two minutes that it takes to fill out the coupon against the rewards of a successful career—then clip and mail the coupon—*now*.

LaSALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

The World's Largest Business Training Institution

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY

Dept. 150-R

Chicago

I shall be glad to have details of your salary-doubling plan, together with complete information regarding the opportunities in the business field I have checked below. Also a copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation.

☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales and Departmental Executive positions.

☐ **Modern Salesmanship:** Training for position as Sales Executive, Salesman, Sales Coach or Trainer, Sales Promotion Manager, Manufacturer's Agent, Solicitor, and all positions in retail, wholesale, or specialty selling.

☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for position as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc.

☐ **Expert Bookkeeping:** Training for position as Head Bookkeeper.

☐ **C. P. A. Coaching for Advanced Accountants.**

☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.

☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference and Consultation Service for Business Men.

☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for position as Railroad or Industrial Traffic Manager, Rate Expert, Freight Solicitor, etc.

☐ **Railway Station Management:** Training for position of Station Accountant, Cashier and Agent, Division Agent, etc.

☐ **Banking and Finance:** Training for executive positions in Banks and Financial Institutions.

☐ **Industrial Management:** Training for positions in Works Management, Production Control, Industrial Engineering, etc.

☐ **Modern Foremanship and Production Methods:** Training for positions in Shop Management, such as that of Superintendent, General Foreman, Foreman, Sub-Foreman, etc.

☐ **Personnel and Employment Management:** Training in the position of Personnel Manager, Industrial Relations Manager, Employment Manager, and positions relating to Employee Service.

☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for position as Sales or Collection Correspondent, Sales Promotion Manager, Mail Sales Manager, Secretary, etc.

☐ **Business English:** Training for Business Correspondents and Copy Writers.

☐ **Commercial Spanish:** Training for position as Foreign Correspondent with Spanish-speaking countries.

☐ **Effective Speaking:** Training in the art of forceful, effective speech, for Ministers, Salesmen, Fraternal Leaders, Politicians, Clubmen, etc.



Name..... Present Position..... Address.....

SECRETS *of the* WHITE HOUSE

THE one person in the world who knows what has gone on in the private—the *home*—part of the White House during the stirring last 17 years is ELIZABETH JAFFRAY, housekeeper of the Executive Mansion during the Administrations of Taft, Wilson, Harding, and Coolidge.



Photograph by Mr. Lyonde, Toronto :

ELIZABETH JAFFRAY

She now tells her story. Tells of the home life of the Tafts, the crisis of Mrs. Taft's illness; the coming of the Wilsons, the languishing of the first Mrs. Wilson, and her death; the first visit of Mrs. Galt, Mr. Wilson's boyish courtship; the wedding; the stirring days of the war; Mr. Wilson's breakdown, and what actually

happened during those months when a curtain of mystery hid the stricken Executive from the public; the astounding happenings while the Hardings were in power—in some ways the most extraordinary revelations ever made concerning a President; the Coolidges, strangest of all families she knew so intimately.

Read her fascinating and important memoirs

*In
January*

Hearst's International
combined with
Cosmopolitan

*On Sale
December 10th*



This **FREE** Book Shows Why Salesmanship Raises More Salaries Than All the Pull and Luck in the World

HOW many times have you heard men say: "If I only had Smith's pull and luck, I'd be worth a lot of money today?" Hundreds of times, probably. And the chances are that you may have said the same thing yourself!

Right now there are thousands of men who are worrying along in small pay jobs bemoaning their lack of "a chance"—when all the time the greatest opportunity in the history of business is staring them full in the face!

SALESMANSHIP offers the largest rewards of any profession in America today. Men who know the secrets of scientific salesmanship are in greater demand than ever before. For them there is no tiresome routine, no skimping along on miserly pittance! They practically dictate their own terms. No commercial enterprise can exist without them! They are the very nerve centers of a business—for upon their efforts depends the profits any company makes. Salesmen are the "aces" of twentieth century business. They are the men who make \$10,000 a year and more!

Salary Increases—from 150% to 700%!

Men from every walk of life have *proved* that salesmanship is a bigger salary-booster than all the influence and "good breaks" in the world. For example, there is A. H. Ward of Chicago. Not so long ago, he was grinding along at \$20 a week. Then suddenly he read an announcement, just like this one, and cast his lot with the National Salesmen's Training Association. Within a few short months of simple preparation at home, he was earning \$1000 a month—and last year his income was over \$13,000!

And remember that Ward was no exception—but just one of thousands who have achieved success this surprisingly easy



A FEW BIG SALARY INCREASES!

\$13,500 A Year

"Last month I earned \$1350 as a salesman. Have averaged \$1000 a month the last year. Couldn't have done it without N. S. T. A." A. H. Ward, Chicago.

Over \$10,000 A Year

"N. S. T. A. training has enabled me to learn more, earn more and BE more! I am now president of a national organization. My earnings this year will exceed the five figure mark." C. V. Champion, Ill.

700% Increase!

"Was a clerk when I enrolled for N. S. T. A. training. Now as salesman I earn as much in one month as I used to make in a year!" O. A. Jones, Mo.

\$1,000 in 30 Days

"After ten years in Railway Mail Service, I decided to make a change. My earnings during the past 30 days were over \$1000." W. Hartle, Ill.

way. For instance, there is O. A. Jones of Missouri, a former clerk, who now earns 700% more than before he learned to sell; J. H. Cash of Atlanta who raised his salary from \$75 to \$500 a month; and W. D. Clenny who earned as high as \$850 in 30 days after he mastered the secrets of salesmanship through N. S. T. A.!

Salesmen Are Made—Not Born

Lots of men have a foolish notion that salesmen are born with some sort of a magic gift. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Just as you learned the alphabet, you can learn salesmanship.

Selling is governed by rules and laws just like mathematics. There are certain ways of saying and doing things; certain ways of approaching a man; certain ways of answering objections, battering down resistance and making the prospect act. Once you have mastered these principles your success is limited only by your energy and ambition!

So don't blame fate if you aren't satisfied with the success you have achieved to date. It is your own fault if your salary doesn't run into five figures this year. And remember that "luck" and "drag" are mighty poor seconds to SALESMANSHIP, when it comes to the question of lasting financial independence!

Exceptional Demand for Salesmen

Right now city and traveling sales positions are open in every line all over the North American continent. Last year the FREE Employment Service Department of N. S. T. A. received requests for 49,880 salesmen—bona-fide offers of positions for our members! Surely this is a glowing tribute to the thoroughness and practicability of the N. S. T. A. system of training! This employment service is absolutely free to both members and employers.

Remarkable Book Free

Our surprising new book "Modern Salesmanship" will open your eyes to facts that you've never dreamed of. It will give you a new conception of the tremendous money that scientific salesmanship offers you today. This book is absolutely FREE! Get your copy at once. Mail the coupon tonight!



Dept. A-26. N. S. T. A. Building
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. A-26, N. S. T. A. Bldg., Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Please mail me FREE your illustrated book, "Modern Salesmanship", and particulars of membership in your association and its Free Employment Service.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Age _____ Occupation _____

True-Life Treats in Next Month's SMART SET

I wish you could have looked over my shoulder as I sat at the desk of the Editor of Smart Set, watching him select from an amazing number of intimate and revealing stories those that are to go into next month's Smart Set.

Really there wasn't a second when I wasn't held spell-bound by the true stories that particular group of contributors had sent in. There is, for instance, a story by a witty stenographer who makes the amazing declaration:

"I Hate My Good-Looking Legs"

"It is no easy matter," she reveals, "to go through life with beautiful legs. Why must men notice a girl's legs before they pay any attention to the rest of her? Why do they congregate on the street to watch girls' legs flashing by? Why must the finding of a nice-looking pair of legs be considered as great a discovery as the North Pole?"

This girl kept a record of the strange experiences she walked into with that shapely pair of legs—in offices, at parties, and on the street—and she opens the record to you in a revelation entirely unlike any true-life story you have ever read.

Then we picked up a story of quite a different sort—of one of the strangest experiences that could ever happen to a girl. It is told under the title—

"My Star of the Streets"

It is the story of a girl on the verge of becoming a woman of the streets; of how, one night, instead of going to her downfall, she met a surprising, providential adventure that changed the course of her whole life.

Perhaps you've seen those pretty cigarette girls who go through the corridors and dining rooms of luxurious hotels. Perhaps you have wondered what experiences they have. Now you will soon know, for Smart Set begins next month a remarkably intimate and colorful true-life serial—

"Only a Cigarette Girl"

It is the personally told story of Nunciata, cigarette girl of the Hotel Conquistador, Florida, and how Steven Wainwright, millionaire bachelor, opened the door to fairyland for her to parties in magnificent palaces and aboard sumptuous yachts that made pleasure-mad Miami gasp.

Here is hectic Florida seen through the eyes of a vivacious girl whose own beauty made her an irresistible attraction for men of all types, as well as an object of jealousy for the rich girls whose rival she became. Don't miss the first intimate story of Nunciata's amazing adventures in February Smart Set.



Princess Ileana of Rumania linking herself to America's spirit of youth and adventure by reading Smart Set

A Wronged Wife and the Other Woman

Here's another surprise—and one of those novel things that makes Smart Set entirely different from any other magazine.

The editor realizing that the newspaper reports of divorce cases do not tell all, has persuaded both a wronged wife and a woman who broke up a happy marriage each to state her case. Be sure to read those two heart-wrung articles.

Also, here's a flashing picture that is the real inside story of what it cost a young girl to become a star on the Rialto. It is told by a girl who is a highly successful actress—even though she calls herself

"The Sorriest Woman on Broadway"

"If I told you my name," this woman says, "you would recognize it as one that blazes in the electric signs of Broadway's biggest theatres." In her frank story—told to help other ambitious girls—she tells how she came to New York as a girl of seventeen, ready—even anxious—to pay any price for success on the stage, only to learn a lesson that was as surprising to her as it will be to you.

"My Best Story This Month"

After you read in this issue O. O. McIntyre's vivid story you will be glad to know that his stories are to continue. His February one is a most interesting flash of human experience.

We haven't space to tell you about the other astonishing true-life features in next month's SMART SET—such as the outspoken feature by the man who says: "YOU CAVE-WOMEN MAKE ME TIRED." All we have space for is to warn you that you'll be missing 20 of the best true-life treats of the month if you don't buy February Smart Set.

FEBRUARY SMART SET on SALE JANUARY 1st ~ALL NEWSSTANDS

The Eternal Mystery of WOMAN

Now Almost Completely Laid Bare Before You



JOAN OF ARC

What, in your mind, is the essence of Woman's soul? Which is the outstanding feminine characteristic? Why are some women saints and others such sinners? Must a woman be beautiful in order to be fascinating? Why is the nature of Woman so complex—so baffling? Is there any way you can tell what she will do next?

You've probably never faced such a difficult—yet interesting—string of questions. For ages they have bewildered all who have sought to know and understand Woman.

Heretofore there has been no concentrated record of Woman and her life in all lands and ages, upon which to base an *understanding* of her. To compile such a record were too tremendous an undertaking for any one Man. Indeed, it has taken *ten* men—authors of greatest intellectual brilliance—to lay before you, after years of study, the story of Woman as completely as is *humanly possible*. Their combined work, WOMAN, is now in your grasp . . . ten glamorous, bewitching volumes.



LADY GODIVA

W O M A N



Helen



Cleopatra



Fatima



Poppea



Salome



Magdalene



Messalina



Catherine



Isabella



Elizabeth



Antoinette



Dolly Madison

Your Comprehensive Library of Her Life in All Lands and Ages

You will get a refreshing new viewpoint on world history through WOMAN. You will be told about women of ancient Greece and Rome, of Europe and America, of the Orient and of the backward races in far places and curious past and present social customs. You will see woman as she is—noble and true or vicious and false; as the helpmate or toy of man. You will trace her emancipation, intellectual development and influence on human culture and destiny.

The Truth About Certain Women

You know that Woman today occupies a first place in all minds. A glance at your newspapers, magazines and books shows you how powerful is her influence for good or evil in life. Yet this great subject has only *now* been treated *adequately*. You may know something of the women you see in the little sketches above, but there is much *more* for you to know about them and others—truths which will entertain, amuse, then thrill—or astonish—and *enlighten* you.



You Don't Have to Pay \$150.00!

That was the original price of WOMAN, as published on Japan Vellum paper. But you can get this new edition of the same books for less than the cost of ordinary novels if you are among the first to mail the coupon at the right. Never before have such books been offered at so low a price—and probably never will be again. You can avoid the disappointment of not owning this set as one of your intimate, personal possessions by filling out and mailing the coupon at once.

The authors have not hesitated to tell you the whole truth. If while concealing nothing, they tell you of the faults of women, it is to accentuate their virtues: if they tell you how a Russian Countess in winter had water slowly poured over nude girls to provide new statues for her gardens, they also tell you how Joan of Arc inspired the people of France and how Lady Godiva helped those of Coventry. Love, marriage and divorce among people in all circumstances of life are subjects of many interesting chapters. A whole volume is devoted to discussions of Oriental women.

You Buy from "The Tiffanys of Publishers"

That is what the New York Herald has called the publishers of WOMAN, who, in over 50 years have satisfied 500,000 customers. Quality and refinement show throughout these books. The authors are of national reputation; the editing is with the deepest insight and of the utmost thoroughness; the tint illustrations are by artists of distinction; the type is new French design, and the volumes—size 5½ x 8 x 1¼—are bound

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*Beauty Editors say—
“For 14 beauty and health points*



—Handiest thing in the house”

TO be truly beautiful every woman should give special attention to three things—the hair, the skin, and the hands. And among all the special toilet preparations the modern girl uses, probably none gives more genuinely *useful* service for these three things than “Vaseline” Jelly.

Authorities on beauty know this and have offered you the suggestions featured in the middle of this page.

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A great many beauty editors recommend using “Vaseline” Jelly to shape the eyebrows and encourage the eyelashes. Apply with the tip of

To slick the bob
hold the wave
improve the hair
shape the eyebrows
encourage the eyelashes.

To soften chapped skin
heal chapped lips
relieve windburn.

To beautify hands
soften cuticle of nails.

To help heal sores
relieve burns and scalds
soothe wounds
help prevent scars.

the finger and use a tiny brush.

To soften and heal chapped skin and lips, apply “Vaseline” Jelly. For windburn these wintry days, use as you would cold cream. It’s much more healing.

To beautify hands and keep the cuticle unbroken, apply “Vaseline” Jelly at night and wear soft cotton or silk gloves.

To relieve sores, burns, scalds and wounds, apply “Vaseline” Jelly locally. For serious wounds, use an approved antiseptic, dress with “Vaseline” Jelly and bandage lightly. This method helps prevent scars—an important beauty point!

“Vaseline” Jelly is a perfect emollient—ideal for all these purposes. It is absolutely pure and safe—a standard preparation in use by everybody.

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Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
PETROLEUM JELLY



The Soul of a Kiss

By S. E. KISER

THAT first night when I won
your kiss
I lay long hours awake,
Thinking that mine was perfect
bliss,
A proud young fool's mistake.

WHEN first you yielded grudg-
ingly
The kiss for which I fought,
The gods no longer taunted me
With empty cups, I thought.

BUT your first kiss was cold, my
dear;
Reluctance filled your glance,
And, lacking love, and filled with
fear,
You shrank from my advance.

I COULD not claim hope's guer-
don then,
Nor joy's full depth, divine;
I learned love's rapture only when
You pressed your lips to mine.

I Know the **MAD** *of*



HARRY THORNTON and I were sitting by the fire smoking after our day's work at the hospital where we were both students. It was snowing outside and an organ-grinder was playing an Italian air. I remembered it afterwards when I made up my mind to murder Harry. But at that moment we were friends if ever there were friends. My baggage full of passions was there too, in the rooms which we shared, but I hadn't found the key to it then. It was locked-up baggage.

That baggage of passions means something. It isn't just a phrase. Wherever he goes a man carries his baggage of passions with him. I have mine and you have yours. It's out of this baggage that the disruptive emotions come, and among the disruptive emotions I suppose jealousy is the bitterest and most destructive to the soul of man. It is the most possessive of all passions. It can even tempt a good man to plan murder. I know.

Harry was a very attractive fellow. He wasn't specially good-looking, but he was well made, and he had ease and charm.

On that winter day when the organ-grinder played by the Smith Square railings in the snow, Harry said to me:

"Funny, isn't it, old chap? Just at this moment I feel our youth, yours and mine, and our friendship, as I've never felt either before. The snow and the black stillness outside in the old square, the sound of that organ—what's it playing? Some Italian thing, anyhow—the smell of our pipes, the light from our fire—it's all concentrated youth, concentrated friendship to me somehow.

"We shall look back on this—I know it. We shall look back some day when we're further on. Perhaps we shall be much richer. Perhaps we shall be well-known, even famous. Who knows? We may be married. We may have children. We may be awfully happy. But we shall look back, hear that organ again, feel the snow and the silence in the old square, and we shall say to ourselves, 'That was youth! That was friendship! And, by heaven, there was something in it that no future can better. Am I not right, Martin?'"

And I sat still in the firelight puffing at my pipe, feeling Harry's friendship for me, and then presently I said, "Right as rain!"

And my baggage of passions was there with us. But I hadn't unpacked it then, I hadn't let Harry see it.

I REALIZED that if I told Harry, the affair between Léonie and him would end on the spot. I was certain of that, knowing Harry as I did. He couldn't have borne the idea of marrying a woman who had belonged to me. I had it in my power to break this thing.

NESS

Love

*A Noted Surgeon's Story
of a Serpent
in the Garden of Friendship*

The great danger to friendship is love. There's nothing that breaks so many friendships up as love does. Friendship binds, but love too often devastates. In those days, however, Harry and I didn't really know much about love, though of course we thought we knew everything, both of us having had some flirtations, kissed a few girls, and—so on. It never occurred to us that even the greatest love could ever drive a wedge into our friendship and force our lives apart. We didn't understand the brutality of life. Perhaps Harry doesn't understand it even now.

It came suddenly. I think all the big fierce, powerful things come suddenly, unexpectedly, taking men by surprise, startling them, causing them to feel their ignorance, the darkness in which they walk. It was just after we had qualified. But we were still young and we still lived together in Westminster. It was before I went to Manchester and Harry hadn't thought of settling down. We both still worked at Thomas's.

I met her at a spiritualist séance in the studio of a painter acquaintance of mine. Like most medicos I was a thorough-going skeptic about spiritualism. She was one of the circle. When the sitting was over I had my first chance of talking to her.

Her name was Léonie Marsh, and she was an Australian who had studied painting in Paris and who now worked in London. She had a studio, she told me, in Swan Alley, Chelsea. She looked then about twenty-five. It's rather difficult to put into words her remarkable attraction. She was thin. Her face was very pale. She had very dark eyes, but they weren't large and they often had a curiously veiled look. Her hair was black and thick, very vital, upspringing hair. She was small and she had a rather gruff, uncompromising voice.

And yet she was very attractive, not only to me—I fell in love with her physically the first time I met her—but to most other people, both men and women. My painter friend told me so, and I know she had more friends than she wanted.

Léonie Marsh had a strong vitalizing effect on those near to her. Her look, her manner, the sound of her not-at-all-beautiful voice, suggested force and sincerity and a complete social fearlessness. There was something quite unusual about her which made one realize how terribly alike despite their obvious differences, many people are. One

I FINALLY forced from Léonie an acknowledgement of the truth which I felt I already knew. Harry had taught her that she didn't care for me. He had opened her eyes to the meaning of love. Just as I was leaving she said: "You won't tell Harry about—us?"



guessed her at once to be entirely emancipated from all the conventionalities.

I was surprised at meeting such a woman in such a milieu and I told her so. "Are you a spiritualist?" I asked her.

"No. I'm an inquirer," she said. "And I hate the idea of coming to an end."

And then she told me of a conversation she had had about death with Sarah Bernhardt, whom she had known in Paris. Madame Sarah had told her that, believing in no hereafter and being convinced that mankind had only the one life, on earth, she was perfectly satisfied that it should be so, and desired nothing but the peace of the grave after what is called death.

That conversation, Léonie Marsh told me, had made her realize her own horror at the idea of coming to an end. Since then she had sought to fortify her own conviction that man's destiny is not bounded by the limits of his earthly life. And she had been to more than one séance. But she acknowledged that the vulgarity and ignorance of the two or three mediums she had met, and the puerility of the manifestations, had disgusted her.

When the séance broke up I found that Miss Marsh was going to walk home to Swan Alley. I asked if I might go with her. She said "Of course," and when we got to her door she asked me to come in and have a whisky and soda and a cigar if I liked.

I ASSENTED, with secret eagerness, and she took me into her studio. There were many studies from the nude hanging on the walls and placed on easels. I examined them carefully. I gathered from them two things—that my hostess was a clever and audacious painter, and that she had a strain of sensuality in her. And by that I mean a love of the human body, its beauty and strength, for its own sake and apart from any subtleties and beauties of the dweller housed within it.

When I left Swan Alley that night I knew that I had fallen violently in love with Léonie Marsh, physically. I suppose it's the very worst way of falling in love. All the terrors come in the train of a furious physical love. But now for Harry.

Speech may be fatal, mayn't it, if one speaks the wrong words, the words that should never be said? But silence can be equally fatal. I kept silence with Harry about my meeting with Léonie Marsh. I never mentioned her to him. I had an instinct not to let him know anything about her. There seemed to be no likelihood of his meeting her. And keeping silence with him, I also kept silence with her about Harry. I never told her I shared rooms in Smith Square with a friend. And of course I never asked her to come there.

It wasn't characteristic of me to be surreptitious. Up till then I had always been absolutely frank and open with Harry. What was it wrought this change in me? I didn't know. I even wondered about it. But I had an imperious instinct to keep my counsel. And I obeyed it. Harry didn't know.

I wasn't the man to conceal what I felt for very long from the woman I felt it for. Léonie knew, no doubt, from the first. But I very soon told her straight out. She was completely unconventional. She confessed herself to be still amazed by certain of the respectabilities of London. Evidently I attracted her at that time. And perhaps her own intense attraction for me exercised fascination over her, her spell on me, as it were, reacting upon herself.

IT WOULD have been better if she had never yielded to me. Her subsequent denial of herself exasperated me. At first I couldn't understand it. It seemed to me that something must have happened—afterwards, something quite unforeseen, which had changed her outlook on me, changed me in her eyes, or which had enlightened her in some strange way about herself.

I tried to find out the cause of her refusal of me. I exhausted myself in efforts to find out. I tackled her on the matter, but she gave me no satisfaction. I couldn't overcome her resistance to my desperate curiosity. An accident—or, if you prefer to call it so, a fortuitous occurrence—gave me eventually the clue I was seeking.

One evening when I was on the top of a bus I saw her coming out of Battersea Park with Harry.

They didn't see me, or feel I was near. In a moment I lost them. That evening the wedge I spoke of was driven in between Harry's life and mine. Directly I saw them I knew that Harry was the reason why Léonie had held aloof from me.

She must somehow have met him, by some horrible, fateful coincidence, one of those coincidences that make a life hideous. And she must have realized at once that he was the man she could care for, and that I wasn't.

In a flash the whole matter, I remember, seemed clear to me. But there were things I didn't know. For instance, I didn't know whether Harry had told her we were friends. I didn't know whether she had told Harry of her acquaintance with me. I didn't know whether he was a traitor to our friendship or not. I didn't know how far things had gone between her and him. But I did know that Harry had kept absolute silence with me about what must certainly be a serious love-affair. For my one glance down at those two had told me as much as that.

And hadn't I preceded his silence with mine? I had—and yet I condemned his! That's the measure of man's reasonableness.

Our meeting in Smith's Square that night! I shan't forget it. The drama of it seemed to me terrific. And yet what happened? A few casual words about the past day were said, and we settled down to smoke a pipe before turning in. Nothing! But our great friendship was shattered, my ease with Harry was frozen up and dead. Life had suddenly turned me into a dreadful grinning actor.

Was he acting with me? That was what I wanted to know and didn't know. He was keeping his secret, of course. But did he know about mine? Had Léonie told him? I must find out that.

How I hated Harry that night!

On the following day, directly I was free of work, I went to Swan Alley. I found Léonie at home. I had it out with her.

I questioned her fiercely, brutally. I showed her no mercy. It seemed that her attraction for Harry had been as strong and immediate as his for her. He had walked home with her from the house where they had met, and on the way, not having the least suspicion that she had ever met me, he had casually mentioned to her the fact that he "chummed" in Smith Square with a friend called Martin Lesley. She acknowledged that this dropped-out bit of information had given her an ugly shock. I made her acknowledge it, and other things, among them the fact that she had made Harry promise not to mention her name to his chum until she gave him permission to do so. Of course she hadn't explained her real reason for making this demand upon him.

ONE thing in her interview I remember very clearly. Just before going away she caught me by the arm and said: "You won't tell Harry about—us?"

I stared down at her and put in my turn a question to her. It was an ugly question, but I had to ask it. Had she been to Harry what she had been to me?

She answered that Harry wanted her as a wife. Then she asked me to go, and I went. She hadn't repeated her question to me, and I hadn't said that I wouldn't tell Harry what had happened between her and me.

That night Harry noticed that something was wrong with me. I couldn't seem at ease with him. I couldn't look at him naturally. He hadn't been traitor to our friendship. I knew that now. And yet I couldn't help hating him. It was as if my whole body hated him, while my mind and all the rest of me knew that he had done me no wrong. That's the great curse of love that's mainly physical, mainly a fury of the flesh, that it gives to the body far more power than it ever ought to have, that it increases the power of the body over the whole man at the expense of the power of his mind, his soul, his reason.

It's odd, it's at times almost grotesque, the empire which the quality man calls his "sense of honor" has over him. Although I tried to trick myself into the belief that I debated the point, I feel sure now that from the beginning I knew I should never tell Harry what had happened between Léonie and me. The moment came when I was ready to commit murder, but I couldn't "give away" a woman. Very soon I was almost sure that whatever happened I should never tell Harry.

I didn't see Léonie again. I didn't try to see her. That one interview with her had taught me the meaning of finality. I felt sure that I should never have another chance with her.

I continued for a time living on with Harry in Smith Square. It would have been much wiser to have found some excuse for breaking up our common life at once. Once you hate a man



One night I waited three hours outside Léonie's apartment and then I had to give up my spying and go away while Harry was still there.

it's madness to live with him. It only intensifies that hatred. It seemed very strange to me, I remember, that Harry's affection for me was unaltered. He was puzzled—I puzzled him dreadfully. He knew there was something wrong, very wrong. He tried to find out what it was. He asked me

bluntly what was the matter, what it was that seemed making things different between us. I could only deny and bluff.

But intense jealousy and physical hatred are almost impossible of concealment. When Harry was away in the evenings, and I knew he wasn't at work, it's [Continued on page 108]

*It Is YOUR Fault
If Another Woman
Steals Your Husband*



So long as a man loves his wife no other woman can influence him. Regardless of what deserted wives think the vampire is seldom the cause of the alienation.

THE young wife had been badly treated by her husband. He had drunk to excess, had failed to properly support her and their child, had even, on occasions, mistreated her physically, but overshadowing all these abuses was a bigger grievance, an injury to her pride that finally had goaded her to this public retaliation.

"There's another woman!" she said, giving way to tears. "I'm sure of it! That's why he's lost all interest in me, Your Honor."

That wife was echoing the chief complaint of the majority of her aggrieved sisters who flocked to the courts. The "vampire" is the marital bugaboo of the day.

The mother-in-law, classic scapegoat since time immemorial, has been given a temporary vacation by this modish maker of trouble, this picturesque creature born of modern sex literature, emphasized by sex drama, and finally envisaged for the wives of America by the modern sex movie.

Her picture has been branded into every woman's mind—beautiful, graceful, merciless, mercenary and, above all, exotically fascinating—a social vampire who roams the world seducing devoted husbands.

It may sound foolish, but it is true. This mythical creature has played a dominating part in many of the marital rebellions of the day, if only in supplying to dissatisfied wives a handy,

Declares JUDGE JOHN KOCHENDORFER

As Told to John S. Lopez



The "vampire" in this case was a well known actress, accused by the wife of stealing her husband's love. It developed the two had been separated for a year, so no love had been "stolen."

though not always justifiable, explanation of their troubles.

Of course when you get right down to the truth of it, the other woman in the case, the vampire so called, is rarely that sort of creature. And, regardless of what almost every deserted wife thinks, she is seldom the real cause of the alienation. It is the other way about; alienation, far advanced, paves the way directly to the other woman. So long as a man loves his wife and is interested by her, no other woman can influence him.

But somebody must be to blame. If the vampire is exonerated how account for the numberless husbands who forget their marriage vows?

Nine times out of ten the blame belongs to him alone. The

chances are largely that he is a born philanderer. As well try to dry up the Seven Seas as attempt to explain and suppress his amatory proclivities. And the "woman in the case," in-

stead of being a "vampire" more often is really a "victim."

But let us consider another wife who voiced the universal plaint, concluding with:

"He spends all his time with her and all his money!"

Challenged by her husband for proofs, she admitted that she couldn't name the woman, nor tell where she lived. But she did know that he spent all of his spare time away from home. As a little delving into the case showed, there was no mystery about the husband's actions, and the only woman in the case was the wife herself.

It appeared that he was French in origin and she of German descent; but in spite of the bitterness [Continued on page 96]

What Has Gold Digger Got Me?

(What I Told You Last Month:

WHEN I first came to New York I was greener than grass, but I soon found out how the rest of the girls in the chorus sported diamonds and sables on a salary of forty dollars a week. Determined to go straight, I shared another girl's apartment and did my own laundry to save expenses. Finally even Nathalie, my pal, moved into a gorgeously furnished hotel suite, paid for by Sol Benjamin. Still I did not start gold-digging. While our show was on the road I met Charley Hand who became so deeply infatuated with me that he followed the show about until I promised to marry him as soon as his divorce was granted. I lived in a world of enchantment until our press agent, to whom I had told the story of our engagement, gave it to the papers. Charley woke me from a sound sleep to storm at me over the telephone, but I didn't realize why he was so furious until I saw the afternoon editions and read what his wife had to say.

(Here is the Rest of My Story:

"THIS is the fourth time my husband has done this," declared Charley's wife in an interview. "Unfortunately my husband is a notorious chaser, but I've managed to put up with it. He seems to find it easier to work girls under false pretenses. He either tells them he is not married or that he is getting a divorce. He has not applied for any divorce; he has no grounds on which to apply for a divorce. I have not applied for a divorce and will never give him any divorce. I don't think he wants to be divorced." Charley, that night, once the beans were spilled, admitted it. I felt as if the whole world had gone out from under me.

I had been deceived, tricked, and ever since I have had an understanding and sympathy for girls who, after such an experience play the gold-digger's game. I determined I should never be tricked again. I found he had lied to me even about the yacht, which he had rented from a friend. Virtuously, I suppose, I should have given Charley the air. I should have refused ever to see him again. I should have hated him. That, properly, would have been my course in a fiction story. But this is a gold-digger's story. Why not make the best of it? Did I want to continue to eke out a pitiful existence on a \$40 or \$50 salary as a chorus girl? Wash my lingerie in a cockroachy bathtub? Wear dresses that wore out under the cleaners? Not be able to pay my rent or laundry bills? See other girls sport Chinchilla coats and diamond rings? In three to five years, I knew, I'd be *passée* for a chorus job in New York. And then, road shows, one-night stands, working as an extra in motion pictures, or as a model in a cloak and suit establishment?

I did what most of us girls do. I took what Charley offered. At first I hated myself for doing it. I felt humiliated, damaged and soiled. But I got used to that. Charley established me

in a swell apartment on the drive, and for one summer leased a house on Long Island. He sent me to Paris, bought me all the clothes I wanted, and took care of my accounts at the department stores. I acquired a fair amount of jewelry, but nothing exorbitant. I managed to scrape together in a savings account nearly \$11,000. Not any too happy, craving stimulation and diversion, I went in for the night life gaiety of Broadway, and every night danced away the hours in some night club. While Charley was in Pittsburg I was pretty much free. I met other men. And when Charley's interest shaded off and he took up with another girl I knew any number of other rich men to play around with.

I PICKED up with Claire de Vere, that hardened gold-digger, and we often worked together. I learned a few tricks from that seasoned bird. I came to look upon men as my natural enemies and my legitimate prey. I became hard and calculating in what I did. It became my game to get as much as I could from any man who admired me. I let few get off without paying something. If I had to pretend I was in love with some silly old daddy, I played him to the limit.

I played all the familiar tricks. If a man wanted to take me for lunch I'd tell him I had an engagement posing which I couldn't give up, as I needed the money for a new dress. "Well, you call off the engagement to work and after lunch we'll go around and look at dresses." A luncheon was always worth a dress, or at least some lingerie or silk stockings. If he wanted to take me to dinner my price went up. Or if it was to go out for supper after the show there was a rising scale according to the number of hours I was with him. I always had to take "dancing lessons," which were expensive, and I worked them for my "education."

SOMETIMES, when I had an appointment with a rich papa in my apartment, a telegram would arrive. I worked this in advance through a girl friend of mine in Hollywood, and upon reading it I would collapse upon a couch in hysterical tears. What was the matter? I would hand over the telegram. My mother was ill, and I must return to the coast immediately. Or my father was dying and I must come to Boston (or wherever I had a girl friend at the time). What could I do? I had no money. Heart-broken and in tears, desperately worried, I was in no condition to be made love to. To console me, I would have my fare to the coast or some other city given me sometimes three to six times in a month. Or if the prospects for digging a large sum were not so good, a bell-hop would bring up a bill from the hotel where I took temporary quarters with a notification from the manager I must pay at once or get out. There were occasions when my mythical hotel bill was paid three or four times within twenty-four hours.

Of course, it is an important part of the game to get the Johns to put it in writing, if you can. Make them sign on the

A Lovely Girl's Frank Revelations of a Losing Game



AS A gold-digger I found out that men's generosity is more fickle than their love and when you touch their purses you harden their hearts. How can a man really love a girl who is out to work him for all she can get? I became hard and calculating and it was my game to get what I could from any man who admired me.

Photo by de Barron



As a hostess in a night club I found that the older boys, out for a dash of romance for

dotted line! Young or old, get their letters! If they are respectably married and lead conventional lives, or if they are high placed in business, so much the better. Men who have had experience, the seasoned chasers, are cagey. But the older boys, out for a dash of romance for the first time in their two or three score years of money grubbing, can often be led to make the fatal mistake of putting ink on paper. So can very young boys, when they are in the first hectic flush of an infatuation. But the grandfatherly Johns are more doting and stupid, more fatuous in the folly of their second childhood, than kids in their teens. If they live out of town it is easy to get letters. They must write you in advance of a coming visit. Or you may go away for visits, when your heart just pines for a tender word of reassurance from them. Breach of promise is a strong card to play when their interest begins to wane and they tighten on the purse. More breach of promise suits are threatened than you might imagine. Comparatively few suits are ever filed, for the scared old things will generally do anything to avoid a public scandal. There are many lawyers in New York, with a clientele among us girls, who make a fat living handling just such cases. Anywhere from \$5,000 to \$25,000 may be paid to mend some gold-digger's damaged heart.

A hard-faced little angel, who entertained in an exclusive night club run by a canny hostess, picked up one night with the grandson of a western millionaire. He was only seventeen, and had inherited a cool \$15,000,000 from his lately deceased grandfather. He had never had a love affair in his life. The little angel had had—I doubt if she herself knew how many. She played the ingenue to the callow heir of the copper millions, and bowled him off his feet. She got him to buy her dresses and jewels, an automobile, and then he took her to Paris with him. When they came back he went over to see his family. He wrote her letters. He would probably have married the girl, but the family intervened. Whereupon, at the suggestion of the canny night club hostess, the girl got a lawyer on the job. She had letters promising marriage. The family realized that if the boy married the girl it would probably cost them a quarter of a million to get rid of her. They put detectives on her track and dug up a lot of unsavory material. The evidences of her "past" dampened the ardor of little John, but it didn't faze the girl. She knew the family didn't want a scandal. The night club hostess told her that. After much parley, the family lawyers got in touch with the hostess, who supposedly had influence upon her little girl, and she said, sure!

the first

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the first time in years of money grubbing, could often be led to make fatal mistakes.

She'd fix it up. I don't know what the hostess got. But the girl got \$15,000 and another trip to Paris.

My friend Claire de Vere didn't fare so well. Claire inveigled the transient affections of the son of a prominent Fifth Avenue family. He was engaged at the time to a society girl. While the family were strong on the cash, the son and heir wasn't strong in the head. He and Claire went to California and lived together for a brief time, but he wasn't dumb-bell enough to marry Claire. I suppose Claire had gotten away with so much in her career she thought she could pull off the rough stuff she next tried. A little over a year later, before the boy's wedding to the society deb, Claire brought suit for breach of promise. And she produced a child. While the boy had never actually promised marriage, he had written compromising letters. Claire demanded an enormous sum for her alleged wrongs. The newspapers scare-headed the scandal. I suppose the family considered the worst damage had been done by the publicity following her action. They refused to settle out of court. They put detectives on the job, and secured evidence that the offspring was faked, a hired baby. Legal action was instituted against Claire for perjury. Claire fled to Europe, and in the course of time the case was quashed. Today, because of the notoriety.

Claire cannot get a job in any chorus in New York. She is *passée*, and finds it hard to get even extra work in pictures. Her days of gold-digging are done. Her jewels are gone. She took to dope, and the last I heard of her she was stranded in Hollywood.

Take myself. And then ask if gold-digging pays!

Except once, I never played the breach of promise game myself. I considered it too dangerous. And in that single case, it was the most disastrous thing I ever did.

I never took Willie Watson seriously. He had plenty of money to spend, and I was willing to let him spend it on me. But when he got talking about marriage he put me on the defensive. I determined then and there to work that gilded youth for all he was worth. Willie's family were of the Rittenhouse Square society crowd in Philadelphia; old Quaker stock; ancestor one of signers of the Declaration of Independence, and all that. They owned a reputable old publishing house there, and had enormous interests in anthracite coal. That I learned from Willie. He loved to talk of his family. Willie was a typical conceited society noodle, and if there's a type we girls get riled at it's these upstage boys with the social and ancestor stuff. Willie's thirst must have gone back to the ancestor who

crossed the Delaware with George Washington. When he was nicely lit, Willie promised everything. I wouldn't have minded if he hadn't tried to pull the marriage stuff. That made me sore.

I played Willie on the string. He bought me dinners and dresses. When Willie's vague promise of a future marriage (he couldn't marry me yet, because he had to fix things with the family, you know) failed to win me over to a week end party, he would try to bribe me with promises of gifts. What did I want? Naturally, when Willie was in Philadelphia, I wrote him every day. Affectionate letters, holding out some teasing bait. And Willie, who had probably never failed to get anything he wanted, answered. I kept the letters. I had an instinctive feeling that Willie was one of the boys whose interest didn't continue long. But it was keen while it lasted.

A DIAMOND is tangible property. I determined upon a diamond worth having. One day, after Willie had expanded over a luncheon at which much gin was consumed, I lured him into Tiffany's. I'd read about a certain picture star who got an eighteen carat diamond from a wild kid from California, and I wasn't going to let Willie off easy. I asked to see the big stones. When I picked out that \$5,000 solitaire I saw a look on Willie's face as if he had colic. No, nothing else suited me. "Tell you what I'll do," said he. "I'm game. I'll give you that ring if you'll take a trip to Boston with me." My reply was prompt. "All right. That's a go! We'll call it our engagement ring." I told Willie a nice girl wouldn't consent to such a thing unless she was engaged, and could at least show a ring. "But I'll give you the ring on the boat," said the little piker. "Oh, I know you girls! I've been stung before." I let this ungallantry pass. "Gee, five thousand bucks is a lot of money." But he signed a check for the ring. I loathed the cenceited prig, but we took a night boat to Boston, and I kept the ring.

I guess his parting with \$5,000 for that ring must have sobered Willie. The last time I saw him he wasn't drinking, but he was keen for another week end trip somewhere. "What are you stalling about," he complained peevishly. "It isn't every day a girl like you gets a five thousand dollar ring. Want a ring every time I want you to go off for a party? I'll show you a good time and that's all. Pater's raised hell about that five thousand, and he's slowed down on cash. What's that? Get married? Say, a fellow says a lot of things when he gets tight. I'm not marrying anybody! And if I had to marry a girl every time I wanted a week end—where do you get that stuff? Oh, a lot of girls would be glad to run around with me. If you don't want to, all right. Say, when I get married it'll be to a girl of my own class. Get my drift?" His nasty leer filled me with rage. My hand flew across his ugly face.

THEN I got a lawyer busy. I should have married Willie if he had been fool enough to keep his maudlin promise. Knowing my career on the stage was limited to the span of my looks, and I was no longer as fresh as I was when I was sixteen, I would have married any passable man with money. And I certainly would have preferred getting married to playing my game. I had come to know the ups and downs of it, and my future filled me with misgivings. I'd even have let Willie off easily if he hadn't been such a cad. But when he let me down in the dirty way he did there is nothing I would have stopped at. What did I care about scandal? My lawyer threatened suit, and to pep things up gave some of Willie's letters to a newspaper. Those idiotic letters made Willie look like a simp. And, wow, didn't Willie's old Philadelphia family go up in the air! An affair with a common chorus girl! As though Willie wouldn't have had all the flirtations with chorus girls he could! A lawyer came over from Philadelphia and we had a conference. The family were willing to come to terms. But the publicity had to stop at once. We asked \$20,000 to salve my wounds. They compromised on ten. Of that my lawyer got \$5,000 and I was \$5,000 richer. I thought I was sitting pretty. I indulged in a debauch on dresses. But I lost in the long run. The newspaper publicity hurt me. Such notoriety doesn't pay. It hurts you with first class producers, and you can get engagements only in cheaper shows or road companies. I was dropped from the show I was in, and can now get a place only in those declassé revues where an absence of clothes in living statue poses seems the main attraction. Then, too, once you figure

in a breach of promise or blackmail affair men get afraid of you. I found I was marked after that. As soon as a new acquaintance identified me as the girl who had tried to hold up Willie's family it was the air for me. And it's funny how they get to spot you. Of course, the other girls tell about you. There's no honor among us gold-diggers, and we'll steal another girl's John when we can. That was my last big stake in gold-digging.

Somehow it does seem a sort of evil destiny pursues us girls who don't play straight. You can't play that game and in the long run get away with it. A few girls who get away with big money may keep it. But with most of us, somehow, it just seems to evaporate. I can't imagine a gold-digger growing to old age in peace and comfortable security. We all end on the rocks. It seems there's a sort of curse cast upon us. We get into all sorts of messes. And just as we make fools of men whom we dig, sooner or later some smooth tongued sheik makes fools of us. I've gotten superstitious about it.

It's the nature of every woman to crave for affection. Even the hardest gold-digger deep in her heart has at times a yearning for some man's honest love. We want to feel that somebody cares for us. But it is amazing the type of men for whom we, who make a business of playing men, do fall: professional dancers, lounge lizards, bootleggers, loafers, crooks, the rag and bobtail fringe of the night clubs.

I met Al Hewlett in a night club where I worked after the show was over. I was in the chorus of one of the cheaper revues, and as my admirers had fallen off since the publicity about my attempt to hold up Willie, I was glad for the extra salary and tips I got in the club. Al was a professional dancer, and hung out in the night clubs where, as I learned later, he specialized in picking up rich and elderly matrons whom he bled or blackmailed for money. Between night club engagements Al eked out his living precariously by bootlegging, gambling and various shady deals.

AL WAS tall and handsome, glib of talk and engaging of manner. Dark complexioned, with dark eyes and slickly combed hair, a sort of professional sheik. I fell for him and fell hard. Al, who had learned from experience, made love ardently and, for the first time in my life, I lost my head. I was crazy about him. Al was always having "good things" coming his way. I loaned him money, in fact for several months, gave him most of my earnings at the clubs. And then he had an opportunity, so he told me, to buy a shipment of liquor that was coming up from Bermuda. We'd both make a great clean-up. Without hesitation I drew out of the bank most of my nest egg and turned it over to Al. That night, he told me he had an opportunity to lease a night club in Miami and was leaving the next day. He would send for me and have me come down as hostess. After he left the next morning, my \$5,000 solitaire diamond was missing. I didn't see Al take the ring, but a few months later he was arrested in Florida in connection with the robbery of jewels from a rich Buffalo woman.

Does gold-digging pay? Except for what I earned in the chorus and night club, I wasn't any better off than when I first came to New York. Then, last summer when my show closed, I was dependent entirely upon what I earned in the night club. When people went away the night club clientele fell off, my salary was cut to \$35. I made little in tips. I became delinquent in the rent for my apartment and faced ejection. I got in terrible hot water. I called up various men I knew, but business was bad, et cetera. In desperation I went over to New Jersey one Sunday to visit my sister Agnes and ask for the loan of a hundred dollars, and there I realized how bitter was the taste of the dregs in my cup. Agnes had only a modest little home on the outskirts of the town, but they owned their house and her life was secure. She loved Jim, the plumber, and he was devoted to her, and they had three darling children. Agnes's life is humdrum, but she is contented and happy. What wouldn't I have given to have exchanged places with Agnes, whom I had pitied when she married a common workingman! She would grow old in peace and comfort. She didn't have to worry about the future. She didn't have to be nice, night after night, to fat men, baldheaded men, odious men! The thought of the future fills me now with fear and horror! Agnes gave me the money, and I have yet to pay it back.

Then, when everything seemed blank, came an opportunity to retrieve my sorry past, to [Continued on page 115]

Smart Set's Gallery of Beauty



Melbourne Spurr

HOW time flies! It hasn't been so many years since all the girls were losing their hearts to a handsome movie star whose name was Maurice Costello. Now the young brothers of those same girls have palpitation of the heart when they gaze upon this lovely vision, who is none other than Dolores, Maurice Costello's daughter.



Curves are coming in again according to Lady Drummond Hay on page sixty-one of this very magazine. And right here is Eleanor Black of the Mack Sennett Company with the evidence that curves have never gone out.

Cannons



This cute little lady, all folded up like a Jack-in-the-box, is Marvel Morrell of Mack Sennett's Comedies. Surely it wouldn't scare you to have her jump at you unexpectedly, would it?



You've read about the flower that wasted its sweetness on the desert air. Here's a blossom, Rose Blossom, if you must know, wasting a lot of sweetness on a mere rag doll. Who knows but that she may cast some of those languishing glances your way when you see her in Universal's serial "Whispering Smith Rides."

Frenlich



White Studio

FRED STONE not only knows how to pick pretty girls for his shows, he raises 'em as well. Who can blame him for guarding his daughter Dorothy with a gun? Naturally the audience is under military rule as Fred and Dorothy step along in this number from their new production, *Criss Cross*.

MY BEST TRUE STORY THIS MONTH

By O. O. McIntyre

The Girl Back Home who "Got into Trouble"

THE other day I dropped off at a small town where I used to live. I had a few hours before taking a fast train East. Things had not changed very much. There is a gaudy red and white filling station on the site of the old planing mill. Schwartz's saloon is now a Racket Store. There is a new post-office building and the cannon have been painted in the public square. Uncle Andy Storrs' asthma seemed no better after 20 years. All simple changes but big events in the life of this town.

As evening was sifting its gray dusk through the leafless maples I walked over to Academy Hill. There was the old swimmin' hole with the giant oak across it. Wisps of smoke coiled from the hill cottages across the creek. Two eager pointer dogs were sniffing in the underbrush. A thrush sang.

A mood of melancholy somehow touched me as the last grin of a red sun vanished and arabesque shadows began to form. Along a lonely street—we used to call it Back Street—a woman stood at a gate.

There were thin strands of gray in her hair easily distinguished in the dim bluish colors of twilight. Her eyes held that brooding gaze that is the unmistakable stamp of suffering. I know it well. I have seen it in prisons, in hospitals, in slums—everywhere men and women suffer.

Beauty had mellowed with years into that spiritual something we cannot define and painters rarely catch. She spoke to me and held out her hand. It came over me all at once—like the sudden jangle of an electric bell in the dead of night. I remembered her.

She was "the girl who got in trouble." I do not remember the details. My world was young. I only know that a girl of good family who had held her head high was enveloped in a cloud of disgrace. Her name was not spoken. She was "the girl who got in trouble."

She must have sensed my thoughts in those fleeting seconds and there was something haunting yet understanding in a slight smile which struck me as a forgiving gesture. For I was guiltily dumb.

"You are well?" I ventured for the want of something better to say. And she told me as a pent up soul often gushes to a stranger that she had lived in the town all the years. She had never been away "since then."

"It has not always been pleasant," she said with that same haunting smile, but it was the only reference she made to her living doom. I knew that so long as she lived there she would



©Photo by Pirie Macdonald.

THIS is O. O. McIntyre. Through those peering, sympathetic eyes he watches the world go by. He knows the common things of life—and understands them. Watch for "My Best True Story This Month," regularly in SMART SET.

be known to townspeople as "the girl who got in trouble."

She had married, she said, a young man from back in the country. She had thrust "that affair" back firmly into a quiescent past and adored a kind and congenial husband. I know life in a small town—its snubs, its ostracism, its utter despair.

I was silent and I think she realized that perhaps I had seen more of the world and its hurts than most of those about her. It did her good to unburden the narrow, aching places of her lonely heart. She talked on in a voice, low, but never bitter of people I had known and she had known—but who doubtless had not recognized her for years.

She was greedily hungry for human contact. Her husband traveled now—five days on the road and two days home. Some day she would like to go on a trip. Only once when she was ten had she been away—to the state fair at the capitol.

But she never had gone, she said simply and one knew that even away she feared the whispers. Those whispers from the unsouled world that lay about her like a corpse!

Then, glancing up the street anxiously: "I am waiting for my daughter. She has gone to the library for a book." I said good-by and moved on to the station and my train.

In the warmth of the smoker that night, as the train roared through the blackness, I kept thinking of "the girl who got in trouble" waiting at the gate—always tremulously waiting with a catch in her throat. A woman bludgeoned to a spiritual death, yet not dead—but in hell.

A True Story of Old China
The Girl I Lost



I watched Mordaunt carry Mrs. Bridean to a motor-bus while Tony clung to

AS THE Shanghai-Nanking train rattled on its way northward, the sick woman next to me unwittingly settled back against my arm with a little sigh.

I did not move. I had the sensations of living in a strange dream. The world as I knew it seemed remote and dim.

Out in the corridor the crowded coolies were standing motionless and silent. The sharp, subtle smell of sandal-wood

came to my nostrils. From the opened windows came, too, gusts of an indescribable odor, the odor of death, of plague and pestilence.

My glance travelled over the tiny compartment and the travelling companions chance had given me.

Five of them, a strangely assorted lot: a Jesuit priest, a strikingly handsome Britisher, a Chinaman of Herculean pro-

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and a *Faith that Failed*
to *Soochow Road*



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his side. I felt that Mordaunt's care of Mrs. Bridean would win Tony's trust

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portions, and the sick woman and her daughter. Six of us all together in the stifling cubby-hole, three on one seat facing three on another.

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The Jesuit was dressed in Chinese silks. He had evidently been out in the East most of his days, and seemed to have acquired something of the East's inscrutable calm.

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The Englishman beside him carried himself like a king, a

conqueror. Perhaps he had many memories. Virile, blond, handsome, he must have had many women fall in love with him.

The Chinaman came next, merely a huge, impassive bulk of man, with sleepy half-closed eyes.

On my side of the compartment sat the sick woman and her daughter. I had gathered from her murmurings that her

name was Mrs. Bridean, and that the "Tony" she had used in addressing her daughter was short for Antoinette, also that she was American. She did not realize that she was a victim of the dread plague that in the Yangtze districts strikes so swiftly.

The daughter was a little, dark, lovely thing, as innocent as a kitten. She smiled at all of us and prattled on as if her mother were merely weary from a long journey.

In a kind of terrifying vision I saw this child helpless in a land where there is no law save survival, no code save cunning. My eyes turned once more to her softly curved face with its long lashes, with its youth and unawakened love. She took my breath away a little. I told myself I would keep an eye on her, watch out in case anything should happen.

MRS. Bridean at length grew even too weary for whispers. It was at this point that she had settled her head unconsciously against my arm. Almost instantly she slept. Fearing to wake her, I did not move, although my arm went to sleep.

The girl met my eyes with a wondering look as I made a little grimace. She understood swiftly.

"Your poor arm's gone to sleep," she exclaimed.

"Never mind," I answered. "We mustn't wake her." I glanced down at Mrs. Bridean where she lay pale and apparently senseless. I did not like that look. "When did this come on?" I asked in a low voice.

"She seemed all right this morning when we left the hotel," Tony answered, for the first time showing a trace of anxiety. "But I'm sure it's just the excitement, aren't you? And perhaps she was worried on account of the way bandits held up this very train a few weeks ago and killed everyone, though the porter told us there was absolutely no danger on this trip because the Bandit Chief himself was a passenger and had promised a safe journey. Isn't that fantastic? But I am forgetting all about your poor arm! It's sweet of you not to move it. Let me rub your wrist."

She had rattled on, her moods changing swiftly on her childlike face. The three men opposite faced us stonily. The Jesuit and the big Chinaman seemed not even to have heard, but the Englishman stirred slightly, and I felt his eyes resting deliberately on us.

Tony's swift, cool little fingers massaged my wrist. That hardly served to bring back the circulation, but the tenderness of her touch was such that I would gladly have kept my arm there for a long time. I sensed the charming, sweet, unworldliness of this child.

Then something happened that I cannot well describe. It was so swift, deft and unexpected. The Englishman rose softly, and murmuring, "I say, let me spell you," crossed to my side. Without knowing how, and as if hypnotized, I found myself in his seat and he was in mine, all without awakening Mrs. Bridean. His arms seemed to hold her protectingly, even possessively.

Tony's eyes were wide. She was watching fascinated. The Englishman leaned forward and took a lace handkerchief from Tony's fingers and wiped the beaded perspiration from the sick woman's forehead and face.

THE Chinese conductor came for the tickets. I noticed that he asked neither the Englishman nor the big Chinaman for theirs. The Chinaman spoke for the first time, muttering a few sonorous syllables. The conductor vanished to reappear with a cup of water.

He handed it to the Englishman who took it without a word, poured a drink of brandy from a flask he opened, and with his arm still around Mrs. Bridean, managed to get the drink down her throat.

Again it was like magic, so silently, perfectly done. Watching them, I realized that the big Chinaman and the Englishman were travelling together.

The brandy took effect. Mrs. Bridean opened her eyes and spoke her daughter's name. The Jesuit for all his distant gaze had not been blind to what had been going on. He leaned forward and felt her pulse, casting a curious and hostile look at the Englishman, and leaned back again, saying no word.

I felt that I was the witness of some stark and secret drama to which I had not yet gotten the clue.

As the train pulled into a heathenish mass of fierce-visaged

Chinese that lined the tracks in Chinkiang the conductor came again to collect the tickets. In atrocious English he read the destinations aloud. "Peking you, you, you," meaning Tony, her unconscious mother, and me. He pointed his finger at each of us in turn as he said, "You."

When the train had come to a grinding stop, the area-way was jammed with chattering and pushing Chinese, all clamoring to get off. When the train started again the corridors were deserted, the six of us being almost alone in the stifling train.

In the comparatively scant interval of time during which these things happened, I had been a mute, and, I confess, a jealous witness, of the birth, growth and ecstatic development of a love scene, between Tony and the handsome Englishman. My hand had tingled and throbbed pleasantly ever since she had touched it with hers. With no warning whatsoever my heart had been doing unruly things as I contemplated this lovely girl. Her plight was sad and desperate. We all knew in that compartment that the hand of death was reaching for the mother's life. The Jesuit had long been reading a prayer book, at times muttering and drawing in his breath with an occasional sharp hiss. The prayer book was in Chinese characters.

The giant Chinaman sat in his brooding silence. But Tony's hand lay as if it had found faith and rest in the grasp of the Englishman's strong fingers. Her eyes did not leave his face. It was as if she were in a trance. Even her voice seemed soft and languorous as she asked him questions about himself.

"Have you been in China long? Where do your people live? Isn't it curious how two people can meet as we have and so suddenly feel they have known each other all their lives? We are thrown together so intimately here, aren't we? Mother will love you to death when she knows how you have nursed her. Poor dear. She is so sick—"

The Englishman fished a little packet of snapshots from his pocket and handed them to Tony. "Those are of my home. Ripping, what?" Tony in rapturous outbursts was admiring the scenes.

"Oh, how I should adore to see this place!"

Her heart shone through her beautiful eyes. It was sudden, strange, and incredible, this swift dawning of love where none had been before.

I sat back, feeling almost sick with something like jealousy. To have seen those eyes shine with that light for me what would I not have given?

A GAIN recurred the thought that this girl was soon to find herself alone in China, but I no longer needed to be vigilant. The Englishman would look out for her now. Life had given him that privilege.

While I sat with these troubled thoughts moving through my brain, the Jesuit never lifted his eyes from his prayer book. The huge Chinese now sat puffing meditatively at long thin cigarettes.

At Nanking the Yangtze coolies, who swarm into the train like mad loathsome rodents, charged into the compartment and grabbed the luggage from the overhead racks. Everything that was to be transported from our compartment moved like magic to the deck of the tug that was to take us across to Pukow. As we got to the gang-plank I caught the Chinese and the Englishman in an unmistakable exchange of signals or words. I could not tell which. That was the last I saw of the yellow giant, for his great blue-clad shoulders went swinging away in the midst of the burnished copper coolies who made way for him as though he were the Emperor of China.

I had figuratively kissed my baggage good-by when the porters scurried off with it from the train, but here it was ranged along side the Bridean luggage and the Jesuit's one black hand-bag. How it had been thus spirited aboard the tug and so meticulously arranged seemed a miracle then, but the same thing happened later when we entered the standard Pullman sleeper on the opposite bank of the mighty Yangtze. I found my luggage in my compartment and with it the Jesuit's black satchel.

The Englishman, I soon discovered, had a compartment to himself. But he was not in it. He lingered by the side of Mrs. Bridean's berth where she lay deeply unconscious. Tony and he were silent as if there were no need of speech between them.

We came to a place where the rails had been only recently



"You see, she's giving me another chance, my friend," Mordaunt said. "I didn't know I could fall in love like this. Now I want to live decently." He was magnificent as he stood there transformed by his love. I breathed easier.

replaced, the scene of the brigandage of a few weeks before, but the train moved on without delay. I remembered what Tony had said the hotel porter had told her. Somewhere on the train was the chief of the bandits. That was possible enough in China, where all things are possible.

I found the Jesuit was preparing to retire. His calm, quiet gaze fell upon me, but he did not seem anxious to speak. With-

out a word I turned into the upper berth, but I did not sleep. I lay there thinking of Tony. Somehow I did not trust this handsome, impassive Englishman, but I tried to convince myself that it was only my own defeat that made me hostile to him. In any case I could do nothing.

Suddenly I was shocked into alert sensibility by a hand clutching my shoulder and shaking [Continued on page 92]

Men who Have Kissed Me

(What I Have Already Told You of My Love Life.)

LOOKING back it seemed ages ago that I had first been kissed by Dick Grey, the son of the small town grocer back home. It seemed almost as long ago that Ronnie Mainwaring, a real mamma's boy whom I met when I came to New York, had kissed me good-by when I refused to marry him. After that I became a chorus girl. From Archibald Dawson, a stage-door Johnnie, I learned more about men's kisses. And then the show went to London and I was free to find new worlds to conquer.

(Now Read More of My Adventures With Men:)

I STOOD in the dressing-room of the London theater where we had been for several weeks. The final touch of make-up achieved, I laid down the powder puff, slipped out of my pale blue wrap and stood considering myself.

"It's all for men," my thoughts ran in a bitter, disillusioned vein, "and what do they care? Once they've had all they want from a girl they don't care two-pence about her. And yet night after night, with the approval of a dear, respectable old world, we come here and fake ourselves up simply and solely to make men like us. I s'pose we're really an advance line, put here so that the mothers and wives away back at a safe distance needn't know anything about what men are really like. We keep the home-fires burning at the right temperature so to speak; otherwise they might flare up occasionally and burn the whole outfit to the ground. We're a kind of moral trouble squad!"

Shrugging faintly, I began to put on the cream silk frock decreed for the chorus in the opening scene at Somewhere-sur-Mer. The door of the dressing-room crashed open, letting in the call boy's wail of "Ten minutes, ten minutes ladies, please." Netta Stevens sauntered up radiating that delicately brazen chic so characteristic of her.



"April," George Darell said to me, "I want to be friends with
fectly frank with you," I told him. "I have



*A
Famous Beauty's
Own Story
of
Her Intimate
Love Life*

you. You're the most delightful thing I've met in years." "I'll be per-
nothing to give you or sell you. I belong only to me."

"Well, dear darling?" she began, for the benefit of the world at large; then her eyes narrowed.

"Got the blue devils, haven't you, April? Cut them out. We can't afford them. They lower one's face value. What's the trouble?"

My lips curved in a half-smile.

"I'm a butter-fly that's hurt its wings against a hard world tonight. Don't take any notice. Anybody that's anybody in front?"

"Nine dukes, five earls and sixteen baronets, not to mention Guardsmen," lied Netta cheerfully. She lowered her voice. "And let me tell you something pleasant. Cynthia Kay, our fascinating star, has got it in for you. I heard her talking to Clegg about you. She called you 'that washed-out little fair-haired stick.' Who's the man you've taken away from her?"

I shook my head.

"I haven't got a man in the world. There's only one who might be interested. He sits in D27 and walks with a stick. He's there night after night and never takes his eyes off me, but nothing from him ever comes to the stage door. P'raps I just remind him of his little sister at home. What a dear she must be!"

"That's perfectly easy to find out. Anyhow, watch Cynthia, and 'member I've warned you. She's——"

"Beginners for the first act, please," wailed the Voice from Without. Netta turned away coquettishly.

"Bye-bye, dear. See you later."

The chorus whirled hectically through the

doorway, clattered on high heels down steep stone steps and herded into the wings. An electric bulb changed colour by the conductor's desk and the orchestra swept into the opening chorus. A ripple ran through the crowded stalls. The old, wild magic had entered into the men. The tall, rather weary occupant of D27 settled back comfortably and commenced his nightly worship of my immature beauty.

Hilary Clegg, the stage manager, standing in the wings, ran a reflective hand over his brilliantined hair, and thanked his gods for the blessing of a full house. Outside the stage door under the flaring lights the last taxis and private cars slurred away. Bowing kittenishly to the welcoming roar of applause, Cynthia Kay advanced down stage to speak her celebrated opening lines: "Heaven looks a good long way off, but here we are!"

One of the girls told me later that as she passed the office, Hilary Clegg sat at his roll-top desk, breathing semi-defiance and Egyptian cigaret smoke at Cynthia Kay.

"Well, anyway, have a heart," she heard him say. "Can't you see I've enough on my hands without your troubles, Cynthia? Doesn't a job like mine make hell look silly? Run along and count your blessings and your bouquets. See me tomorrow."

Cynthia sat calmly on a table, swung her legs and flicked cigaret ash onto the carpet.

"You've got to do something about it this minute, Hilary. That fair-haired little April devil's put it over the man with the limp in D27. He happens to be Lord Chalfont, and he's mine, because I want him, and I had him until you brought her over here with the show. Now he never takes his eyes off her. You must give Miss April Rogers the straight griffin about him, simply, as you would to a child."

"Damn it all, how can I? Isn't she here to attract men? As long as he wants one of our girls, do I care who she is? You've lost your nerve, Cynthia. You're still pretty; you needn't worry. You've been giving him the hard eye and the cold face or something. Can't you keep your own end up with a chorus girl? Where do I come in?"

"You're the original tin god here. Warn her off. And see that she doesn't get any of his love letters, or flowers, or anything. Have a word with the stage door man. You can, you know, if you want to."

Clegg shook his head irritably.

"Wrong, wrong, all wrong. That's the way to make her all the keener. I don't believe she knows him anyway. I've got a pretty good idea what you beautiful fiends do in your spare time. She's rather little Miss Mouse; doesn't go around with anybody much. That's her charm; she makes all you glad young women look gladder by contrast."

"Probably why he never takes his eyes off her. He's got a pious fit on him. He thinks she's good and he wants to love

WHERE ever I go, I, the April of these confessions, am surrounded by men. Yet at last each man goes his way, enriched by pleasant memories, but in his heart baffled and uncertain. This is because I know him and his kind as only a beautiful woman, who has fought her way from poverty to success, can know men. I know that their only thought is possession and yet night after night I make myself up solely to please men.



a dear good girl. And I'm evidently not good enough for his lordship."

"Well, that's easy. If she's good, make her bad. Get her off with George Darell. No girl-pal of his could possibly be mistaken for an angel. Then your saintly acquaintance'll shudder back to your side and I shall be able to get on with what I'm paid to do. Now, for God's sake go, and leave me to it."

Cynthia slid from the table, shook her chestnut head daintily, and smiled at him.

"What a brain, Hilary! I really believe you're right. I'll run away and be all butter and honey to mamma's good little girl. But you've got to do your bit by her correspondence. Don't forget!"

She picked her way out, followed by murmured blasphemy. Clegg, I imagine, turned, raging, to his legitimate business. But Cynthia sent a message to me by her dresser, so guileless, that in spite of Netta's warning I ran carelessly into the web spun for me in the largest, airiest dressing room the house possessed.

I distrusted my own kind as instinctively as any other poor pretty girl. I knew them to be unscrupulous; they stole men from you even if they didn't require them; they gave you half confidences as a bait for whole ones. But there seemed no need to beware of Cynthia Kay who had

everything in the world she wanted, and looked it, leaning back in a silk-brocade chair before a brilliant dressing table.

"Oh, Miss Rogers," Cynthia smiled, "I want to ask you to dine with me at a friend's flat on Sunday night if you've nothing better to do. He's simply crazy to meet you. I rather want to do him a good turn, so if you could come—?"

She pushed forward a vast, beribboned, hand-painted box invitingly. "These are some of his chocolates. He's got a charming taste in chocolates and other things. He's rather well in with the management, too. In fact, he's frightfully useful all 'round."

I looked thoughtfully at Cynthia.

"Men never give anything for nothing, do they?" I said at last. "There's always something behind it all. Sometimes I hate men. They're so deadly selfish. But it's awfully kind of you, Miss Kay, and I'd love to come, thank you."

"Well, you know my flat, in Knightbridge. Drift along about seven and I'll take you on. It'll be rather a jolly crowd. Bye-bye!"

Throughout the last act the tall, crippled occupant of stall D27 never took his eyes from me, and they were compelling eyes. Once when he caught my glance he smiled, and the dark shadows of his face lit up. I wove a little dream about him in which he became the mysterious man of Cynthia's invitation, a chivalrous, perfect lover who wanted only to make me happy, seeking nothing for himself. Then I sighed, because that is not the way of men.



Cynthia sat on a table and swung her legs as she told Hilary Clegg. "That little April devil's put it over Lord Chalfont and he's mine. You must warn her off and see that she doesn't get any love letters from him."

As Netta and I brushed our hair rather wearily in our little flat, I disclosed my news. Netta drew thoughtfully at her cigaret.

"The man in D27 with the smashed foot is Lord Chalfont. He's a major, late of the Cornish Guards, and a D.S.C. I know he never looks at anyone but you, and I can put two and two together and make five."

I nestled down on the rug at Netta's feet in the glow of the gas-fire, and drew my dressing-gown round me.

"Well, whatever man wants me, I hope he's a tiny bit decent," I said rather pathetically. "I could stand a little real loving for once. It's a dog's life sometimes, Netta, my dear."

Since women dress largely to annoy one another, I crawled from my taxi outside Cynthia Kay's flat sheathed in a soft, intriguing mist of cobweb pink. You do not stay long with Hilary Clegg unless you know how to wear clothes. From an adjacent bedroom I caught snatches of song, and presently Cynthia swayed deliciously through the doorway in fifty pounds' worth of inspired naughtiness, openly triumphant and astonishingly pleased with herself.

"Hullo, April!" she exclaimed. "Just one wee little Martini before we go. You look topping. Marcelline, two cocktails, quickly."

"I love your room," I said dreamily. I lay back in a downy soft armchair and felt the ice-cold, wicked little drink flow like fire through my veins. In a way I was going like a beautiful slave to be inspected by some wealthy connoisseur, but adventure beckoned, and life seemed stained with rosy hues. Cynthia drew me out of the chair.

"It's a perfect dream of a room but I know a better, George Darell's drawing-room. Come on, the car's waiting. Ours for the high spots and the bright lights!"

George Darell, his tall, broad-shouldered figure doing honour to its perfect tailoring, rose to meet us in the softly lit hall of his flat. He knew why I had been brought and he let his eyes wander over me. There came a momentary catch to his breath, but he only moved forward with the most perfect charm of manner and held out a welcoming hand.

"It's really frightfully decent of you both to turn out on a wet Sunday night," he said, and his [Continued on page 104]



A girl, slim and dark and almost pretty—me.

I Am the Happiest Wife

She drove away presently but I sat for a long time, remembering.

Thirty years ago!

A girl, slim and dark and almost pretty—me. A boy, slim and dark and almost too good looking—James. A love for fun, for congenial work, for beauty, books, music, the country and each other—both of us. A job that paid forty dollars a month—James's. A hundred dollars in the bank—mine. Such was our capital!

All wrong! Nothing right! According to the best author-

I KNOW that reading this title has instantly created a mental picture of me in the reader's mind. Starry eyes, glossy hair, peaches-and-cream skin, slender body, all the attributes of youth. I can hear cynical voices asking, "Were you married today, or yesterday?"

If a wife sings her husband's praises or expresses herself as supremely satisfied with life as it is, every one takes it for granted that she hasn't been married very long.

So I hasten to state that I am not slender, nor star-eyed, nor any of the rest of it. I'm rather more than pleasingly plump; I have to apply the peaches to my creamy complexion and there are more than a few silver threads among the gold. In fact I have lived for fifty years and for thirty of them I have been married to James.

There is no doubt that I am boastful about my happiness. Perhaps that is just as poor taste as calling attention to one's diamonds or family tree or bank balance, but somehow it seems to me that happy marriage needs more publicity than it gets. Who would suspect to read our newspapers or see our plays or listen to the conversation of an average group of women that we have anything to show for the annual crop of weddings in this country but scandal, divorce and heart-break?

Yesterday a high-powered sports model car swung up to our gate and a girl got out and came up the walk. Her skirts almost escaped her knees, her hair was cropped as short as any boy's, her nose was too white, her lips too red, and she threw away a cigaret as she opened the gate, but her eyes were full of the same dreams I have glimpsed in the eyes of dozens of girls who have come to see me and I knew, before they opened, the substance of what those too red lips were going to say.

"**YOU'LL** think I'm awfully silly. Of course, it's foolish to ask you for advice, your life has been so perfect."

"In other words," I laughed, "if you wished to ask advice about investments you'd pick out a man who had failed in business and lost all his money, and you'd say, 'You must know just how to manage money. Please tell me what to do with my fortune.'"

Her face cleared and she dropped into one of my wicker chairs with a sigh of relief. "Please tell me, is it terribly foolish to get married when you're awfully young and inexperienced, and haven't any money of your own and the boy has only his salary?"

I tried to make her see that married happiness isn't a matter of age or experience or money, but of love and courage and character. Given these three, no marriage can fail; lacking any one of them, few succeed.



*I've Read so Many Stories of Un-
happy Marriage that I Simply Have
to Tell of My Own Wedded Bliss*

in the World

ities, we should have been physical opposites, whereas in those first days many people mistook us for brother and sister.

We should have had opposite tastes so our lives would not have been limited and narrowed by the similarity of our desires. That sounds very reasonable, and yet since we married James has taken four years at Harvard; has learned to speak and read the French and Polish languages; has become internationally known in his interesting but not highly remunerative line of



A boy, almost too good looking—James



James is so absent-minded that when he has kissed his nieces and cousins he keeps right on until he has kissed all the girls at the party.

work; has travelled over the United States and Canada and made several trips abroad. I have tagged along on most of these excursions.

Together we have roamed through art museums in many lands, perched breathless and entranced in the galleries of the famous opera houses, attended scores of plays, and read hundreds of books. I have been able with our income to keep us all fed and housed and clothed without doing the work of a charwoman myself, and somehow I have managed to write and sell an incredible number of stories, though I never did one until several years after our marriage.

Once James got tired of doing his work in the regular way. James is not a person who runs well in a rut. He wanted to go live in a slum and make his living there and see how folks would react to him as a human being instead of an institution.

"Well, why not?" I asked. James says that "why not" of mine has saved our matrimonial bark from wrecking a good many times, but I never could see why two people should expect or want to change their dispositions, tastes and lines of activity, just because they are married. James was James and I was myself, after the marriage ceremony as before. If James wanted to try life in a slum, or work his way through Harvard, or do any of the other things he did do, why should he give them up because he was married? It meant unconventional living, many times, but it never meant that his family went cold or hungry or unclothed, and when I wanted to try being a writer, he didn't oppose me. He bought me a typewriter and a ream of paper and cheered me on my way.

SO, WE did go and buy a "movin' pitcher show," as they called it over in the section of New York City where it was located. We lived upstairs over the show, with a saloon on one side and an undertaker's shop that never seemed to undertake anything but poker games on the other. My, what a year that was! No formal attempt at any social service. Just being neighborly and listening to all the folks who wanted to

talk about their troubles, and letting all the boys for blocks around help "run the pitcher show." That was fifteen years ago, and today if we walk down the street where that theater stood, policemen, firemen, street cleaners, clerks, shopkeepers, truckmen, prize-fighters and ward politicians flock out to greet us.

WOULD we have been happier or our lives have been broader if we had possessed dissimilar tastes? When I see May Deming with her husband snoring beside her at the opera, or Polly Mason, utterly miserable because Paul "is always wanting to do such queer, outlandish things," or Eleanor Johnson whose husband thought Tono Bungay was a race horse, or Carrie Smith who spends every evening in solitude while Tom invents things in their attic, then I am convinced there is nothing to this dissimilar tastes stuff.

Lastly, we should have had an adequate income. To which there is but one reply. We did. An adequate income is one which gives you all the actual necessities of life, plus the pleasures you care most about. Forty dollars a month did that for us in Syracuse, New York, thirty years ago. Eggs cost a penny apiece, then. Potatoes were forty cents a bushel. Our rent was eight dollars a month. Cleaning and laundry women were glad to get fifty cents a day.

If James hadn't been James, I suppose I would have done as most brides of poor men do: washed the dishes and scrubbed the house myself, but James declared, "I didn't marry a scrub-lady and I don't intend to live with one. I'll go without butter on my bread, if it is necessary, but you're not going to make a kitchen drudge of yourself."

There's very little doubt that an able-bodied young woman can do the work of three rooms without exactly making a kitchen drudge of herself, but James was firm, and that stand he took affected our whole manner of living forever after. It forced me to keep up to the mark both mentally and physically. I felt I had no right to look frumpy, or to be over-tired or bad-tempered or uninteresting. It was up to me to give James returns on that dollar we paid the scrub-lady.

My mother was a brilliant woman and an excellent house-keeper. My home education had not been neglected. I knew how to cook everything that James and I could not afford to buy. Fortunately, an association of food manufacturers opened a free domestic science school near us. There I first heard of food elements and learned that a pound of beef liver at five cents contained more food value than a pound of chicken at twenty cents. (Yes, those were the actual prices, then!) James declared he liked the liver best, anyhow, as I cooked it, and he has stood by that statement to this day. Who says he isn't the world's best husband?

The public library was just across the street from us, and I spent hours there, reading magazines, copying bits for James, borrowing books for us to read aloud. We went to all the free concerts and lectures that we were interested in. In any university town there is plenty of "culture" to be had for the

walking to it. James's work took most of his Sundays, so he had one day a week at home. Those days I packed a lunch, we walked up the canal into the real country where we fished and studied birds and gathered wild flowers.

My practical Aunt Belle came to see us and was greatly shocked. "If you'd do all your housework," she scolded, "you could do a lot of things with that dollar a week. Why, in a short time you could save enough for a nice pair of curtains, or a couple of chairs, or any number of things you need. In this time you waste reading you could embroider a good centerpiece and initial some bath towels, and have a home that looked like something, and James ought to build you a window seat and some of those missiony-looking book-shelves on his days off. What do you ever expect to have, the way you do?"

"Memories and mental furnishings," I told her, but she only sniffed loudly, poor soul. "You'll both end your days in some almshouse," she prophesied.

"I'd rather sit in an almshouse and think of the fun we'd had than to sit in a palace and think of the fun we might have had," I declared recklessly. That reduced Aunt Belle to speechlessness, which helped some.

NO, I'm not one of the women who think a lovely home and beautiful furnishings are things of no consequence. On the contrary I'm one of those unfortunates who cannot live without beauty and I absolutely revel in lovely surroundings, but ideas of loveliness differ. To me a deep blue bowl (from Woolworth's) filled with buttercups from the fields is a far more beautiful centerpiece than an embroidered linen doily. So long

as the bath towels are large and clean I do not pine for initials on them. I'd rather have more books and more time to read them than to have more elaborate shelves and fewer books. Since James feels the same way why should we change our mode of life to satisfy the Aunt Belles of the world?

What I'm really trying to get across is that nearly everyone in the world has a limited amount of money, which means they have to choose what they want most. Now I believe the secret of our happiness is simply this: we've always chosen what we really wanted, instead of what custom or conventionality said we ought to want.

My advice to young couples would be: if initialing bath towels and building furniture is the thing you wish to do, then by all means do it, but don't do it be-

cause the neighbors have hand-embroidered towels and the latest thing in book-shelves.

Personally, we knew what we wanted, and by continuing to live in comparatively inexpensive quarters as James's salary and the price of my stories crept up, we managed to get it. A course at Harvard for James. He needed it. A weekly trip to a beauty shop for me. I certainly needed that. A winter in Florida. A summer in Canada. Trips abroad. A thousand books on our shelves today. (Pine shelves, still, painted white.) A few really good pictures. Millions of happy memories. Pleasant and lively anticipations [Continued on page 98]

Are You Married & Happy?

PRIZE CONTEST

Is *THIS* woman the **HAPPIEST** wife in the world?

That takes in a lot of **TERRITORY**.

If her statement is true, **YOU** are **NOT** the happiest wife in the world. Did you **THINK** you were?

What makes **HAPPINESS** in marriage?

You **KNOW**, as a wife or husband, what causes suffering and regret and **UNHAPPINESS** in marriage.

Can you tell the **SECRET** of happiness?

Last month Mrs. Ellen du Pois Taylor told you that freedom from **JEALOUSY** meant happiness.

Another writer told you **FAITH** and **TRUST** meant happiness.

SMART SET wants to know what **YOU** think.

For the **BEST** letter on

The Secret of My Happy Marriage

SMART SET will give a prize of \$15; for the second best, \$10; for the third best, \$5; and \$1 for each of the next seven best.

Contest closes January 10, 1927. **SMART SET** editors will act as judges. No letters will be returned.

The Pot of Gold I Found at the End of My Rainbow



*I Set Out to Marry for
Money But I Learned that
What Counts Most is for*

Some One to Care

TELLING the truth about yourself isn't so easy, it seems. For one thing it isn't very complimentary. For another, I'm not so sure that I can set down honestly my experiences while I was a model for Celeste, Incorporated, at Palm Beach.

For obvious reasons I won't mention any real names. I'll call myself Myrna Brooke.

I had had four years as a professional model—almost a complete career. Prize-fighters, they say, are old men at forty, but they're not as old as a dress model at twenty-five.

In the beginning I'd come from Minnesota, gone through the ups and downs of earning my own living in New York, finally landed a steady place with the Fifth Avenue branch of Celeste's and kept it for two seasons. Last of all I'd been given the chance to go to Palm Beach with three other girls to model at the opening of Celeste's new establishment there.

There wasn't much of a future in it but that didn't matter. What I liked about my work was the sense of luxury it gave me to wear beautiful clothes and most of all the chance I had to meet rich men.

My childhood had been like a bad dream and I told myself I was going to make up for those unpleasant days. Someday I was going to drive a gleaming, high-powered car, loll in a

deck chair on a beautiful yacht, wear lovely silk negligees, and drink tea from a silver service. Silk stockings, cream, servants, pedigreed Pekingese! Someday I was going to have all those things.

But so far I hadn't seen a trace of millionaires who were mad to marry me.

And I wasn't going to be pretty forever. That's the worst of being a blonde. Already my eyes had little tired shadows under them when I got up in the morning. I was only twenty-five, but I felt like a grandmother. There wouldn't be much sense in pretending that I was yearning for love and sentiment. I had decided long ago that money was the most important thing in the world, and I hadn't had any experiences so far to upset that idea.

Two weeks before I left for Palm Beach, and when all arrangements had been concluded, I went on a night club party with a whole raft of people.

It was the usual thing. We piled into three cars, made the rounds of places, danced, some of the men got tipsy, and we all made lots of noise.

All at once one of the men shouted out that the liquor was bad, and insisted we all drive up to Tony West's. Everybody seemed to know Tony West except me, and in a few moments

we were on our way. We drew up before an apartment house in the fifties with tall, slim windows and white stone peaks, like a little cathedral.

We went up to the top floor, and I found myself pushing my way with the others into a great room with thick rugs, red lacquered furniture, books in leather bindings, and chairs that you sank down and down into and never wanted to get out of.

Some Jap servants were scurrying around and presently

comfortable and jaded, to want to share this with a woman, except perhaps for brief intervals.

I saw his eyes resting on me. He was leaning back on a davenport, and he had each arm around a girl. In each hand was a highball glass from which he took alternate sips.

"Hello, sweetheart," he cried cheerfully. "How did you know I was lonesome for you? Come over here and have a knee."

"No, thanks," I said. "Too much competition."

He grinned, then abruptly disentangled himself, and marched over towards me.

"We need some more ice," he said. "Come on with me and help me find it."

"You have all you need. Look at that bowl."

"Why look at it? I don't want any ice, of course. I only want to take you out to the refrigerator for a nice little friendly



"Hello, sweetheart," Tony West called to me. "How did you know I was lonesome for you? Come over here and have a knee."

Tony West himself came in. He was about thirty-five, and he had a wise, cynical, attractive face, a strong nose and mouth and humorous looking eyes. He yelled some orders, turned on the phonograph, and asked somebody to hurry up and play the piano. Then the Japs came in with big bowls of ice, and bottles of Scotch and Rye, and metal buckets with the long necks of champagne bottles poking out.

It was a wild party all right. It must have been about three by then and everybody was happy. All the girls were pretty and all the men looked well-groomed and used to good things.

I studied the beautiful room with interest. No need to ask whether its occupant was rich! But he looked too wise, too

chat. It's the only place where we can be unmolested."

I laughed. He had a way of saying things that made them sound funny, and I let him take my arm and pilot me through the dancers to the kitchen. Here he swung himself up on a porcelain table and invited me to sit beside him.

"See, we can be really quiet here," he announced. "Just you and me—that's my idea of a swell party." He put his arm around me and swung me near to kiss me, but I pushed him off. He looked at me with a rather quick searching look. "What's the idea?" he demanded. "Just out of boarding school, never had the brutal attentions of men forced on you before and all that stuff?"

I was studying him now with interest. In spite of the fact that he had already drunk enough to be a little unsteady, I could see he had perfect control of a cool, practical head. I said in his own way:

"You've been spoiled. Why should I let you kiss me? Poor business sense, don't you think?"

He flashed his grey eyes on me. In that instant his whole attitude seemed to have changed. I knew he was interested in me.

"Now isn't it bad luck that I'm leaving for Palm Beach tomorrow," he muttered.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because you're so pretty," was his explanation.

I met his gaze boldly. "Oh, well I'll be down in Palm Beach in two weeks myself. Celeste is opening there you know."

He caught my hand. "Save that kiss for me!" he said swiftly. "Don't forget!"

I looked away. "Let's go back to the others," I said at last.

"All right," said Tony West. "But don't forget we have a date."

It wasn't long before the party broke up. I knew I had made a good impression and would be wise to leave while it was fresh. On the way home I decided that Tony West was going to ask me to marry him.

How? That was another matter. But I had determination, and I was a woman. I dared to be confident of the outcome.

Everyone knows what Palm Beach is like, but for the first week or so I saw scarcely anything and had only one little adventure.

We were busy opening the new shop and were on our feet all day long. I was so dog-tired that I used to crawl to the small hotel where I was staying, and drop into bed exhausted.

I TOLD myself I was through with being a model. I wanted to have a good time for a while. Always in the background of my thoughts was Tony West. He had liked me. I had that much to go on. He was wealthy and he wasn't old either. I simply had to have him; that was all there was to it.

Not a glimpse had I had of him so far, but I knew almost certainly he would turn up sooner or later. Instinctively I felt he remembered me. Perhaps he had determined to win me but if he had it was to be taken for granted that no proposal of marriage had any place in his plan. It was to be a real duel. I was determined to stop at nothing, and I felt clear-brained and cool.

One day when things were slack I was given the afternoon off. I decided to explore a little and have a swim. I swam well, and never missed a chance to be in the water. I pushed out beyond the surf.

A disreputable looking motorboat was rocking at anchor near by. I headed towards it, pulled myself on board, and sat there in the sunlight looking at the blue-green water and the blazing sand.

All at once a man emerged from the cabin. He was rather thin with a long face and absent-minded eyes, a harmless looking

man, you'd say. He was wearing a sweat shirt and a pair of loose, soiled duck trousers. His feet were bare.

"Sorry," I said. "Didn't know anyone was on this boat." And I prepared to dive off.

He was looking at me as if he'd never seen a girl before.

"Don't go," he said. "I wish you wouldn't go. Stay here and rest."

His voice had a young quality about it, and I knew he was one of those innocent men, really nice but sort of silly. I almost looked around for his nurse.

THE next moment, taking my acceptance for granted, he plunged into his cabin. In two minutes he had popped out once more with a thick jelly glass full of iced tea.

I drank it but I don't know why. I think it must have been to oblige him. And for some unaccountable reason I sat down in the stern of the boat in the single chair it boasted and found myself chatting with him. I forgot I had come out to swim. He told me all about himself but rather shyly. He didn't boast. I had to ask questions.

At first I decided he must hire his boat out for fishing parties, but he told me he'd come down here to study fish. Study fish! That was just what a man like that would do, of course. He was staying here for a couple of days before heading for the Keys.

"Marvellous specimens there," he exclaimed excitedly. "I'd like to tell you about them. Here, just a minute." And again he plunged into his ridiculous cabin and came out with books



"No, thanks," I answered Tony. "Too much competition over there."

and a funny thing that looked like an enormous microscope. He explained them very carefully to me, but I didn't listen. I kept looking at him and smiling a little. He'd told me by this time that his name was Sandy McLellan, and he seemed so poor and humble that I couldn't imagine anyone not liking him. After four years of being a professional model, it was a relief to talk to a man who didn't rush one madly in the first ten seconds!

I found I'd thrown away the afternoon when I started to leave at last. However, I said as I started to dive off:

"If you're to be here, why not drop in at our store sometime?"

"I certainly will," he declared.

Staring at him there, I had a sudden brilliant inspiration. Fully formed the whole plan popped into my mind. It was a shame to do it, but then, I'd promised myself not to let any tender scruples stand in my way.

"I'll be glad to see you again," I said quite softly. Then I took a header and began to swim towards shore. But I felt sorry for poor Sandy McLellan. He wasn't going to study his precious fish near the Keys for sometime yet, if I had any say about it!

NOW right from the start things worked like a dream. I had feared that Tony West might have come and gone, or that he had actually forgotten all about me by this time.

So my heart leapt when on reaching the hotel I found a huge box of flowers with Tony West's card. I had scarcely opened them when I was called to the phone to hear his voice.

"Why didn't you let me know you were here," he demanded. "Just found out to-day where your store was and it took me an hour to get your address. I'll drive down and pick you up later and we'll go for a little drive."

At eight o'clock I found myself stepping into a long roadster all blue enamel and shining nickel. Tony West sat at the wheel, and once I was in, he started off swiftly.

"Where are you taking me?"

"Don't be so damn curious." He grinned impudently at me.

I bit my lip to keep from grinning back. I was trying my best to look grave.

We went up the road at a scorching pace, then around a bend, up a slight rise and so to a small stone house of the familiar Spanish type that stood in the midst of shrubbery overlooking the water.

"Little place I have here," said Tony carelessly. "Come on inside."

The rooms were simple and cool, yet awfully luxurious somehow. Tony led me to a kind of veranda with comfortable chairs.

"We'll have some drinks directly. Sit down here. That's my boat out there. Nice-looking little tub, isn't she?" The white pleasure yacht which he indicated was just the kind of yacht I'd dreamed about.

"It's very lovely," I said seriously.

A servant came with a tray and at Tony's order put it on the little table at one side. Then when he had mixed the drinks and settled himself comfortably, his long legs crossed before him, he said in his lazy drawl of a voice:

"Myrna, you made an awful hit with me in town. I woke up the next morning thinking about you. I like you, like your voice, your hair and your eyes. I could waste a week playing around, but why not come directly to the point? You're a sensible girl, and you may prefer it this way. In short, what I'm about to suggest is that—" he waved his hand—

"Oh, don't go on," I said wearily.

"Why not?" he asked and he seemed surprised at my manner.

"Because I'm in love."

"In love?"

"Yes."

"With whom?"

"No one you know of course."

"Damn it, are you serious?"

My voice broke perfectly. "Oh, if you only knew how miserable I am!"

He uttered a long "Whew" and took a

longer drink. I lowered my eye-lids and looked heart-broken.

"That lets me out," he said sourly. "Well, never mind. I believe you. My little offer will go unstated."

"But I want to be friends with you," I half whimpered.

"Why?" he asked frankly.

"Because you've got to help me."

"I have? What do you mean?"

"The man I love doesn't love me," I said in a low tone. "I've got to make him love me. I've got to make him jealous. I want you to see me and dance with me in front of him and look as if you liked me, don't you see?"

He was silent for a long moment and then all at once he began to laugh. He sat there roaring.

"Where do I get off?" he demanded when he caught his breath. "And why have you picked me out?"

"Because you're attractive," I said. "Any man would be jealous of you."

"Thanks. That's something. See here, are you really serious about this?"

"You've got to help me," I whispered leaning forward. "Oh please help me. You can."

He seemed to reflect for a moment. "When you women are out after a poor devil," he commented dryly at last, "you certainly lay for him. I begin to see that by avoiding marriage I haven't been merely a clever man—I've been a genius!"

We talked awhile longer and I was careful to be awfully grave and sad. Finally he seemed affected by it. He put his hand on my shoulder.

"You've got it bad," he said, "and I'll help you if you think I'm any use. I never knew models or chorus girls fell in love! And, I don't mind saying, I speak from some experience."

He drove me back through the soft night air, and when I said good-bye at the hotel, he had agreed to the plan I had laid for next evening.

I was hoping desperately that Sandy McLellan would not disappoint me the next day.

All the time I was changing into new things and parading up and down before customers I kept worrying about whether he really meant to drop in.

I knew if he got in too early, that I'd get a message in the showroom and I could tell him to wait. But there was no word, and I waited and wondered. I even stayed late, which never was a vice of mine when working.

THEN I felt irritated and angry, and decided I'd have to use someone else. Only he had seemed so ideal for what I wanted. I started out moodily well after five, when the store was being closed up, and walked bang into Sandy on the street! He'd been waiting for me outside for a couple of hours!

Well he just stood there awkwardly, looking at me, and mumbled something about being glad to see me again.

I dropped my eyes. "And I'm glad to see you," I said.

"Are you really?" he asked.

"Yes. But listen, we can't really talk here—I'll have to be running along—"

He merely looked crestfallen. I gulped. Then I said flatly:

"Unless of course you'd like to take me to dinner."

"You bet!" he assented. "I—I was wondering if you would. I hesitated to ask—"

I suggested the place upon which I had previously agreed with Tony, and soon we had secured a table there. Sandy touched his hair with nervous fingers and looked around him with puzzled eyes. The music was divine, the air wonderful,

and somehow I felt awfully happy.

"Don't you love it here?" I asked.

"Yes," he said hesitantly. "Although I'm not much on this kind of thing. You see, I'm a pretty poor dancer, and—well, I guess I like rougher things best."

He was so utterly simple that I just





"Don't let him hurt me," I cried to Sandy. At that I saw him frown and all at once he came sailing in. Before I realized what was happening both men were fighting for all they were worth.

couldn't help liking him. He was the kind of person whom people took advantage of. I could see that with half an eye. He really needed someone to protect him. The next moment through the crowd I caught sight of Tony. He marched up to the table and held out his hand as if meeting an old friend.

"Well, imagine finding you here!"

I introduced the two men. "Do you mind if I sit down just a minute?" said Tony. He was scarcely down, when he suggested dancing with me.

In his arms it was lovely. The music rose and fell and it

seemed to me that I could dance forever. But Tony was whispering in my ear. "How's that for the rough work? Cutting in on a couple and grabbing the girl. But say, do you really like that man?"

"Like him!" I breathed.

Tony shook his head. "Well I suppose he's all right, and maybe somebody in the world had to fall for him, but I don't see why it had to be you."

I pretended not to have heard, and I realized that in a queer way Tony West, for all his flippancy, [Continued on page 99]

The Woman Who Bears the Cross of Frail Humanity



“Listen World”

IN MANY ways Elsie Robinson is about the most remarkable person in this old world of ours. She has a background that stretches from the mining camps of the Sierras to the prim Main Street of a straight-laced New England village—and back again. She's lived and laughed and cried and suffered and been happy—and through her daily department, Listen World, she has helped a million people with their troubles while her heart was aching with troubles of her own. You will find the story she tells on the next page one of the most soul-stirring human documents ever published in this magazine—or any other.

*ELSIE ROBINSON'S Amazingly Beautiful Story
of a Husband Who Knew that to Err is Human; that*

*To
Forgive Is
Divine*

I'M A trouble shooter.

Not the kind that do their stuff on the top of a telephone pole in a sixty mile gale. That job's a cinch compared to mine. They only have to straighten out tangled, broken wires and buck the wind and rain, but I have to straighten out tangled lives and broken hearts and buck the storms of hate and greed, fear and love. Some job, believe me, Old Timer!

Of course you get more or less used to it. Used to the pettiness and peevishness and the plain, darned cussedness that shuffle and strut and slouch and stamp past your desk day after day; used to the weariness and exasperation it sets up in one's own heart. After a while it all becomes part of the Big Parade and you stop taking yourself, or them, too seriously and just give what you can and leave it to God to do the rest.

But once in a while something stands out from all the rest. Some haunted face, some strange, unexpected act spurts up like a flame out of the drab muck of it all and leaves the mark of its beauty, or its horror, on your life forever after. And it usually happens when you least expect it.

It was that way with Hilda.

The day had opened up like the usual sort of a day. Gray drizzle of rain, whining drizzle of people. Someone needed some baby clothes. Quick. Someone wanted a marriage license. Even quicker. There was a kid in jail who had something to tell me. A woman with a greenish purple bruise clear across her face. Husband? Sure, the dirty dog! Beating her up every Saturday night regular since they were married. Well she's stood it for the last time. She'd show him! She'd fix him! Would she give me his name and address and we'd have an officer step around? At once her mood changed. An officer, did I say? Well, that was different. What would I be after setting an officer on a decent man for just because he gave his woman a paste in the jaw when he'd had a drop too much? Couldn't a woman come down looking for a little sympathy without having her home busted up by a lot of meddling old cats?

At ten the telephone snarled again.

"Lo." Even your voice gets stereotyped. "Yes, this is Elsie Robinson. What can I do for you?"

"Can I—can I see you right away, miss?"

THE woman's voice was thick with some foreign, guttural accent, and something else. For an instant I had a queer impression that it wasn't a voice at all; that out there, at the other end of the wire, an animal jumped wildly, then cowered, quivering. I'm used to voices and not easily impressed by hysteria but that jumping, cringing thing on the other end of the line made me rather sick. It's beastly to hear a human spirit grovelling like that.

"Why of course, you can. Do you want to come at once?"

"Yes, yes, please! An' could I see you alone?"

"Certainly. And—I don't know what's the matter, sister, but you mustn't be so frightened. We'll find a way out of it somehow. Come along down."

I turned back to my work but one eye was watching and I wondered just what was going to come in thru that door.

When it opened at last I did not hear it above the rattle of

the typewriter. She must have waited a full minute before the grip of her eyes got itself over to me. She was a tall, strong Swedish girl with the intensely blonde coloring of her kind and that look of scoured cleanliness. Big hands and feet, wide mouth, simple, dark clothes with a good many buttons and some childish red braid trimming. Nothing unusual except the bright, blue eyes. I had again the sensation that an animal was leaping and cowering behind the stolid whiteness of her face. Yet for all her frenzy she stood perfectly still, holding herself with a quiet, clumsy dignity.

Dignity's a rare thing in an office like mine. It wouldn't be fair to expect it from those shattered people that seek my aid. Perhaps outside they keep up a gay or insolent front before peering eyes, but by the time they get to my office they're like distracted children, tearing away every shred of pretense. Not that they're enamoured with truth but they just have to let down and spill everything. I guess you know how it is yourself. So it was strange to see anyone with such desperate eyes holding herself back from such abandonment.

"GOOD morning," I smiled at her trying to put her at her ease. It wasn't going to be easy for a girl like this to talk. "You phoned a little while ago, didn't you? Sit down, and let's talk things over."

She didn't answer. She took her hand slowly from the door-knob as if it had been a prop and walked toward me. She sat carefully in the chair before my desk and I realized that her slow movements were the last frantic clutch at control. Then she took a paper from her bag, laid it on my desk and crumpled over the arm of the chair, weeping in dry, gagging gasps. I tried to lift her but she cringed from me and pointed to the paper. I began to read.

As I read the sobs went on and on in a terrible, racking rhythm, as though the very blood were sobbing itself from her heart, beat by beat.

The letter she had written was in the crude but painstaking English with which the foreigner assembles his thoughts in our strange tongue. Simple words and bare, short sentences, sentences as artless, as straight-forward, as scoured as the woman who had written them. It was like reading a person rather than a letter.

She, Hilda, was Swedish, as was her husband. They had been married eight years. They were now in their late twenties. They had come to this country from Swedish farms immediately after their marriage. They had not married for romance like American people. They had liked each other but marriage was more than liking. Marriage was a job. They had married to work together and to have a home and babies. Then they left Sweden and came to California where their baby boy was born.

California was not like a Swedish farm. There were movies in California. Public dances where everybody danced freely with everyone else. Many lights. So many people on the streets—jostling, pressing against each other, looking strangely in each other's eyes. They did not understand those strange looks. It was all so different from the farm life in the old country where one woke to work in still. [Continued on page 89]



What I Have Already Told:

THE consequences of my first lie were more terrible than anything I could have imagined. The night I had spent with Bert in the bungalow seemed like a nightmare as I looked back on it. I don't know what I should have done if my sister had not let me stay with her so mother and dad didn't find out the truth about my illness. When they told me at the hospital that my baby had died I was heart-broken but my sister said it was the best thing that could have happened because now no one need ever know. I wouldn't have wanted anyone to know if I hadn't met Donald and learned to love him as he loved me. I meant to tell him the truth but he told mother and dad about our engagement and after that I didn't dare. I just hoped that it would be all right but I might have known that the worst was yet to come because it's hard to lie and not pay.

I Lived

The Rest of My Story Will Tell You Why.

WHEN I went to town that afternoon I had made up my mind to refuse Don, to say that I had made a mistake, and that we had better not have a formal engagement until I was older, and knew my own mind. But when I saw

*Another,
Soul-Searching
Chapter
in the Life
of a
TRANSGRESSOR*



A moment later I was in Donald's arms. "Hello, sweetheart," he said. "Why so surprised? Didn't you get my letter?"

a Lie

Don's happy, smiling face and when he kissed me, right there in the station before everybody, my courage vanished, and I let him put me in a cab and drive to the jeweler's without a word.

He picked out the loveliest ring, a platinum band, set with

a cluster of diamonds. I almost forgot my wretchedness, then, and afterwards, at dinner and the theater. I spent the night in town, at the apartment of the married friend I spoke of, and it nearly broke my heart when she showed me her little girl, a year old, lying asleep in her crib. It made me think of my terrible experience in the hospital, and of my own baby, that had died, and I suddenly remembered that they had never told me whether it was a boy or a girl. I was almost glad to think that Donald was going to Chicago next day. I saw him off at the train, and he promised to write to me every day.

I went back home feeling sort of queer and dazed, and ready to cry. Mother noticed it, but of course she thought it was just because Donald had gone away, so she spent the evening telling me what a fine chap he was, and how glad she would be to have him as a son-in-law. It made me realize more than ever how much mother cared for me, and how horrible it would

have been, to have broken off with Don and to have had to tell her and dad why. So I put everything out of my mind, except the fact that I was going to be married in a few months.

The summer went by very quickly. Don and I wrote to each other almost every day and the longer he was away, the more I realized how deeply I cared for him, more deeply, I guess, than I ever would have, if it had not been for the awful experience I had been through. The things I had suffered had made me a woman before my time. At seventeen I felt like a woman of twenty-five.

AND then, on the third of October, just two weeks before the time set for Donald to return, I had a letter from my sister.

It was a strange letter, and filled me with all sorts of fears. She must see me, she said, about a very important matter. It was something she could not well write. I would have to make some explanation to mother and dad, and come out to Pittsburgh right away.

I couldn't think of anything else to say so I told mother that Kate had asked me to visit her for a few days before I got married, and that I should like to go. Poor mother! I suppose she thought it queer, because I had never been very close to Kate on account of the difference in our ages, but she said if I really wanted to go, she wouldn't stand in the way, and even gave me some money she had saved up for Christmas presents, with which to make the trip. She didn't like to ask dad for it, she said, because my brother Tom had got into a mess, driving a car when he had been drinking, and Dad had been obliged to pay a heavy fine for him.

All the way out I kept worrying, wondering what on earth my sister wanted to see me about. Somehow I could not get it out of my head that it had to do with my previous visit.

My brother-in-law met me at the station, and was as kind and nice as ever. I don't wonder my sister cares for him.

I did not ask him what Kate wanted with me, and he didn't say.

My sister was sitting in the living room waiting for us. She look very serious. When my brother-in-law had gone around to the garage with the car she came over and sat alongside me on the sofa.

"I suppose you wonder why I sent for you," she began.

"Naturally," I said, looking at her curiously. "Why did you?"

"There's something I've got to tell you, something that is going to surprise you very much."

"Well, what is it?" I asked, when she hesitated.

"Your—your baby didn't die. It's alive, and well."

When I heard that I just sat still, staring at her. I had never had such a shock in my life. For a moment I couldn't speak, the thing seemed so startling. Then I managed to say something.

"WHY did you tell me it had died?" My voice trembled so I could scarcely form the words, and I could think of nothing but Donald.

"I told you that because I thought it was best. I wanted to save you and mother. If we had given the child to you, you might have insisted on keeping it. That would have disgraced us all. So I made arrangements with a woman I know, out in the country to take care of it."

I kept getting angrier and angrier. What right had she in the first place to tell me my baby was dead. And having done that, why was she letting me know about it now, just when I was going to be married?

"You had no right to lie to me," I said.

"No right, after all we had done for you? Keeping you here over two months, paying the hospital bills, telling everybody we know that you had nervous prostration in order to save you from the consequences of your stupidity? Well, I like that. A lot of people would have left you to shift for yourself. I had a perfect right to do what I thought best to save mother from a broken heart and to save the family from disgrace. If I hadn't done what I did you wouldn't be engaged to be married right now. No decent man would have been willing to marry you. You ought to be thanking me, not blaming me."

"Well," I said, "having let me believe for all these months that my baby was dead, why are you so anxious to tell me about it now?"

"Because Frank and I want you to sign some papers."

"Papers?" I said, not having the least idea what she meant.

"Yes. The woman who has been caring for the child is seriously ill, and can't take care of it any longer. As soon as she let us know, Frank and I went out to see her. She won't live more than six months, her husband tells me, and he thought we had better find someone else to look after the baby."

"Frank and I talked matters over. It isn't so easy to find a good home for an illegitimate child, and it costs a great deal, too, unless you put it in an asylum. We didn't like to do that. After all, the child is one of the family, half way, at least. We haven't any children of our own. Frank is very fond of children, so we decided to adopt it."

"You?" I gasped. "Bring it here?"

"Certainly. Lots of married couples who have no children of their own adopt them. Nobody ever need know it is your child. All you have to do is sign an agreement, giving up all claim to the boy from now on. That will make it possible for us to adopt him legally. He will take Frank's name, and inherit his property, just as though he were his own son. You ought to be very grateful, I think, to know that the child will grow up with a nice home, a name of his own. His father, apparently, isn't willing to give him one."

THAT hurt, of course, but I could see that in a way my sister was right and that it was better for the child to come to them. It made me shiver to think that my own flesh and blood might have been brought up by some stranger who would ill-treat and abuse it. All this seemed especially terrible to me, because up to a few moments before I hadn't any idea I had a child at all. It made me feel very queer, somehow, to think of it. Never having seen the baby, I felt as though Kate were talking about some stranger.

"Where is the child now?" I asked.

"Upstairs," my sister said.

"You mean it is here, in the house?"

"Certainly. Why not. The woman was too sick to keep it any longer, so we brought it home with us. He's a beautiful boy, very healthful and strong. We have decided to call him Frank."

"May I see him?" I asked, feeling sort of frightened. From the way my sister talked you might have thought it was her child, not mine.

"I suppose so—if you are very quiet. He's asleep now, of course. I've bought him a crib and put him in the room next to mine."

My sister led the way into the bedroom and switched on the light. Then she turned down the covers and I saw my baby for the first time.

I can't tell you how I felt. There is something in a mother that other people can't understand. When I looked down and saw that little head, all covered with yellow-gold curls, I just wanted to take him in my arms and hold him. I must have reached out my hands without knowing it, for my sister stopped me by touching my arm.

"Tomorrow," she said. She drew the covers over him and switched off the light again. "We musn't wake him now."

When we got down to the living room my brother-in-law was there. I couldn't speak. I didn't know what to say. It was pretty late, and I was tired from my all-day trip on the train, so I said I thought I would go to bed.

OF COURSE I couldn't go to sleep. It all seemed so strange. I didn't know what to say or do. It was nice to think my boy would have a good home, a name, and there was Donald to be considered, too, but it was my child, and I wanted it. It seemed wrong, somehow, for me to run away and leave it, even to my sister. I knew that if I did, if I married Donald, I would see my son grow up as one of our family and yet I would never be able to let him know I was his mother. As I thought this over it seemed to me it would be never-ending torture, year after year. And yet, I could not say a word without ruining my reputation, sacrificing Donald, the man I loved, and breaking my mother's heart. It was a terrible situation, and I lay awake for hours thinking about it.

As a result, I slept late, and only woke up when my sister came into the room with a breakfast tray. We sat there talking while I ate, and when I had finished Kate asked me if I would like to see her bathe the baby.

The question was almost like a blow in the face. To ask me, the child's own mother, if I would like to see somebody else



I dreamed that my baby was dying and I could not go to him. I was so frightened when I woke up that I crept down the hall and peeped into the room where he was sleeping.

take care of it. I didn't say anything, however, except that of course I would, and we went to the room adjoining my sister's.

The boy was sitting up in his crib against a pillow, playing with a rattle, and laughing. If he had seemed beautiful to me, lying asleep the night before, you can imagine how I felt about him now. Without paying any attention to Kate I went right over and took him in my arms. He seemed to take to me at once, just as though he knew I was his mother. Kate called

out to me to be careful, that I didn't know how to hold him, but I only laughed and asked who had taught her. It amused me to have Kate think she knew more about taking care of a baby than I did, when she had never had any of her own. I thought she seemed almost jealous of the way the boy cuddled up to me, and insisted on my putting him back in the crib so she could undress him for his bath.

After the child had been washed and dressed, Kate fixed his bottle for him, acting just as though [Continued on page 94]

How I Broke Loose from My Mother's Apron Strings

*But It Took a Wonderful Girl to Show Me
How to Get Free*



FOR twenty-five years or so I was tied to my mother's apron-strings, tied very tight to them, and never knew it.

There are thousands of men in that same situation, as unconscious as I was of the fact that they are thus tied. That is natural enough, for stage, and novel, and song and movie are so full of "mother stuff," sentimentality raised to its zenith, that being good to one's mother ranks in most men's mind as the highest of the virtues.

As a matter of fact, being good to his mother is merely a decent and ordinary duty which any man worth speaking to will regard as part of his everyday code. If he boasts of it it's probably about the only virtue he has. If, on the other hand, he lets his life be ruled chiefly by that duty, he isn't going to have much life of his own.

That may sound brutal, but it's true. I know, because it's my own experience.

Don't misunderstand me. My mother is all right. She is a splendid, broad-minded, big-hearted woman. My father, long since dead, left her money enough to live in comfort, and to educate me.

I enjoyed more freedom than most boys of my age; I bowed to fewer arbitrary rules than any of my playmates. My mother believed in fostering her boy's self-reliance and she developed in me a sense of responsibility along with personal liberty.

I PLAYED, and studied, and fought boyish scraps with no more interference than was absolutely necessary. I learned by suggestion and experience that there are no rights without duties, that in the main, you get what you are entitled to in the world.

In other words, I had a good mother, who did her best to take the place of the father who had died when I was five. But if I'd had a father in my adolescence things would have been different later.

At thirty I had a good job at a big salary.

Milburn, one of my fellow employees, dropped into a chair beside my desk. "How's the kid?" he asked. Milburn worked with me and had known me a long time.

"O. K.," I said.

"You ought to be," commented Milburn. "Pretty soft, I'd say. Nothing much to do except draw down a fat salary and clip coupons from your bonds. Easy jack!"

"I don't notice that you are suffering nervous prostration from your activities," I returned.

"Oh, I'm bearing up under it all right," laughed Milburn. "It isn't work that drags me down; it's eating restaurant food and living in a hotel. You don't know how lucky you are to have a mother to look after things at home and see that your food is right."

"Yes, I am lucky," I said.

"I'll say you are. Boy, that mother of yours is a great scout. Gosh, she's as young as you are and right up to snuff. I'll have to get married just to save my digestion and have somebody to count my laundry, but you've got a housekeeper and a pal both, you lucky dog. Ask me out again soon, will you?"

THE Secret True Story of a Famous Man Whose Name Would Amaze You

"Tomorrow night, if you like," I said. "Ann and Vera are coming out. You're invited too. Mother asked me to bring you."

"I'll come, you bet. Doing anything tonight?"

"Nothing special. Why?"

"Studio party at Jack's flat. Need another man. You'll do. How about it?"

"I guess I can come. Mother had something or other on, but I'll try to fix it up with her. Let you know later."

MILBURN sauntered away and I turned to my desk. Then along came Ann Talbott, who was a well paid employee of our concern.

"Lo Ann," I greeted her. "What's under your boyish bob?"

For the past month I had been troubled by the fact that whenever Ann was around I had to keep my hands busy to prevent them from trembling.

"Nothing much," said Ann, "I was just forgetting my girlish shyness enough to ask you if you'd take me to Jack's studio party tonight. I'm an independent young 'woiking goil,' but I do hate arriving at studio parties without a 'jumpman' friend."

"I'll be tickled pink," I said.

"That's nice. I was afraid maybe your mother wouldn't let you!"

"Ann!" I replied, a little angrily. "You know mother never interferes with my plans. She has always let me go my way."

"I wonder," said Ann.

Then, repentantly, "Oh, I shouldn't have said that. Your mother is really a dear and she's been awfully nice to me. Forget it, will you?"

"Of course," I said. "What time shall I call for you?"

"About nine o'clock. It'll be a late party. Don't dress."

Ann drifted away.

But what she had said wasn't forgotten. That little "I wonder" started me thinking. Wasn't I perfectly free to do as I liked? Hadn't I been my own boss for ten years? Of course I had.

Mother hadn't interfered at all. I'd lived my own life and mother had shared in it. That was quite as it should be. How ridiculous of Ann, that, "I wonder." I went on with my work.

At four-thirty, I called up my apartment. This was my end of the conversation:

"Hello, Mother."

"Fine. I just called up to ask you if you'd mind if I didn't come home tonight?"

"A little studio party."

"A friend of Milburn's, I don't think you know him. He has a studio in the Galsbury."

"Oh, just some of the crowd, possibly a few models and artists and such, too."

"Get somebody else to fill in—you know a lot of folks out there."

"I'm sorry, mother, but you know how Nan and Bill bore me. I only said I'd be home if nothing else turned up."

"No, dear, I won't come out to dinner. It would only mean coming right back again. You haven't asked anybody else, have you?"

"Who?"

"Well, you'll have to tell him that I'm working late."

"Sorry, mother, but I didn't realize you depended on me and I promised Ann I'd take her."

"That's a good girl. I knew you'd be a good fellow about it."

"Very late. Don't sit up."

"Oh, I'll have a good time, all right."

"Yes, dear, I'll give your love to Ann."

"Good-by."

Well, that was that. Of course, she did sound a little resentful over the phone, but I had put a crimp in her party. Couldn't blame her a bit. Wish she wouldn't ask so many questions.

Ann with her "I wonder."

Where did she get that stuff anyhow? Mother was my pal and a pal likes to know what you're doing. Just interest, that's all. Mother loved to have the gang around and the gang liked her.

Ann with her "I wonder."

Think I was tied to mother's apron-strings? Think I didn't have any life of my own? Huh, didn't I? Why sure, plenty.

BUT did I have so much life of my own? Wait a minute, let's see. I'd always rather liked the idea that mother knew all about me. Why shouldn't she? Kept a man straight. She understood. Well, she thought she understood. Did she understand? By George, wait! Did she understand that a man wants a life apart from his mother, not necessarily something terribly wicked, but at least something he doesn't share with her?

And didn't mother, unconsciously, perhaps, sort of expect me to share her life and her friends, even when they irritated and bored me? Nan and Bill, for instance?

And she was always asking questions. Not prying questions—just matter-of-course questions. I became aware for the first time that I had been resenting this for ten years. "Where'd you go? Who was there? What did you do? What did you have to eat? Have a good time?"

Just lately I realized I answered the most harmless questions with reluctance. If she'd only let me tell about it without asking. I had nothing to conceal. But she asked questions.

Ann with her "I wonder."

I wondered, too. I wondered the rest of the afternoon, and when I called for Ann I was still wondering. And at the studio party I asked Ann what she meant by "I wonder."

"Oh nothing," said Ann. "You promised you'd forget that!"

[Continued on page 84]



"You're a bond slave, Bruce," Ann told me. "A prisoner. You're tied to your mother's apron-strings."

Who Would Marry

*They Told Me My Mother was
"a Woman of the World"
and That I Was Destined to Be
a Princess of Pleasure.
Was There No Escape for Me?*

I WAS rather a mystery at that fashionable boarding school on the eastern bank of the Hudson. It was supposed to be the most select school of its kind in America. Reading a list of the pupils was like reading the names of the most eligible families in the United States.

I was a mystery to the other girls principally because I had apparently no relations except my mother. I never had letters from cousins or aunts. Nobody ever came to see me and take me to a matinee in town. Even my name, Pamela Grantlyn, told nothing.

I was a mystery to myself because my loveliest of mothers, as I always called her, would never tell me who my father was or anything about herself or him.

"Sweet Pam," she would say, "when you are no longer a schoolgirl I shall have to tell you many things. I'm afraid some of them won't please you very much. You may be angry with me."

"With you?" I said, adoringly. "Never, never."

I'M not very old now, as I write this, but I have been in all the places where fashion and beauty gather, both here and in Europe, and I have never seen any more lovely and alluring woman than my mother. Of course in those days I didn't realize what allurements were in women. I knew she dressed exquisitely. Everything about her spoke of wealth.

She had distinction as well as beauty. Cathleen Perrington whose mother was one of the great Newport hostesses used to say, "Pamela, I believe your mother is a princess in disguise. I wish my mother had her chic. Who can she be?"

I suppose all girls day-dream a lot, especially girls like me who felt lonely. I used to dream that she was some great lady who had to hide me from the world until I had finished school. I used to dream of a time when she would come for me and I should find myself suddenly thrust into society, perhaps in Europe. Mother wrote from London, Rome, Cannes, Deauville. Perhaps she really was a princess in disguise. All my dreams had society triumphs as their



"Scream if you want to," Terry told me, "but remember your mother once struck me with a riding whip. Some day, I'll do the same to you."



a Girl of My Kind?

end. We were taught nothing else at school. None of us ever went to college.

When I was told that Miss Blank wanted to see me at once, I felt something was wrong. She was the principal, a stiff, dignified, elderly woman who fawned over the daughters of society people. I had often wondered that although she was constantly telling Cathleen Perrington what a lovely and wonderful mother she had, she never said anything about my mother who was so exquisite. I had often felt that Miss Blank didn't like me.

"My dear," she said, "I have very bad news for you." She had schooled her voice to seem sympathetic but the real woman was revealed by her cruel eyes. She was going to hurt me and she revelled in it. I knew instinctively it must be about my mother.

"I regret to tell you," she went on, "that your mother has been killed in an automobile accident." She looked at me as though my grief was of no consequence to her. "The circumstances of your mother's death are most suspicious. I was never quite certain of her and this confirms everything."

"How dare you talk like that!" I cried.

I SAW a new and different Miss Blank, a Miss Blank of whose existence I had never been aware. The principal I knew had been prim and very, very proper.

"My good girl," said Miss Blank, "Don't try and fool me any more. If I had acted on my first impulse you would never have been here. I knew there was something wrong with your mother. She was too lovely, too much the great lady, too expensive and too fascinating to be a nobody."

"You took her money, though," I said indignantly.

"Ah," said Miss Blank, "I took money but whose money did I take? Your mother was motoring from Los Angeles with two men, and they had been drinking. Your mother was killed instantly."

"My mother never drank," I said.

"Silly little fool!" Miss Blank cried, "What do you know of your mother or her ways of life? She's dead and for your sake I'm glad. You may be saved from hell."

I rose to my feet, white-faced.

"I am leaving here," I said. "I shall always hate you for what you have said."

"You most certainly are leaving," Miss Blank said shrilly. "I will not allow my school to be polluted by the nameless daughter of a woman of that sort. You will say good-by to nobody. Your things shall be packed and you will wait here until the taxi takes you to the station. Meanwhile you may read the account in the paper." She went out and turned the key. I was a prisoner. When I was alone I threw myself

into a chair and cried. I didn't want to know how mother died. It was enough that I should never see her again. All my happy, silly little dreams had nightmare endings.

I was seventeen. I had no money. I had no relatives, no close friends, no home. Where was I to go? What was I to do?

The newspaper account of my mother's death spoke of the two men with her, Mr. Gregory and Captain Pole, as prominent socially. Of mother they wrote curiously, I thought. She was called "a woman well known in Continental society." The paper said "Captain Pole, in a very fast car, raced up the Conejo grade so fast that he could not make a turn. The motor turned over several times in the air before it reached the bottom." A witness said that my mother had her arms around him and was urging him to greater speed.

I did not believe it but what would people think who did not know her? And why had there been a different way of writing about her? The men with her were written of respectfully, but she was called "a woman well known in Continental society." I wondered why Miss Blank hated me so. Then I remembered what Doris Morton had said. "Old Blank hates everything that is lovely; that's why she will never like you."

I was like mother in a general way. About five feet four in height with reddish-brown hair and green-gray eyes. I had mother's little, short, straight nose but not her lovely smile. When mother smiled everybody adored her. I had imagined her life to be one long triumph.

Miss Blank came back saying, "Everything has been paid in advance, and we feel that as there is a month before the end of the term some refund should be made. Here is fifty dollars. The taxi is at the door."

I looked at the five ten dollar bills.

"What shall I do?" I asked. "Where ought I to go? Surely you can suggest some suitable place?"

Miss Blank's mouth tightened.

"A girl of your attractiveness," she said, "will no doubt find some very obvious ways of making the money she needs. I have always been a believer in heredity."

I didn't know then what she meant. I'm glad I didn't. I think I should have tried to kill her.

The only girl who said good-by to me was Cathleen Perrington. I was almost startled at her unusual affection. My last remembrance of school was of innumerable windows from which unfriendly eyes peered out. I had known these girls for three years but in some inexplicable way I had offended them.

American girls are supposed to be so resolute and self-sufficient that no unexpected situation bothers them, but that is not the sort of girl Miss Blank wished to turn out. Her

conception of the perfect American girl was of one who had nothing to do but be worshipped. She couldn't conceive of one of her pupils going unattended anywhere. I had been brought up like that, too. Until I went into the railway station that day, I had never bought a ticket for myself in my life.

I went to the New York hotel I had so often heard mother speak of, the Dorado just off Fifth Avenue.

It was a curious thing that the two men I saw as I entered the lobby were the two men who most influenced my life. I had seen neither of them before. I am glad I shall never see one of them again.

They were both dark men, tall and well dressed. Both looked hard at me. The elder of the two, whom I foolishly

liked at the first glance, looked at me with an admiration which he tried imperfectly to conceal. The younger man looked at me and frowned a little. That rather annoyed me. Mother had so often talked to me about myself that I was under no misapprehension. I knew very well that I had been the prettiest girl at school and if I was not better dressed than most of the others I was more tastefully dressed. Cathleen Perrington, whose dress allowance was unlimited, often wore things that did not become her dark style. I never made that mistake. I ought not to have been annoyed that the younger of the two men did not see how well I was dressed. Mother had often said in talking of men, (and she



Perry stooped down and kissed me. "I love you," he whispered and then he ran away into the darkness.

seemed to know all about them) "Men know nothing about our gowns. Be particularly careful of the man who does."

I registered as Pamela Grantlyn and as I had no other address I put down that of the school. The clerk looked at me rather curiously, although he seemed reassured at the quality of my baggage. I hadn't asked about prices but when I went to my room I found I had a parlor, bedroom and bath. A maid came in and began to unpack my clothes. She had hardly gone when a great box of yellow roses was sent in. No card. No name. If they hadn't been so exquisite, I should have sent them away. I knew in my heart who had sent them. I was sure it was the older of the dark men I had seen in the lobby. He had looked about thirty-five, a typical man of the world. I hoped I should see him at dinner.

The Dorado main dining room was open to anyone. It was for the moment, the most fashionable restaurant in Manhattan. I wore a green dress, embroidered in rust and coral, and my pearls.

You who read this may say, "What a hard-hearted girl. Here was her mother just killed and she thinks about dressing so that men may admire her!"

You would be wrong. I was heart-broken but I had been taught never to let men see I was in agony either of body or mind.

[Continued on page 78]



Frances Lee's self-starting smile in Christie Comedies.



G. Maillard Kemler

Gertrude Olmstead's 1927 Metro-model smile.

How Much Smileage Per Gal?

*Some like 'em roguish,
Some like 'em sad,
Some like 'em shy,
And a little bit bad*



Melbourne Spurr

Priscilla Dean, Producer's Distributing, a smile a minute.

*Gertrude's beguiling,
Frances demure,
Priscilla so elfin,
Who can be sure?*



IF you are fair, slim and forty (or less) you'll love the simplicity and youthfulness of the velvet gown worn by one of the models in First National's "Subway Sadie". The whiteness of the ermine evening wrap worn by another model will set off the gown to perfection. For daytime wear Dorothy Mackail as Subway Sadie, herself, finds a mink-trimmed, dyed squirrel coat the best excuse ever invented for avoiding the subway rush.

Movie Models of Fashion



MARION DAVIES'S simple, old-fashioned gown is entirely in keeping with the background of her charming new home at Beverly Hills. You won't even have to cut that piece of real old lace you have in your treasure chest to make a collar like hers, because loose ends of lace are quite the thing.



WHOEVER it was that said concealment is really the art of revealment must have been looking closely at Marcella Daly. Aren't you?

I Wept as My Wedding Bells Rang the Knell of My Love



My Wonderful Christmas Gift

THIS is the story of how two men loved me at the same time. One I loved; the other I feared. Out of this strange triangle sprang my bitterest sorrow and my greatest happiness.

It happened just at this time of year

Father was a country doctor. When he died he left mother very little, so I hurried through school and at seventeen I was a plump, little dark-eyed school-teacher, so happy to help my dear mother, that the naughtiest children never bothered me.

Mother couldn't get over father's death. I always see her,

slender, tear-faced, putting flowers under father's picture. We lived in a tiny cottage with a little garden. The place belonged to Judge Martin, an absentee owner, whose broad fields stretched on and on. In the middle of acres of lawn rose the Manor House, a splendid vacant mansion, Judge Martin's ancestral home. It was twenty years since he had visited it.

Then, one day, his lawyer came out with an engineer. Our house was to be painted; sidewalks laid; new roads constructed; the whole country renovated. The Judge was coming home to live. Our rent would be raised.

How mother cried that day! Jack Welch came that night. Jack had worked on Judge Martin's estate ever since he was a little boy. And, every night since I could remember, he had brought mother something.

Mother told Jack everything. Jack looked down the road at the great barns that spread so red and dark against the evening sky; at the big white Manor House like a castle in the night clouds. Then he said, "I can help you a little, Mrs. Grey. Dolly and I'll be able to manage it, between us."

Jack said it awkwardly because he had never asked me to marry him, right out. But we felt it, Jack and I! And mother took it naturally that Jack and I would be married some day. She had known Jack ever since he came to our village, a little orphan lad, helping the old overseer feed the animals on Judge Martin's big stock farm. And the lawyer's visit was partly to promote Jack to his place. Jack was to be the new overseer of Judge Martin's broad acres.

"That's dear of you, Jack," I whispered, for I would have begged in the highway to make mother comfortable.

"Why it'll be easy, Dolly," Jack went on. "I'm the overseer, now; and I own some sheep of my own. When they lamb, there's the extra money coming in, most thirty dollars."

I WALKED down the road with Jack when he went home. We never could seem to part from each other evenings. Jack slept in a shake-down in one of the barns. He wouldn't trust anyone but himself to watch the stock at night. That night he coaxed me down to see the new colt. On the way he said:

"I never was so surprised in my life as I was when I woke up this morning and found him in Sheba's stall. To think of all that happening right under my nose; and me, lying there in my bunk asleep!"

We went into the first of the big barns. There was Queen of Sheba in her stall, proudly munching her mash, her haughty head tossing high. "Look at him, Dolly!" Underneath Sheba was a slim-limbed colt, nuzzling her with a soft, hungry mouth. "Easy there, boy! You're a new-comer. Sheba isn't used to you yet."

"Isn't he dear, Jack? He looks like Sol."

Jack grinned. "He's Sol's colt, Dolly. I didn't intend to breed Queen of Sheba for months yet, but she fooled me. She must have slipped her halter at King Solomon's call. That's the way with a filly, Dolly. No matter how you tie her, she'll slip her halter when the call comes, and well—here's her colt."

"Let's call him Romance, Jack."

"That's a wonderful name for him, Dolly. It's great for a fellow to have a girl with an education like yours. Have you got time to see the lambs? The fold is full."

"Not to-night, Jack. I'm worried about mother."



With cold fingers, I opened the Judge's letter. Mother stood back of me, read the letter but it seemed just a blur.

Jack led me to a little nest in a corner of the barn. He stooped and gently lifted a little white lamb. There was a splint on its foreleg. "The Prodigal Son is doing pretty well, Dolly. I brought him a soft turnip. He'll pull through." The lamb nosed Jack's hand as he laid it softly back. We stepped out into the cold air. The hills rose bleak in the wintry light. "I never look at those hills, Dolly, but I think of my sheep. And that night when I counted the flock and there were only ninety-and-nine. And I knew that one was out on the hills, far off from the fold! Oh, how I searched that night until I found this foolish little stray lamb, all broken at the foot of the cliff."

Jack walked back all the way home with me; and left me at our gate.

Judge Martin came home the next week. And such a lot of things as he brought! Vans of trunks, furniture, books!



*Jack was facing me. He was very pale, but he was dressed in his best suit. I was trying to
Then through the blur I made out the amazing message.*

And automobiles, a whole flock of them! I saw the Judge go driving past. There was a liveried chauffeur at the wheel. The Judge sat bolt upright with white, bared head, looking at his estate, like a great watchful old lion.

It was the first of the month. Our rent bill had come by mail. The amount took my breath away. Thirty dollars! More than I earned each month! Mother sent me over to the big white Manor House to see the Judge and tell him she couldn't pay it.

I had to dress up for such an important call. I was anxious to look very dignified. The Judge must not think I was a child. But I knew only too well that I looked very young, with my rosy cheeks, my flashing dark eyes, and my hair that would curl around my face.

I had never seen the Manor House close-to before. I was afraid to go up its wide steps, afraid of its breadth, sixty feet,

all frontage, and deep, with French windows opening into an enormous drawing-room, now sending out subdued lights from crystal chandeliers. The Judge was in his big chair on the porch, his white hair falling around his face like a lion's mane.

I remember going up the steps and standing before him. I had come for mother, on business, but I was terribly afraid, horribly afraid. My voice trembled as I explained.

The Judge pulled up a chair: "Your name?"
"Dorothy Grey."

Memories flashed across the great intellectual old eyes. "Grey?" Why he remembered father. They had gone through college together. Father had chosen to be a country doctor. He remembered mother too, so much younger than father. "Oh yes! A pretty, pretty girl! You look like her Dorothy. The same red roses in your cheeks."

I wanted to get to business, the [Continued on page 115]

Did Any Thin Women Ever Inspire Great Men of History?



E. Neame

"NEARLY always it was a plump woman whose greater sex attraction inspired men to be great or led great men into folly or wisdom. Even today, in the midst of the craze for 'thinness,' I am convinced that men's actions are no less influenced by the curves of a nicely turned figure than they were in the past."

I'm Glad I'm Plump

By LADY DRUMMOND HAY

*Titled English Beauty who Predicts
That Curves Are Coming in Again*

THIN women never made History. Feminine curves, not angles changed the trend of History time and again in the past, and affect History today. No "straight front" ever threw the world off its axis. It has taken the fullness and roundness of plump women to shake it to its foundation.

Not the sourish intellect of woman with its too masculine touch, but feminine charm and subtle sweetness with its attracting power, influences men. And that is the heritage of plumpish women.

Since the time of Adam, woman has been the North Pole by which man steers his own course, and that of nations, through the turbulent seas of history. It has been, is today, and always will be, woman from whom he secretly or openly, legitimately or unconventionally, gets his bearings. Rarely has it been a thin woman, nearly always a plump one, whose greater attraction inspired men to be great, or led great men into folly or wisdom. And even today in the midst of the craze of modern women for "thinness," I am convinced that the secret springs of men's actions are no less influenced by the curves of a nicely turned figure than in past eras.

To begin at the beginning to prove my theory that thin women never made history. Eve must have been plump, of course. She was Oriental and she lived in the luscious Garden of Eden. Tradition suggests and "History" confirms, that she was at least well-built. A hundred and eighteen feet, nine and three quarters inches tall, is the exact height of Eve as given by Nicholas Henrion, the French scholar who spent a lifetime working out the heights of half the world's historical figures, and her traditional tomb at Jeddah is four hundred feet long! She, at any rate, was never a "Pocket Venus."

The heroines of the Bible, whose seductive loveliness stars the mosaic of the Old Testament, were none other than typical Oriental beauties whose veiled prototypes rule the Eastern world today. Through the pages of the Holy Book moves the dignified procession of women, who were all Woman in their virtues, and their faults. Who, in imagination would hang the jewels of Judah on a thin woman! Who, in his waking dreams, would drape the form of a modern mannequin with the rich stuffs of history's weaving? The Queen of Sheba, Esther, the painted Jezebel, could not have been otherwise than voluptuously formed.

Turning to the Bible, we find in the song of Solomon such

extremely detailed descriptions of feminine physical charms as would prohibit any American publisher from printing them. Were they not guaranteed to be in Holy Writ! These descriptions clearly show the taste of Solomon to have lain in the direction, of what we call, "the well-developed," and Solomon was a man of considerable experience in such matters. He it was, according to the text at the head of the chapter, whose wisdom was admired by the Queen of Sheba, and her contribution to history was, with the collaboration of Solomon, the foundation of the royal line of Abyssinia.

I asked a well-known medical specialist, noted not only for his professional knowledge of the modern woman, but also for his deep and learned interest in the women of the past, why thin women have never made history. I expected a wise dissertation on the delicate subject. The famous man burst into a most unprofessional laugh.

"My dear lady," he retorted, "it is the simplest thing in the world, femininity triumphant. The secret of their influence is not far to seek. While every man is ready to admire as a beautiful picture, the slender woman garbed in the fashions of tomorrow, swaying like a reed against the breeze, what man, I ask you"—and his eyes smiled mischievously—"wants his imagination fired by a perambulating clothes prop?"

I thought the specialist's point of view was a little crude, but I was satisfied that his theory, at least, was logical and amply proved by the fact that all the skinny ladies of history had a thin time of it!

The Pompadour, a lady friend of His Christian Majesty, Louis XV. was, by her pictures, a thin woman, in spite of her dresses. What happened to her? She died and all that the Christian King could find to say on the day of the poor thing's funeral was that "It was a wet day for the journey of Madame, the Marquise."

Now the Dubarry, another lady who claimed to be kin to Joan of Arc, though taking up a totally different line of life, was a plump woman. She got away with nearly a million and a half pounds taken

from the pockets of France. A nice plump little fortune!

Let us look at Madame de Montespan, another of France's quite well-known ladies. Plump, and all went well with the Court, until Louis had a fit of the virtues and took up with Madame de Maintenon. Thin, sour, [Continued on page 101]

Good News for Girls with Shapely Figures

YOU girls who worry because you have **CURVES** instead of **ANGLES**—here is good news for you from Lady Drummond Hay.

Lady Hay is proud of her pleasing **PLUMPNESS**. In her interesting article she shows that **THIN Women Never Made HISTORY**.

CLEOPATRA was notoriously plump. **Martha Washington** was "extremely **WELL SHAPED**." **Plumpness** is the **CHIEF** asset to **BEAUTY** in any Eastern woman. So the next time **YOU** step on the **SCALES** don't let that **EXTRA** pound worry you, or **DON'T** step on the scales.



Did She Have a Better

PARIS, to many, represents a dream they hope may one day come true. To me the very name is hateful, for while it was in Paris that I knew my greatest happiness it was also there that I suffered my deepest sorrow.

To Paris I went on my honeymoon. In Paris I obtained my divorce.

At eighteen years old, dark, vivacious and, they said, pretty, I had just returned from school when I met the man who afterward asked me to marry him. He was a man of thirty, a writer with an independent fortune that left him safe from

the struggles which are the lot of the average young author.

Harold Stone was a handsome man, clean-shaven, fairly tall, slender, of erect carriage and with a great charm of manner. He had travelled widely and I first became interested in him at a friend's house when I heard him talk entertainingly of Paris.

"I have always wanted to go there," I told him, and so began the first of many talks we had about Paris. He was invited to dine at my home; my parents liked him, and we were thrown so much together that within two months he asked me to



Running to where we stood the little French girl took hold of my husband's coat and shook it. He looked at her and there was agony in his eyes. As for me I stood there helplessly.

Claim?

marry him. Without probing very deeply into my mind I said "Yes." And so it was settled.

"We will spend our honeymoon in Paris," he said.

Searching back in my mind now I feel doubtful as to whether I accepted him because I loved him. Naturally I thought I did; he was really the first man I had felt an interest in, but I doubt whether what followed would have been possible if it had actually been love.

If he had proposed settling down in a small American town I honestly don't think I would have said yes, at least not

*He Was MINE
in the Eyes of the Law;
He was HERS
in the Sight of God.
Could I
GIVE HIM UP?*

immediately. But the word "Paris" whispered so caressingly in my ear worked the desired magic and I gave myself into his arms, and from that to believing myself deeply in love was not such a long step.

We were married soon afterward. It did not seem as though anything was wanting. Harold was solicitous and hearkened to my every desire. His genius for travel arrangements fascinated me. Baggage was reduced to a minimum, a drawing-room reserved to New York and a stateroom rented aboard the *Illustria*, a one-cabin vessel belonging to an English line.

Harold's bearing was correct in every way. He wasn't too demonstrative, yet I thought I detected in his kisses a hidden ardour that I found myself willfully trying to bring out

THAT first evening, at our New York hotel, I yielded myself unreservedly to his caresses, rejoicing in the restraint I felt he exercised out of regard for my innocence. It was much, much later that I learned the truth, that he had been restrained because I had not been sufficiently desirable.

It was towards the end of the ocean voyage that I began, despite myself, to try to analyze Harold's attitude towards me. I don't think that as yet, I really doubted his love, but I was beginning to be worried.

I know now that what worried me most was the very correctness of his attitude towards me. We had almost reached Cherbourg before I stumbled on the truth. Harold's attitude was that of a bridegroom who knew the right thing to do and was doing it simply because it was the right thing!

By countless little attentions he showed me that he understood the art of loving. Where had he learned it? Who had taught him? There was something decidedly un-American in his way of doing things and I cast about in my mind for the explanation.

All at once it hit me—Paris! Paris was the city where love-making had been reduced to a fine art; Paris was the place where schools taught boys the finesse of behavior towards women.

He had learned to make love in Paris! Had he learned it subconsciously from watching others, from reading books, or had a woman taught him? A cold fear clutched at my heart.

Was it Paris he was in love with? Or was it someone in Paris?

I took to watching him, studying his movements, his words. When it was rough one night and he came to my bunk and arranged extra pillows so that, wedged in, I would not be dashed against the side of the cabin when the ship rolled, he looked deeply into my eyes and kissed me tenderly, and I lay awake wondering: "Did he bend over her, kiss her, like that?"

One day, in a gesture half-mocking, half-genuine, he bent in a sweeping salute and raised my hand to his lips. I snatched it away, trembling.

"Why," he said, amused, "what's the matter? That's the way the Frenchmen will salute you. Why, you look positively frightened!"

Of course I knew I had nothing real to go on, no complaint to make. There was only my intuition, and that isn't always right! Half the time it isn't intuition that makes a woman sit up nights wondering when her husband's coming home, it's fear!

Underneath Harold's suavity and charm of manner I knew there was something different and far, far deeper. I knew that there were hidden fires which I had been unable to bring out.

While he never let me see it I sensed that he was disappointed.

Or was it disappointment? Might it not have been comparison? Yes, that was it—comparison. I felt him studying me, covertly sizing up my looks, my gestures, my body as it forming some secret opinion of me.

By what standard was he judging me? What was the contrast thus forming in his mind? For that there existed a contrast I was almost sure.

His kindness and gentleness of manner combined to disarm me, to make me ashamed of my thoughts. "What if he had had a sweetheart in Paris?" I asked myself defiantly. All students were supposed to have them. I had not married a beardless boy! This man had lived. I could not blame him for things that had happened before he met me.

Yes—but this overwhelming love for Paris, this desire to go there again! This expert, yet lukewarm lovemaking!

You will say that most young brides go through the same experience in the first days of marriage. Perhaps they do, but, very few suffer the immeasurable sorrow of seeing their fears justified, their hopes deceived.

IT WAS a rainy night when we arrived in Paris, and I was very tired, so my first view of the city of my dreams was a rather blurred, indistinct one. I had a confused glimpse of tree-bordered avenues, café tables on sidewalks; for the rest the pavement looked as shiny and the street lights as foggy as on any rainy night at home. The hotel was a big one and the luxury of our suite would not have been excelled by any hotel in America. I went to bed with a feeling that I wasn't really in Paris at all.

But the next morning the sun shone through the windows and Harold bounded out of bed to the balcony on which one of the windows opened.

"Shut your eyes," he said, with a curious, exultant little catch in his voice. "and come here!"

Obediently, I shut my eyes and groped my way to his side. "Now," he breathed, "look!"

I opened my eyes but I didn't utter a cry of delight. I just let joy steal all over me, until I felt suffused with it. In a minute I gasped, and knew I had been holding my breath.

"Well?" asked Harold, a proud note in his voice.

"Oh Harold!" I cried. "It's perfect! Glorious! It's every-

thing I thought it would be! It's all you told me, and more!"

"It's the City of Dreams Come True," answered my husband, solemnly. He wasn't looking at me when he said it, but way out over the beautiful scene below us. There was something quietly ecstatic in his eyes.

"Harold, what is it? Where are we?" I asked.

"This is the Place de la Concorde," he answered. "I chose this hotel and this room because I wanted it to be your first real look at Paris." I squeezed his arm. Such thoughtfulness was just like him.

"Over there where you see the obelisk," he continued, "was the guillotine, in 1792. They called it the Place de la Revolution, then.

"Over to the left is the Tuilleries, and beyond them you can just get a glimpse of the Louvre. On the right, those gardens are the Champs-Elysees, and beyond is the Seine. That building at the end of the bridge is the Chambre des Deputés, and those two towers 'way over there to the left belong to Notre-Dame."

All names familiar to me since childhood! I had lived among them, amid these very scenes,

since I had been old enough to read, since my imagination had begun to develop. And now at last I was actually here! Really seeing them!

"Let's get dressed right away and take a walk in the Champs-Elysees!" I begged, and good-humoredly he agreed. That day was a never-ending delight to me. Harold knew his way about like an old Parisian, we saw a lot that first day, I can tell you.

We had a wonderful lunch at Larue's and dined at a quaint and very old restaurant by the side of the Seine. We went home, tired out but happy.

"To-morrow I'll show you Napoleon's Tomb and the Latin Quarter," promised Harold, and my eyes were moist as I kissed him good night. My suspicions and fears vanished as though they had never been. I only knew that I was happy, supremely happy, and in Paris and in love.

Someone, a Frenchman I believe it was, said that one hour of happiness is worth a year of grief. If that is true I had enough happiness in those first two weeks to last my whole life.

Even when the end did come, it didn't look like the culminating sorrow; it seemed at first as though we might patch things up and go on.

WE WERE dining one night at a small restaurant on the Boulevard Montparnasse where many artists eat. It was the third or fourth time we had gone there, partly because we liked the food and partly because the atmosphere pleased Harold's literary soul.

A small, dark, pretty little thing with large blue eyes and an expression that seemed to say she had seen too much of life, came in and sat opposite us. There are many such in



She looked as if her soul had been seared by some experience too dreadful to tell.

the Quarter, but there was such a deep-planted sadness in this girl's eyes that I spoke of her to my husband.

"I wonder what can have happened to that little French girl over there," I said. "She looks as if her soul had been seared by some experience too dreadful to tell."

Harold looked and suddenly I noticed that his two hands were gripping the table edge until the knuckles showed bloodless through the skin. Startled, I looked at his face. I had never seen a man's face so white. Every atom of blood seemed to have been drained from it. He was staring at the girl, but as I looked he averted his gaze and spoke huskily.

"I'm sorry! I don't feel well. Let's go," he said, and rising, reached for his coat.

He started out of the restaurant, looking straight ahead of him. I followed, but we were recalled by the waiter with the bill, an astonished waiter who pointed out that we had only half finished our meal.

Harold reached in his pocket, pulled out a handful of the funny little bills the French use, and handed them to the man. I protested, frightened at his actions.

"But you've paid too much!" I said, and the sharpness of my voice carried it to the girl, who sat studying the menu. She lifted her gaze and saw my husband. Her eyes went blank with an incredulous stare. Then she uttered a funny little cry and jumped to her feet.

Running to where we stood, at the doorway, she took hold of my husband's coat and shook it. He looked at her, and there was agony in his eyes.

As for me, I stood there helplessly. Something big was happening, something in which I knew I had no part.

Then the girl spoke:

"It is you!" she exclaimed.

My husband only gazed at her, stupidly, mumbling something under his breath. He looked like a man who was in a trance.

She shook his coat again, fiercely, careless of the curious crowd that had gathered.

"You 'ave coom back to me," she said, and a strange joy lit up her eyes. "My 'Arold 'as coom back to 'is Jeannette!" She said it almost crooningly. And then, for the first time, as my husband still made no motion, she saw me. Her face went pale. Her expression changed.

"An' she—'oo is she?" she asked. "Perhaps eet is your sister, *non?*"

Harold straightened himself as though throwing off a great weight.

"Come over here,"—he spoke to both of us almost roughly and pointed to a chair on the terrace of the adjoining café. "I have something to tell both of you."

We followed him, the dark, pretty girl walking by my side. We sat down at the table. I felt a curious numbness and through my brain like a hammer was beating the thought: "This is she! This is the girl who taught Harold to love! This is why he wanted to come to Paris!"

I was wrong, in a way, although I didn't know it until later. I gathered myself together as we both waited for him to speak.

He kept his eyes on the table as he spoke in broken, jerky phrases.

"Jeannette, this is my wife."

A cry came from the girl. She stared at him, but said nothing. Then:

"I expect you know who Jeannette is,

dear, or—was, I suppose I should say," he murmured to me. I nodded, dumbly. I thought I knew.

"I was a student in the Quarter here. Used to room with a fellow named Bradshaw—a painter. Jeannette was his model. I—we——"

"He lof me!" said the girl as though stating a fact.



"I burn man' candles at St. Sulpice," the French girl told us. "I burn one, two ev'ry week. I am sure my man will coom back. All I could do was pray, so I pray."

"We were sweethearts—three years. Most of the students had a—a friend. But I'm afraid it's hopeless. You'd never understand!" He said this bitterly, his face still averted, unwilling to look at me.

I was stricken with panic. It wasn't true! I flatly refused to believe what I heard.

"Harold—you're wrong—of course I understand!" I said, earnestly. "You were young—hardly more than a boy—who could blame you?"

"She was four years younger than I was," he said, softly. "Four years younger! And I took her—"

"I know—I know—I—I've read Trilby!" It was such an inane thing to say, yet somehow it conveyed what I wanted him to get, that I was willing to forgive what had happened such a long time ago.

If it was to be a fight between us, between the American and the French girl for my man, I wanted to show him I was broadminded and willing to forgive and forget, willing to accept him as I found him.

"It's fine of you to take it that way, dear," he said, and pressed my hand. "But—what am I to do?"

I looked at him incredulously.

"But surely there can be no question!" I cried. "Your duty is plain. After all it is I whom you married, I who am your wife."

"BUT 'e lof me!" said the girl, her queer eyes shining intensely.

I felt primeval forces rage within me. My whole soul cried out in protest at her words.

"It isn't true!" I cried, my voice rising. "It isn't true! Why we have only been married a month! And every day you have told me that you love me!"

I knew that I was being undignified, that my proper course was to get up and walk away, leaving the choice to him. But I couldn't. I was fighting for my husband, for my man. I was a primitive woman, battling for my own and I was not going to give him up easily.

"So 'e tell me," said the girl, nodding her head wisely. "Man' man' time', 'e tell me 'e lof me."

He sat there looking at us. Why didn't he speak? Why didn't he deny this woman her absurd claim? Why didn't he tell her he loved me?

A sudden, terrible thought occurred to me.

"Harold!" I exclaimed. "There wasn't a child?"

He lifted his head heavily.

"No! Thank God, no!" he said.

"But there is," said the girl.

My heart turned to stone. Harold's eyes opened wide. I saw the disbelief in them.

"You're lying!" he said, roughly.

"I no lie," she said, simply, and there was a grandeur in her calm that seemed to dwarf both of us.

"I no lie," she said, again, and looking at her I knew the thing was true.

"'E come, maybe six mon', seven mon' after you go, after you leaf me," she said. "A boy, a leetle boy." A new light had come in her deep eyes, a new, soft light of mother-love, a light that made it impossible to doubt her.

"Long time I wait," she continued, "wait, always wait for you coom back. You not coom. But I sure you coom soontim'. I tell my leetle boy about 'is father. I tell 'im what a big, fin' man 'e is, for all the time I think you coom back."

Neither of us could interrupt her now and she continued with her tragic story:

"I burn man' candles at St. Sulpice. I burn one, two ev'ry week. I am sure my man will coom back." She looked at him solemnly.

"I never knew!" my husband muttered hoarsely.

"'Ow could you know? You go, you leaf no address. I could not write. All I could do was pray, so, I pray. An' now," she concluded, triumphantly, "Le bon dieu has answer' my prayer! You 'ave coom back."

MY HUSBAND sat as though graven in stone. I was trembling. An instant passed, an instant that seemed an hour, when no one spoke. And then, I knew the thing I had to do, the thing that might turn me from a happy girl into a broken woman.

I had to give him his choice.

Had it not been for the child I would have fought; fought, necessary, with teeth and nails and fists! But now I couldn't fight. The child was too much for me.

This woman was not my enemy. She was a mother whose man had deserted her. I could feel no wrath in my heart against her. Even in that awful moment I felt pity for her and for her fatherless baby.

Blinded by the tears I couldn't restrain, I rose. Harold and the woman watched.

I WANTED to say so much; to tell him what was in my heart; to tell him I loved him; to make plain to him that I would be waiting, but the words would not come. There was so much I wanted to say but emotion stopped me.

Harold spoke:

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"To my hotel," I answered and, turning from them, almost ran to a taxicab drawn up at the curb, sprang in and was driven to the hotel.

Perhaps another woman would have cried: "I love you! I love you! I love you!" and thrown herself on her knees to him, kissing his lips, imploring him not to leave her. Perhaps still another woman would have reviled him, shamed him into following her.

I cannot account for my actions. I didn't think that he might misconstrue my action, that he might think I was leaving him, outraged at what had happened. I never thought that he wouldn't be able to read in my face that I would be waiting for him.

All that long night I tossed feverishly, momentarily expecting the door to open and Harold to appear. He couldn't, he wouldn't, leave me like this! He would leave the little French girl and return to me. I was his wife! How could he forget that and all the things he had said to me.

Every noise in the corridor made me strain my ears. My pillow was wet with tears. My mind was assailed with doubts as I waited for Harold to come to me.

HAD I been wise? Had I done the right thing? Over and over again I asked myself that question, as over and over again I have asked it since.

In the morning the door opened and I nerved myself to face him. But it wasn't Harold. It was the maid, bearing a note scratched on some cafe table with a thin pen, a note to me from the man I loved:

"My darling girl:

You are the bravest woman I have ever known. I am not fit to touch your hand. You did right to leave me, but I beg you not to think too badly of me. Of course, I have to go with Jeannette. She and the boy need me. They're alone. I wish you could see him. He's a fine kid and looks just like me—"

Even in that hour, I thought bitterly, he could not restrain his pride in fatherhood! I read on:

"—I want you to believe one thing. I did not come to Paris expecting to find Jeannette. She had become more or less a moss-grown memory. I never even thought of finding her. But now it's happened. I must go with her. If you could see the boy I know you would understand."

There were a few incoherent protestations of his love for me—his love for me!—and then the letter ended, just as it ended everything in the world for me.

There was only one thing to do, and I did it, as quickly and decently as I could. I saw a lawyer the very next day, put him in possession of the facts, and wrote Harold a brief note telling him that he would soon be free and that I should never again interfere with his life.

As soon as the divorce was granted I took the first boat home heartsick and lonely but glad of the strength that had made it possible for me to surrender to a higher claim.

That's all there is to my story; all I can put down on bare paper, that is. But I wonder if you have been able to read through these hastily-penned lines and know what is in my heart: Did I really love him? Would I have let him go if I had?

Examine myself as I will, I cannot truly give the answer, even now.

*I KNOW
It is Not True
That a
Girl Must Lose
HER SOUL
to Understand
"LIFE"*

Fascinated and horrified, Luther lingered to peep into the studio. "Bonita," he gasped. "There's one that looks like you."



Could This Be Love?

IF I HAD feared and put aside the honorable love of a clean, loyal suitor like Luther Speck, how could I even look at a free-living person like Frazer Foster? I had found it easy to refuse Luther to give everything to my musical career, but I seemed to have stepped into a situation far more difficult.

I began to wonder if I could keep love out of my career! In a hundred ways, my New York associates intimated to me that unless I had emotional experiences, the public would never accept me, and that I might as well go back to Iowa, to remain only a church singer.

It was Frazer Foster who first made me see that the lonely way I had chosen might be the wrong way to develop my singing. Yet I feared that it was the man, rather than the advice which I began to find appealing.

Foster was a sculptor, who lived on the floor below me, and

he had the air of being much too fascinating. His age was uncertain, anything from thirty-five to forty, but he was strong, handsome and self-confident. I had met him a few times on the stair-landing, and talked, each time longer than I had considered proper. I always found that my head swam and my heart fluttered at what he said. His talk was always harmless, yet it suggested so much!

"The public makes cruel demands of us artists, little girl," was one of his remarks. "We have to die to amuse them. They want to hear only our swan songs, the things we gasp out when our hearts are breaking. But we have this compensation: we can die many times, and we suffer only from the wreck of joys in which the public doesn't even dare to indulge!"

That was something to think about, it was so beautifully said, with such a whimsical twinkle of the eye, and it was delicate. I could make much or little of it.

But what I finally made of it was a decision to hold no more talks with the fascinating sculptor, on the stairs, or anywhere else.

When I was at last summoned to the Metropolitan Opera House to receive an "audition" from the great Signor Corti, I had a sudden presentment that my New York advisors might be right.

I sang for half an hour. I chose, first, "I Have Lived for Art and Love," from La Tosca. As I sang, I tried to put thrilling feeling into it, but I wondered, if I could truly express what I was singing?

Then I tried "Some Day He'll Come Back to Me," from Butterfly. And I flushed at the thought that there was nothing in my life to come back to!

When I finished, I heard the judgment I feared:

"My dear, you are not ready for grand opera, yet. I think you must wait a very long time."

"But Maestro," I said, clutching him by the hand. "You say that I am not ready yet. Do you mean that some day I may be ready, and that I would be justified in going on with my studies?"

"Perhaps. That's all I meant. Perhaps."

"My voice, it is not good?"

"The voice? Yes, it is enough. Six months more would be sufficient, if you had the mysterious something, the heart, the feeling, the temperament for song. But——"

He stopped, just short of speaking his mind frankly.

"Can the mysterious something be acquired, too, Maestro? I am very ambitious. I'd do a great deal more than my practicing, if I only knew what to do to make good!"

The good old signor now looked directly at me, smiled ever so kindly, and patted my hand.

"My dear child, there is only one way. You must live; you have to suffer, and after you have suffered, you must still be strong."

"What do you mean when you say, I must live?" I persisted, a little impatiently.

He gave me a sharp answer.

"Can't you see, child, that you are still afraid of living? You are just a nice young girl, blah! You haven't even been married!"

"Then you mean," I exclaimed angrily, with half a sob, "that I'll have to get me a lover, before your old Metropolitan will want me to sing!"

"Tch, tch, tch!" he protested, and then laughed. "What a child! Dear, dear, no, you'll never get me to tell you anything naughty like that. But I'll say this: if ever a lover gets you because you can't help yourself, I want you to come back here again and let me hear you sing. Now run along, I have another audition."

I went home with my mind seething. I ate no dinner. I left my room dark and sat by the window all evening, full of rebellion. For the first time since beginning my studies, I was disheartened.

If only I could give up and go back home! If only they hadn't made such a public affair of my going East to study! All the business men had worked for me. "Elkton's Own Prima Donna," they had called me. If I gave up now, what could I say? It was my job to put Elkton on the musical map, along

with Kansas City and Chicago.

Sometime late in the evening, I heard Minnie Dupree come home. Dear Minnie! At forty-five she was still holding regular vaudeville engagements as a contortionist. She kept her body lithe and graceful, and her mind was still young. She was the one person in the house that I



could confide in. I rushed down to her, and found her preparing her late supper.

"Bonita, darling," she yelled at me, "Come right in and have a seat on the trunk. You're as welcome as a 'bowkay' with a diamond garter in it! I'm just dying to hear what the professor said about your singing!"

"Oh, Minnie," I cried, tragically, "I didn't please him! I guess I'm a flop!"

"No! What could he have said?" she gasped. "He surely couldn't say anything against your voice!"

"No, he seemed to like my voice, but he as much as intimated that I could never hope to sing in grand opera as long as I kept the men at arm's length."

"You people don't understand this little girl," Foster said. "She needs sympathy and kindness." Then, right before the crowd, he took me in his arms. And it seemed right to let him do so.

painting myself as no angel, either. There's been times when I went in for getting my heart broke, too. And I'll say this to you: I never was any good as a contortionist while I was going through one of those spells. Good food and sleep are a lot better than tears for anybody that's got to appear before the public!"

I wish that Minnie had dropped the whole question with that common-sense advice, but she embarrassed me a little later by dragging the subject out before strangers.

Company ran in on her, as they had a way of doing in that Bohemian rooming house. Papa Marcou the old French piano teacher from the first floor, came up with Celestina Genova the Italian girl from the next house, who sings in the chorus at the Met. I was just going when Frazer Foster came in with one of his models. Then I didn't want to go; I had to stay and see how he acted with that girl.

I didn't have to wonder why they were together. She acted as if she owned him. She leaned her long willowy body against him, ran her beautiful long fingers through his splendid hair, as if he were a collie dog, and kept saying, in an affected, drawly voice, "Isn't that so, Frazer?" and "Don't we, Frazer?" and "You're such a genius, Frazer!"

What a contrast she was to Foster! He was so simple and unaffected, and boyish he seemed to deserve some one more wholesome, more sincere.

When Minnie sprang my problem on the crowd, and even told who it was, right before me, he seemed so sympathetic and excited. He paced the room as if he were worried over some one sick. I'm sure that his understanding helped me to keep from sinking through the floor with mortification.

It was that Yvonne Grady, the model, who made the first comment.

"Do you mean to tell me that this child has been studying music alone in New York for a year, and still has no boy friends?" she drawled. "What's the matter with all the men? If she craves a little petting, I'm sure I'd like to shake off a few anxious admirers. Some of them are right nice boys."

"Bah, these American virtues!" cried Papa Marcou. "Like all the rest, she thinks anything pleasant is sinful. Even love is a sin, and must be punished. So she wishes she could love, if only she will be punished hard enough to enrich the voice. She ought to go back to Iowa, where she will not be tempted to be happy!"

"Miss Mower begins to sing too late," said Celestina. "I come from Italy, where from earliest infant I hear music.

But in America nobody sings except in church, solemn, through the nose, 'whaa, whaa,' like the duck! How can she sing operas, which she do not hear till she is grown up?"

All this time, Foster was walking the floor.

"You people don't understand this little girl!" he said. "She sees the narrowness of the life she has left behind, and yet fears to accept the big world for what it is. She is lonely and frightened and homesick. She needs sympathy and kindness, that's all. Her problem will work itself out naturally and when she gets over her strangeness, the nervousness will go out of her singing, and her voice will come out, all new and easy and beautiful!"

Then, right before the crowd, he took me into his arms, and patted me on the back. And it seemed right to me to let him do so!

"Careful, Frazer," warned Yvonne [Continued on page 82]

"Great heavens! What difference does your private life make to grand opera? It's all sung in Italian, anyway!"

"Don't you see, Minnie, that I can't make music express things for people who have been hurt by life, and bring them comfort through it, because I have no sorrow of my own to express?"

"Do I gather, then, that you think that you have to go out and get yourself ruined, so you can sing to people as one broken-heart to another?"

"Not ruined, perhaps, but everyone seems to think I have to have some kind of love affair, before I can sing."

"Well I don't think so. I don't claim to be any great shakes as an artist, but I have outlasted some as did. And I ain't

Tell Your Troubles to MARTHA MADISON
and
Find Happiness

*Mender
of Broken Hearts*



Campbell

How to

Make Friends

WHAT wonderful joy and inspiration friendship brings! Without it life would be empty.

Today, there are perhaps more friendships than ever before between men and women, because women are not kept secluded as they once were. They have broader interests which enable them to understand men and to be frank, sympathetic friends and pals.

Only love brings more to life than friendship. And after all, love at its best merges into friendship so that a successful marriage is a triumph of friendship as well as love.

How important it is then to make and hold many friends of the right kind!

"What is the secret of making and keeping friends?" Girls often ask me that. The reply is simple. To make good friends, be a good friend.

You will find that the popular girl is usually one who is honestly interested in others, who loves to be with others and who brings all the gifts of a pleasant disposition and personality to her social life.

"After all it's selfish you know," laughed Harriet when some one asked how she managed to make a slave of every man, woman and child she meets.

"I'm sweet to them, so of course they're sweet to me," Harriet added.

She dances happily along the path of life, going out of her way to be sweet to old people, to young boys, and to the maid who waits on her, as well as to devoted young men who, like every one else, are attracted by her light-hearted friendliness and charm.

Harriet is very "easy to look at." She makes the most of her appearance and stresses daintiness. She plays the harp; she dances exquisitely. But it is her unflinching, gracious friendliness and consideration that are real secret of popularity.

Kindly tact would have prevented "Lonesome Babs" from losing her friend.

"Dear Mrs. Madison," she writes. "Bob and I went together for eight months. I love him and I believe he loves me."

"We got on well until I gave a party and didn't invite him because I heard him mention an engagement for the night on which I was giving the party. Since then he has been polite but cool. I cannot forget him and I know he isn't in love with anyone else."

How would you feel if your best friend gave a party and didn't invite you, Babs? Apply the good old Golden Rule to your case and you will see that Bob felt hurt and left out. Even though you fancied he had an engagement on the night of your party you should have invited him, giving him the chance to arrange his "dates" if he chose.

A second requisite to making and holding friends is naturalness. The moment we act a part we are insincere and unpendable and lose the great charm of a distinct individuality. Make the most of your own type. Learn to be apt at sports, social accomplishments and practical things that make others feel comfortable and keep "the ball rolling." But don't imitate any one else. That kills your charm.

There are just as many men who like demure girls who are good listeners as there are admirers for the peppy, vivacious type. So polish your own personality, but be yourself!

Many girls think that "cultivating a line" will bring popularity. For instance Enid writes:

"Dear Mrs. Madison:

"Won't you please help me to work up a line of my own so that I will be popular? I'd like to be able to talk wittily on high-brow subjects whenever it will make a hit, and I want also, to have an original, slangy line of talk when that is appropriate."

Popularity isn't won that way, Enid. Read interesting books and magazines by all means. They will give you more varied interests and so make you more interesting. Keep posted on what is going on in the world. Brilliant conversation and a "slangy line" may gain you the center of the floor but they are as likely to drive folks away as attract them. When you honestly care for people and are interested in them, you won't have to resort to tricks. They will feel the warmth of your affection and interest and turn to you as flowers turn to the sun.

A rich friend of mine who collects pearls tells me that even jewels shine more brightly when worn by one who loves and appreciates them. Flowers and plants bloom best under the care of those who love plants. Any cat, dog or other pet is miserable unless it is loved. So all whom you meet will show you the best of their personality and feel drawn toward you if they are conscious of your warm-hearted, genuine interest.

The wise girl is friendly and kind to all. But she is extremely careful about making intimate friends. Only those who appeal to the best in you will make you happy for any length of time.

"Dear Mrs. Madison," writes Miss Syncopation. "Until my senior year in High School, I was not allowed to go anywhere. Then I 'stepped out.' I'm the best Charlestoner in town, am blessed with good looks and a sunny disposition and am told I stand out in a crowd."

"A few months ago I started going with a girl who has the reputation of being wild. She will drink and smoke but never has gone the limit."

"Before I met her I would not dance even with my best friend if I smelled liquor on his breath. Now I love the music of a rattling good cocktail shaker. I can drink and only get very slightly dizzy. I have the reputation of being a delightful petter. I smoke for pleasure, not just to be smart."

"I hate to give up drinking when the rest of the gang all drink. My boss wants me to cut it all out and devote myself to writing, for which he thinks I have a talent."

"Shall I let the crowd go? They bore me occasionally. Is there more in life than having a good time?"

You have answered your own question Miss Syncopation. You are bored by shallow, rowdy "good times" which are shutting out for you the really good times of life. Look a little ahead and see where the smoking and petting and cocktails are leading you.

Follow your own splendid intuitions! They are warning you, are they not, against cheap associations which lead you away from your own ideals?

Be yourself, your best, real self, and let the "gang" go if they are keeping you from that best self. When they go, real friends will come into your life, friends who will make it easier for you to express the sweetness and talent that you have to express.

One real friend is worth infinitely more than a "crowd" who inspire you only to throw away your health, youth and gifts.

If you are lonely, try to widen your circle of acquaintances by accepting suitable invitations even though they may not seem to hold out any promise of meeting men. You can never tell whose cousin or brother you may meet, to make life more interesting. Do not be disappointed if only a few of the men you meet follow up the acquaintance. One cannot expect, in this world of varied tastes, that every acquaintance will lead to friendship, every friendship to love.

Some girls write me that they have not the chance to meet congenial young men. My reply is, "You certainly know other girls. Interest yourself in them, prove a good friend, then they will return the

Have You

written to Mrs. Madison yet? Do you know the comfort she can give you? Do you know how greatly she has helped thousands of people in their love problems? Write her today.

compliment and include you in their social life. In this way your circle will gradually widen and you will meet interesting men."

If you are lonely and wish to make friends you must do your part by going where there are people to meet and by entertaining the friends you have, thus going half-way in the matter of friendship.

After all, we come back to the fact that the secret of making friends consists not in self-analysis and self-absorption, but in self-forgetfulness.

If you stop to think too much of tricks and a "line" you can work up to make a hit for yourself, you will find yourself like the centipede in the nursery jingle.

"The centipede was happy quite, until the frog in fun said, 'Pray which leg comes after which?'"

And wrought his mind to such a pitch

He fell exhausted in the ditch

Considering how to run."

[Continued on page 88]



One real friend is worth infinitely more than a "crowd" who inspire you only to throw away your youth in a vain effort to have a good time.

Did the Mother Who Tells This Story Do the Right Thing?



LORRAINE told my boy she had a flaw, a dark facet, and she couldn't marry him. She said she'd known for a long time of this cloud over her life but she had tried to forget it. Now her conscience was too much for her and she was going to send him away. He looked so miserable when he told me, I knew he couldn't be happy if he lost Lorraine.

The GIRL Without a Name

WHEN Lester and his girl got to having trouble I never pooh-poohed it the way some mothers would. I and Lester are close friends, and it ain't easy for a woman to be close friends with her own boy. We probably never would of been if his papa had of lived, for I was getting old along with my husband, you know, the way a woman does. But when his papa died and all I had was Lester, I just had to double back on the years and get young again, or else go on so far ahead that we couldn't see each other for the dust between.

Of course there are folks that say I've been too easy on Lester, because I let him smoke, and run with the girls, and buy flossy clothes. They make me laugh. Supposed I hadn't of let him do them things, wouldn't he of done them anyway? That let stuff is a joke. You just paste a label "Forbidden" on a jar of spiced apples, and see how fast a young one eats it up, but set it on the table casual, like oat-meal, and they don't generally overload their stomach. I never told my boy he couldn't do anything, except for pointing out a few serious consequences, and in the end he got engaged to the refinedest little stenographer that you could ever imagine.

That was last May, and of course the first thing I done was to invite Lorraine up to the flat. I will say I felt kind of funny, for it is one thing to have your boy run with the girls, and another thing to have him pick out one to marry. I won't say I was hankering to be a mother-in-law, all jokes aside, or a grandmother either. For I like this Stay Young Game, now I'm in it. I have a boyish bob, and a good figure too, which I am keeping down by not eating white bread and potatoes. But what could I do? He had got himself engaged.

I COULD see when I set eyes on the girl that she was Lester's social equal, and maybe more, for she was convent raised until her uncle died and she had to go to work, while my Lester is self-made, although who isn't when you get right down to it? His partner and him are doing fine with the gas station they bought last year, and I don't really have to take in roomers at all, but as I always say, a little exercise is good for a woman who is watching the scales.

For supper that night I brought on a bottle of wine that Mr. Heavings had gave me. Mr. Heavings is my star-roomer. Old Faithful, we call him, for he was a friend of Lester's papa's in the days when we first come to Jersey City. I wouldn't know how to keep house without Mr. Heavings, and by that I don't mean no sentimental nonsense either, for I've never found a man that's knocked me hard enough between the eyes to make me think about another wedding ring, although that's not saying I might not sometime. Well, I have the table set pretty,

*She Told Me She
Couldn't Marry
My Boy Because
She Was Born
Under a Cloud.
Could I Prove to
Them That Her
Mother's Misstep
Had Nothing to do
With Their Love
and Happiness?*

and as good a meal as you can buy anywhere, even in the Lackawanna Restaurant or the Waldorf, and, as I say, Mr. Heavings' bottle of wine. And I noticed right away that Lester's girl wasn't flustered by our style, and chewed her food refined, and crooked her finger like she ought when she took hold of her cup.

And pretty! Well, looking at her made me remember my own age, I can tell you. I couldn't take my eyes off her. She didn't need no wine to make her sparkle, nor my boy either. All the time we was setting there, saying the kind of things you do say when you first meet a person "Yes, it's been a fine day overhead," and "Well, we can soon get out our summer clothes." You know, the kind of things you always say, all the time I was really thinking, "Now ain't they just beautiful, both of them."

It wasn't just her looks and manners, it was something else too, that's hard to lay your finger on. Her voice was kind of low and thrilly for one thing, and she didn't try to show off for another, in fact she was kind of embarrassed, the way a nice girl would be, invited to her future in-laws for the first time. And afterward she wiped dishes for me,

out in the kitchen, just like she was already one of the family.

Later when my boy come back from taking her home I could see the question marks all over him. "Well, how do you like Lorraine, ma?" he asked me, and I looked him in the eye and said, "I like her fine, Lester." His face kind of cleared up at that, for it must be kind of hard on a young fellow with a mother and her a widow, when he thinks serious about bringing another woman into the family.

Well, that was the start, at least the start where I come in, and all summer long there wasn't a air-bubble on the surface. You'd of honestly thought my boy hadn't ever saw a girl before, he was that dippy, and Lorraine was just as bad. I turned over the living room to them, with a wink to Mr. Heavings which was understood, for all the place Lorraine had to entertain was her furnished room, and while I don't say it's not all right to entertain a boy friend in a furnished room, I do know that there's apt to be regrets. And when some of my neighbors used to say to me, "Ain't you afraid to give them young folks so much liberty?" I just give them a smile and said: "Ain't you afraid apple-trees will blossom next spring?"

It was September when Lester and Lorraine had their trouble. Lester came back from taking her home and knocked on my bedroom door, and I called out, "What's the matter?" for I thought maybe it was Mr. Heavings having trouble getting upstairs again. You see about twice a year Mr. Heavings does take too much, and then he thinks the dumb-waiter is an elevator.

"Oh, ma!" Lester begun. "She says she can't marry me."



YOU'D honestly have thought my boy hadn't ever saw a girl before, he was that dippy about Lorraine.

The first thing I thought was "Fiddle-sticks," but I didn't say it, for it would of shut him up at the start. I reached up and switched on the light, and said, "Lester, hand me my bathrobe, I'm going to get myself some crackers and milk." The last thing on earth I wanted to do was to eat, and me dieting, but it was all I could think of.

When we got out in the kitchen I asked him casual, "Why won't she marry you?"

"Because she says she's got a dark facet."

"A what?" said I, for I thought I hadn't heard him right, and he said it again, "A dark facet."

I poured myself some milk and crumbled up some crackers in it, and said, "Hm. that's bad," and all the time I was wondering what in time a dark facet was. I had set out two bowls, hoping Lester would eat too, and now I give the milk bottle a shove his way.

"She says she don't know just what it is herself, but she's got it, and she can't marry me."

THEN I give a jump inside, for I thought maybe it was some kind of t. b. "Well, son," said I, as calm as I could, "the first thing I want to know is, what's a facet. The only one I know anything intimate about is the one on the sink there, and I always supposed the rightful way to pronounce it was *faucet*. You'd better get the dictionary, Lester." And I laughed a little, experimenting like, and he laughed a little too, and went for the dictionary which the firm give his papa one Christmas. I always did think a dictionary is a funny present for a firm to give a shipping clerk, and us needing other things at the time, but we have used it quite a bit at that, half a dozen times maybe, and it certainly come in handy tonight.

While I looked for the word Lester poured himself some milk, the way I hoped he would, and I left off eating my snack,

for there was my figure always to be thought of. And this was what I found—"Facet: a little face." It sounded fishy to me, and I said as much. "Lorraine's got a little face," said I, "and a mighty pretty one, but it ain't dark, for all she's got dark hair and eyes."

"That ain't what she meant," Lester said. "Go ahead."

So I read on, "One of the small, plane surfaces of a diamond, or other precious stone."

"That's it," said he, "that was the way she raved. She says I may think she's a clear, perfect stone, but she's got a flaw in one side, a dark facet and she can't marry me. She says she's known it all along, but she wanted to forget it, but now her conscience has got too much for her, and she had to tell me."

"But what is the flaw?" I asked him.

"She don't know herself, she says, except she's got it. Her uncle that brought her up told her so, and he told her she musn't ever forget it, and musn't ever get married."

Then I did say "Fiddle-sticks" right out. It sounded so silly.

"That's all right, ma, you can laugh, but she's serious," Lester said, and the gloom come back on his face. "She cried about it, and said it was a blot on her character."

"How can you have a blot on your character and not know what 'tis?" I wanted to know.

"Search me," said he, "only her uncle told her it was something awful, and she musn't think of letting a good man marry her. And when I told her that was all right, I wasn't always exactly what you'd call a good man, she cried some more."

Well, I was pretty mad by that time. "Why don't she write and ask him what 'tis?" I said, for I had forgot he was dead and she was all alone in the world. And Lester went on to say that there wasn't anybody she could ask, except one person and she had tried without getting any results.

"She's going to send back my ring," he said, and he was most crying again.

Well, it was a queer yarn, but I wasn't going to have Lester bowled over that easy, and so I said, "Now, son, don't you worry, you know that song you're always singing

'It may be so
But I don't know.
It sounds like bunk to me.'

"You just go to bed and to sleep, and don't give up hope," said I.

He looked so miserable setting there I felt like picking him up and carrying him to bed, and him weighing a hundred and sixty, but I know from experience that you got to go easy on mother stuff, so I just give him a pat on the arm, nothing more.

"All right," he said, quick and short, "but if she won't marry me, I'll die!"

I know now that it was funny, the way he said that, but it wasn't then, I hope to tell you. For I had got almost as fond of Lorraine as he was.

I THOUGHT the whole thing would blow over next day. Maybe Lorraine was extra tired that night, or maybe she was teasing him. But she stuck to it the next night, and he come home from taking her to the movies as gloomy as ever.

And so it went on for several days. I didn't see her, for that was a new turn she took, too. She wouldn't come and set in the living room with him any more. They went to the movies, and then walked around the streets afterward arguing, and he begged and begged and begun to get thin doing it, you know, all eyes, like a stray puppy.

I tried to keep neutral, but it just ain't in a mother not to feel sore at the woman who's breaking her boy's heart for him. If there was some good reason, thought I, but this dark facet business got my goat.

Then after a couple of weeks I noticed a change in Lester. He still looked like a sick puppy, but he was beginning to get dignified. And one night all of a sudden he announced to me, "I'm done. I've said all I'm going to. She knows I don't give a whoop in hell for her old dark facet, and still she won't marry me, so she can go to the devil."

I eyed him cautious, for it didn't sound like Lester. "I'm going to live my life just as if I hadn't ever of met her," he said. "There ain't no woman can spoil my life for me."

"The last I heard, you was going to die," I reminded him, which was a mistake on my part.

"Well, I'm not," said he, "and I forbid you to mention her name in this house again."

I could of laughed at the idea of his forbidding me, but I was scared, for it was just like a man. A man can't stand having his heart broke. And right then and there, for all he was my own son, my sympathies begun to go out to the girl. For it's true, a man will plead just so far and then he'll chuck the whole business, somehow, I don't know how they do it, and take up with someone else.

A girl can't do that, not a girl like Lorraine. Oh, I admit I was crazy about that girl all right, even reconciled to being a grandmother. For you see I knew it was a real love affair, and not one of these up-to-date sex attractions. I had watched it all summer, and it had positively hurt my eyes sometimes, it was so beautiful. And I knew if they busted for good it would go hard with the both of them. Besides, I didn't want my boy to be caught on the rebound by some snip that couldn't stir up a batch of johnny-cake.

Lester by this time had got to walking around the flat as if his name was Lord Highy-Tighty, and I was his valet.

THEN early one afternoon the girl walks in on me, just at an hour when my kitchen was in a mess, and me without my corsets. She had got excused from her office so as to see me when Lester wasn't home. "I guess I ain't any too welcome," she begun, "but I had to come, you been so good to me."

"Step in the living room," I told her.

I could see she had to hold her hands tight to keep them from twisting, and she had big puppy eyes, too. "I suppose Lester's told you about our trouble," she said.

"It's been mentioned in my hearing," said I.

Well, her eyes filled up, and she said, "I don't blame you for being sore at me. I'm sore at myself for ever getting engaged to that boy."

All to once an inspiration hit me. "Lorraine, tell me about that uncle of yours," said I.

And she did. He wasn't her real uncle, but he had took her when her mother died. They lived somewhere out in Illinois at first, and then afterwards they moved to a town in Michigan. He had plenty of money, and they took the same housekeeper along with them when they moved.

"Aha!" thought I, when she said housekeeper, for I've read my share of detective stories, and it is always the housekeeper what knows what closet the skeleton is in. But I didn't say anything, for I had a hunch it was that housekeeper she had questioned in vain.

She went on and told me how her uncle was a quiet, kind man, and used to spend most of his time reading and thinking. And when she was fifteen he sent her to the convent in Detroit, so she could be cultured, and how he would of sent her clear across the ocean afterwards, only he died, and there wasn't hardly any money left. And how there was a girl at the school who lived in Jersey City, and so she came east with her, and learned stenography, and got a job, but it was awfully lonesome till she met Lester.

Then I switched her back to the facet business.

"He used to talk to me about it even when I was just a little thing," she said. "And it scared me something awful, for he said it was like a curse laid on me. He said he was going to do everything in his power to make me happy, but I mustn't ever forget it, and I mustn't ever think of getting married."

"Did you ever ask a doctor about it?" I said then. I knew it was a delicate question, but living with Lord Highy-Tighty for the last couple of weeks had made me desperate.

She colored up, and said, yes, he had, but the doctor that examined her told her she was absolutely sound. And so she knew it must be a flaw in her character.

"Well, I don't believe a word of it," I told her flat.

I hadn't intended to say that one bit, but it come out. And then we had a regular weeping party, just like two fool women, and it done us both good. "Oh, you're so sweet to me," she kept saying, and I kept telling her, "Now don't you worry, you and Lester will hear your wedding bells yet."

I made her give me the names of them towns on paper, and the housekeeper's name, and all the other names she could think of. But she couldn't think of no relations, either on her side, or her uncle's, so-called.



LORRAINE certainly was pretty. I couldn't take my eyes off her and she didn't need anything to make her sparkle.

Well, I telephoned Lester she was there, and that she was going to stay to supper with me, and he could suit himself about coming home, it wouldn't make any difference to us.

He come home to supper all right.

It wasn't exactly a joyous occasion though, more like a criminal's farewell than anything else. But I threw a bomb that pepped things up, when I announced off-hand that I was going on a trip to the great middle west, and that while I was out there I might do a little prospecting for diamonds.

"Gosh, ma, you ain't really," Lester said, and Lorraine said she just knew it wouldn't do any good, but I could try, and then we all had to laugh at the idea of me turning detective, me always being a sheltered woman, even if I do rent rooms.

WHEN Lester and me was alone he asked serious where I was going to get the funds to finance my trip, and I said, "I'm going to borrow on your insurance."

And that knocked the last of Lord Highy-Tighty out of him, I tell you, for you know how insurance is with people like us, it's kind of sacred, and never to be touched except in an emergency.

"Oh, ma!" he said just like a little boy, and—well, that was one time when I did dare to put my arms around him, and he didn't fight me.

It was two weeks later, and about ten a. m., when I rolled in, and I found the flat in a mess, I can tell you. Lester and Mr. Heavings had tried to keep things clean, and between the both of them they had took off all the enamel on the kitchen sink with lye. And my two women [Continued on page 81]



THIS FUNNY WORLD

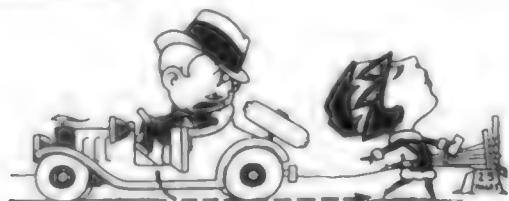
AS SEEN BY ALECK SMART



That Buggy Ride

WHEN I asked my readers to tell me what a girl should reply to the man who says: "Then you'd better get out and walk," I wasn't prepared for that bushel basket of replies—

"Thanks for the buggy ride!" is suggested by scores. Doris S. Dase comes through with—"I've walked home from bigger and better cars." Edythe Harvey cries: "Stop the Boat!" Vera Kute says that if it were in an airplane, "I'd just give him the air." Antoinette Marsh says the best thing to say is: "Shift your gears, kid!" Florence Cisch suggests: "I'll win in a walk!" Louise Fuhs replies: "Not me, I'll never do anything that's not good for the soul (sole)." "



Ellen Nichols must have a strong arm for she advocates "A good Gene Tunney punch." Verlia Ingram thinks the answer should be: "For goodness' sake, I'd rather walk." Marie Barb thinks this is it: "Roll along, Rollo, the jack's right under my tootsies!" A Texas girl says doubtfully: "It would all depend on how far I was from home just then." So they run—wish I had space for all. I select Doris S. Dase, Vera Kute, Florence Cisch, Marie Barb and the girl from Texas, as the prize-winners.

What's Your Move?

If you are in the habit of striking your chin against the wall, you are confident and strong.

If you wrinkle your forehead, it indicates that you are generous, honest and successful.

If you tap with your fingers, you have foresight and a talent for leadership.

If you pull at your ears you are trustworthy, but a dreamer.

If you blink, you are apt to lack ambition.

If you are a teacher, cheer up. Your kind make good parents, are loyal, kind, and have creative ability.

\$25 for the Homeliest Girl

Smart Set has been busy right along introducing pretty girls to the world—what about showing the homeliest?

We wouldn't have had the courage to propose this Homely Girl Contest if we hadn't read that Mrs. Mary Anne Benan, of Yorkshire, England, recently won first prize in a local "Ugly Girl" contest against 250 rivals. They say she is a charming woman, notwithstanding her features—Beauty, you know, being only skin-deep.

Come on, you homely beauties—you freckle-faced, bandy-legged darlings. Send me snap-shots. The one the Art Editor selects as the homeliest girl will get a \$25.00 prize, and perhaps her picture, published on this page, will get her a movie comedy engagement.

After Four You Begin Counting All Over

We heard the other day of a Hollywood star who was somewhat sensitive when she went to get herself a license for her fourth—or was it fifth—marriage.

The clerk who made out the matrimonial ticket seemed to her to be darned inquisitive.

"Have you been married before," he queried, "and if so, to whom?"

This was too much. The air became zero. In her most polareic manner, she demanded:

"What is this, a memory test?"

Wanted: Time-Clock for Kisses

That recent Smart Set story "Would You Recommend Your Boss," reminds us of the fable of the difference between the office methods of New York and the Sesqui-City.

A young lady stenographer, who had worked in Manhattan strayed down to Philadelphia and got a job as secretary to a respectable Quaker.

"Shall I open the mail, sir?" she asked the first morning.

"Please."

"Do you prefer to have the letters taken out of the envelopes and placed together?"

"It might be a good idea."

There was a slight pause, then the young lady said: "Well, kiss me and we will get to work."

So's Your Old Sheik

The newest news from sheikland is that the Arab sheiks have succumbed to the radio craze. Instead of pursuing beautiful girl tourists, the handsome fellows now sit in their tents with receivers clamped to their ears, listening in to concerts broadcast from Spain, France and Italy, or maybe hearing an American jazz band thumping, "Bye, Bye, Blackbird!"



WITH THE COLLEGE CUT-UPS

Here's the angle of campus jokesters on our little buggy-ride discussion (see first column.)

First Sheik: I told her she could either pet or walk home.

Second Ditto: What did she say?

First Same: She said she would be darned if she would.

Second Same: Would what?

First Also: Walk! —Oregon Orange Owl.

A flapper, says the Yale Record, is everything our Puritan Grandmothers and Ancestors wanted to be but couldn't.

"Dad, in your time was a pretty ankle especially admired?"

"Yes, Son—just the same way a pretty knee is admired today." —Princeton Tiger.

Jones' Twins

Our best "Laugh from a Reader" this month is from James Warner:

"I never knew Jones had twins."

"My dear, he married a telephone operator, and, of course, she gave him the wrong number."

Send in your best laugh. Aleck Smart will pay one dollar for all he publishes.

What a Small World This Is

Kansas flappers recently rose up in (bare) arms against a school board that warred on powdered noses, and on hosiery revealing dimpled knees. And now, here's a radio from Hungary saying that Budapest girls are rebelling against school authorities who have banned bobbed hair, powdered faces and bare legs, arms and knees. Talk about world unity—leave it to the flappers!



Her Terrible Discovery

Lucille, after being the life of the party, finds that what made them laugh was not her wise-cracks but, instead, a hole in her hosiery.

Money for Limerick Lines

When you meet the right fellow at last just how will you make the bond fast?

When he says, "Kiss me, please"

Will you blush, will you freeze?

Suggested rhymes: past, mast, gassed, vast, aghast

Send along a last line for this Limerick. Address it care of Aleck Smart, Smart Set Magazine. (Copy the entire limerick if you care to.) We'll pay \$10 for the best last line, \$5 for the second best, and \$1 for each of the five next best.

Limerick Prize Winners

The first prize for the December issue contest goes to Victoria Soble, Youngstown, Ohio, who supplied the last line to the following limerick:

Dolly, who hails from Duluth,

Delights in stories of truth

So she limericks to get

Each month for Smart Set

And reads every poem like a sleuth

The other prize winners were:

Mrs. Richard Haley, Chicago, Ill.

Mrs. W. G. Davis, Nashville, Tenn.

Florence Trippi, San Bernardino, Cal.

Miss Daisy Saunders, So. Haven, Michigan

Mrs. Edward J. Wise, Sterling, Ill.

So long, girl-friends and boy-friends—the page ends here, and there are no run-over columns for—

Aleck Smart

"I, Simon Peter!"

32 Full Page Illustrations

are reproductions of paintings and drawings by Greek and Roman artists of the events recorded here.

Hidden for nearly twenty centuries in an Egyptian tomb, part of the vanished Gospel According to Peter has reappeared! Fresh, untouched by controversies, this is today the only such story by an eyewitness of the Trial and Crucifixion of Jesus outside the Bible itself. Here are the words of the courageous Chief of the Apostles—"I, Simon Peter!"

Dr. Montague Rhodes James calls this Gospel of Peter "the earliest uncanonical account of the Passion that exists."

A splendid translation of the stirring words of this Gospel of Peter (and also the story of how this astonishing parchment codex has been discovered) constitutes one of the twenty-seven separate and beautiful writings in



The Lost Books of the Bible and letters of Pontius Pilate

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman: "... this valuable volume *The Lost Books of the Bible*. It is indeed a very desirable work to have and one which I shall consult with profit and recommend to ..."

Archbishop of Canterbury Wake: "... contains all that can be depended upon of the most primitive fathers who had the advantage of living in the apostolic times, of hearing the Apostles, and conversing with them ..."

Dr. Frank Crane: "The publication of this book will do good because it takes away the veil of secrecy that has hidden for many years the act of the church in accepting certain Scriptures and rejecting others."

Dr. Montague Rhodes James, Provost of Eton, in his learned book, "The Apocryphal New Testament," commenting on the writings now contained in *The Lost Books of the Bible* says: "They have a great and enduring interest. ... As folk-lore and romance they are precious ... they reveal the solutions of many a puzzle."

NINETEEN hundred years ago the fire of Christianity was suddenly kindled in the world. So great was its force that rough men who were fishermen and shepherds as well as the doctors and scholars expressed in brilliant words what they felt. At the end of the Post-Apostolic period these writings were complete. Nothing could be added of equal value. Christian writings since then have depended entirely on the first writings. Therefore what was put down at first hand by eyewitnesses and their friends constitutes probably the most precious possession of mankind.

Yet today we do not have the sum total of those writings. Historians of the Third Century refer to many books of scripture that have perished. Of the surviving writings the Bible contains many. But the Bible does not contain all that survive to us of these first Christian writings. There are others. Some of these are called Apocryphal, which is the Greek word for "Lost" or "Rejected" or "Hidden."

These are here published in beautiful translations in *The Lost Books*

of the Bible. This includes the Apocryphal Scriptures, and much other material such as the Original Apostles' Creed, the letters of Herod and Pontius Pilate, and the recently discovered portion of the Gospel of Peter.

There are revealed in these vivid pages the sources of many Christian traditions that are not found in the Bible. For example, churches today use as a symbol of Christ the letters I H. You will find the explanation of this mysterious symbol in the words of Barnabas on page 154 of this book.

Another familiar expression of today is "rise like a phoenix from its ashes." You will find the original story of the phoenix bird on page 124, told by Clement. Clement was a disciple of Peter. His writing was included in an early canon, but was objected to in the Ninth Century because Clement spoke of *worlds beyond the ocean*!

Here also are the origins of countless stories concerning the birth of Mary, her marriage with Joseph, the budding of his rod, the nativity of Jesus, the miracles of his infancy, and his laboring with Joseph at the carpentry trade. In fact, the boyhood of Jesus is related in far more detail in these writings than in the Bible.

On Approval

That every one may read and be his own judge of this vivid collection of some of the rarest and finest writings in the world we offer to refund your payment if after examination you return the volume.

When you inspect it you will see paragraphs that are fired with the marvelous zeal of the first Christians.

In the brief time since *The Lost Books of the Bible* was announced, it has gone into three printings—the last printing four times as large as the first to keep pace with the demand. Ask for a copy that you may see. Read about the dramatic martyrdom of the beautiful virgin, *Thecla*. Read Dr. Frank Crane's inspiring introduction. Inspect this book—you will never forget it.

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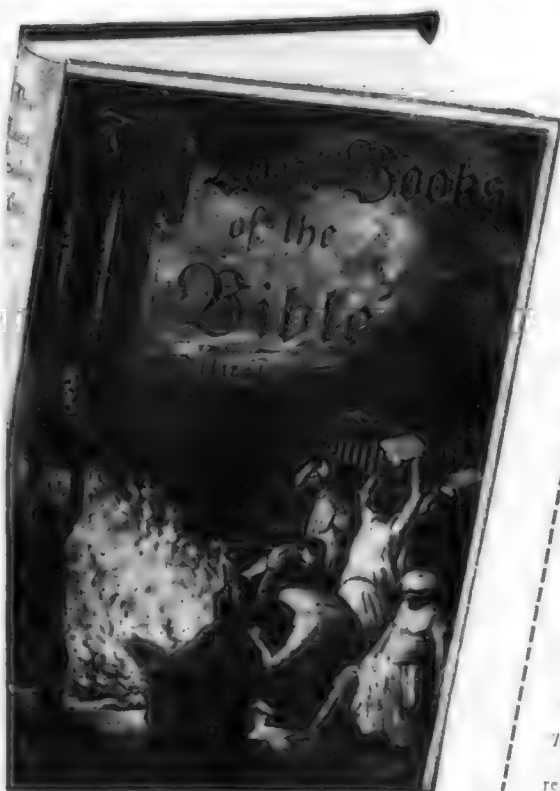
Please send the purple cloth edition of *The Lost Books of the Bible* (with Dr. Frank Crane's introduction and containing for the first time the *Lost Gospel of Peter*—illustrated and with complete notes on the history of these writings.) If payment is not enclosed herewith I will pay postman \$2.95 plus postage charge when he delivers the book. It is understood that if I am not entirely satisfied I may return the book within a week and you will cheerfully refund my payment.

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☐ Check here for Special gift edition with flexible binding and gold tops and change price to \$3.95. Same refund privilege.





**"YOU WERE NEVER
SO EXQUISITE!"**

Letters from Lovers: IV)

WHAT was the mood in the room last night? Like starlight seen through wistaria blossoms. Like Orient love songs plucked on the sweet strings of strange instruments. The room was tremulous with the magic of it—and you were never so exquisite!"

FROM HER DIARY

"I am so happy—he was more wonderful to me last night than he has ever been. I wonder—did the temple incense help?"

NO matter how beautiful they were, no matter in what marvelous luxury they lived, the queenly women of the ancient East knew that if they burned temple incense in the chambers of their palaces they filled the air about them with a mood of mystery and romance. And they knew that a woman, in such a background, is always more fascinating. The subtle power to create the same alluring background has come down to the women of today, to set off their own appeal, in Vantine's Temple Incense. It can be obtained in six delicate Oriental fragrances at all drug and department stores.

What mood will incense spread around you? Send ten cents for six sample odors.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK



Who Would Marry a Girl of My Kind?

[Continued from page 52]

I sat alone at a little table to which the head waiter led me. Three women sat so near to me I could hear everything they said. They discussed me and my clothes mainly. Because I looked fifteen they said I must be at least thirty. They thought my hair was tinted. One of them said she had seen a gown exactly like mine at a dinner dance last week. I was so amused I smiled a little. And as I smiled and turned away I saw the two dark men looking at me from separate tables, the younger still frowning, the elder looking adoration. Of course I didn't smile any more.

I hadn't much time to think about the two men who were staring at me. The first excitement of being sent away from school had worn off and I began to wonder how I should live. I had a little over fifty dollars in all. I was in a very expensive hotel. My mother lay dead far away in California. So far as I knew she had no lawyers.

AS I left the dining room a waiter asked me to step into the manager's office. He was an elderly man, shrewd but not unkindly.

"Miss Grantlyn," he began, "I thought you had run away from school and I phoned there. I got the address from the labels on your baggage. We want no undesirable publicity at the Dorado so I shall be glad if you will consider you were my guest at dinner and make reservations at some other hotel."

"How silly," I answered, "I didn't run away from school."

"I know," he said. "Miss Blank told me. I recommend the Segovia. It's a first class house and I'll have your baggage sent over at once. Of course you won't have to pay anything here."

The Segovia wasn't smart like the Dorado but it seemed to attract elderly, rich, frumpish women. As I walked across the lobby I sensed their disapproval. This time I asked the price of rooms and didn't get a sitting room. A bedroom and bath were seven-fifty. I could afford that for a few days.

Next morning at breakfast in the Moorish Court I saw my dark man again, the elder and unfrowning one. He came to my side and bowed respectfully. "You are Miss Pamela Grantlyn," he said, "I am Terence Slade. I knew your lovely mother slightly. Please let that pass for an introduction. May I sit down?" I nodded and he went on.

"I came to tell you that I have left the Dorado and shall use all my influence to keep my friends away from it after the way the manager treated you." He looked so handsome as he said it. "Also to tell you I had the satisfaction of caning the manager in his own office."

"That was kind of you," I said. "So you knew mother?"

"I was at Henley Regatta last year with her and at a party on a house-boat at Pangbourne. Every man fell in love with her. They always did."

"Had she many friends?" I asked a little eagerly. "Real friends?"

"My dear child," he said smiling, "why worry about friendship when love is so much more fascinating?"

"Friendship would be much more useful to me now," I said. He had the habit some men have of leaning forward across the table so his face was uncomfortably close.

"Friendship!" he scoffed. "To begin

with it can't exist between a lovely girl like you and a beauty worshipper like me. When you are old and I am wearied with the blaze of life, we may be friends. Pamela, you rusty-haired princess!"

Mother had once said that in conversation a complete and sudden change of subject was a useful weapon. It gave one time to breathe, saved one from answering awkward questions and left the other person wondering why you did it.

"So you really caned that Dorado manager!" I said. "How romantic! Who was that dark good-looking boy who scowled at me during dinner? I saw you nod to him so you probably know him."

Terence Slade frowned. "Oh, Perry you mean. I wouldn't bother about him or his family. Perry's one of these cubs brought up to think the world is his. He's dull but he believes he's wicked. He'd bore you to death. But I won't have him scowling at my lovely Pamela."

"Your Pamela?" I returned. "Really Mr. Slade you amuse me."

"That's a good beginning," he laughed. "Now Perry would always bore you while I amuse you."

"You seem sure of yourself," I said.

"I am talking to Lola Grantlyn's daughter," he returned, "not the demure daughter of a bishop."

I frowned a little. What he inferred was that because I was my mother's daughter he could say things to me he would not to another girl, but I didn't want to quarrel with Terence Slade. I liked him, and he knew a lot about my mother, so I promised to let him drive me out to a Long Island road-house for lunch.

"Look," I said, as he escorted me to the elevator, "there's your friend Perry and his left hand is bandaged."

TERENCE SLADE scowled. His eyes looked small and cruel.

"Got into some drunken brawl I suppose. He's a bad baby when he's lit."

In my room there was a great mass of those yellow roses but no card to say from whom they came. I knew Terry had sent them. There was something rather frightening about his eyes I thought, and yet I wasn't a bit afraid of him. Men were much easier to manage than women.

I was ready for Terry at eleven o'clock the next morning. As I sat waiting in the lobby Perry came toward me. His face was burning red and his hand still bandaged.

"You don't remember me?" he said a trifle wistfully.

I shook my head. What a banal way of beginning! And yet how handsome he was. Not so heavily built as Terry but a trifle taller and years younger. There was such a difference in their eyes. Terry's were bold, laughing, wicked eyes. The boy who looked at me now had eyes one could trust. I felt suddenly ashamed of being so cutting. I was wondering how to change my attitude gracefully when Terence Slade came up. I thought I detected a little nervousness in him. Certainly scorn and dislike were on the face of the younger man as he bowed slightly to me and turned away.

During the next few days I saw a great deal of Terry. He wired to some lawyers in Los Angeles to have mother buried and see what could be done about settling her estate. I hadn't thought of that until he told me. He said she had lovely jewels

which would come to me. He told me he had a wire from the lawyers saying I ought to go to the Coast. He would make reservations and go with me. When I said I would rather go alone he didn't get angry as I feared.

"All right," he said. "I'm glad you have enough money for your car-fare and drawing-room. I had an idea you were hard up."

"I can sell my pearls," I told him. He fingered them letting his hot hand rest on my bare shoulder. "You wouldn't get as far as Manhattan Transfer on the sale of these. Mighty good imitations. Cost probably twenty-five dollars."

We were dining and dancing at the Chauve Souris, that celebrated and expensive road house on the Albany Post road, where the cover charge is kept so high that it discourages all but liberal spenders.

"You have been amusing me ever since I met you," he said. "You're clever, trust Lola's kid to be that, but my specialty is woman and I'm not easily deceived. What do you suppose they threw you out of that school and the Dorado for? I know. So do you. My dear Pam, the cards are stacked against you when it comes to trying to live a godly, righteous and sober life. Providence, or nature or fate, call it what you like, deals out so many chips to each one of us. You've got a slim, alluring, maddening beauty that could empty monasteries and upset kingdoms. You're clever! You know what you are worth just as your mother did. You will be a famous beauty sometime."

"I DON'T understand you," I said nervously.

"You will," he answered. "Don't get angry, Pam. Heredity is too strong for you. I knew your mother when she ran away with the Marquis of Derwentwater. He was your father but you'll never be the Lady Pamela Grantlyn. You haven't the legal right to bear that name. Your parents no doubt loved one another but the marquis was already married."

"Who was mother?" I asked. "What is really my name?"

"She was one of those amazing beauties who every so often come out of the South and make all women hate her and all men crazy. She was a Miss Taylor of Georgia. She went back to Europe with your father and lived there most of the time. Your grandfather shot his wife, Lola's mother, and was applauded for the action by all the women in his county. You see beauty and the love of admiration is in your blood. You can't escape your destiny."

I didn't say anything for a long time. So Miss Blank had been right after all. My adored mother hadn't been what respectable people liked, and all because the man she loved was married. I began to see that there was a lot of truth in what Terry was saying. I knew he was getting more and more madly in love with me. Would I have to marry him in order to live?

"You mean you want to marry me?" I asked.

He threw his head back and laughed. "What innocence! You probably know I'm married already and even if I were not I wouldn't consider it. I should only have to divorce you later on and I've paid too much alimony already. What I want you to remember is this. Matrimony has no part in your life. You'll have no friendships with women. Women hated your mother because she was a magnet to men. Your friends in life will be men. Men like me, good spenders, men who feel a joy in living. Men who expect to be proud of the women they're seen with. You have style. You can wear clothes. That costume you are wearing (it must be a Cheruit model because of those deep, pointed flounces he's using this season) is exquisite,



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Suddenly the sound of jazz and happy laughter caught my ear. Through the open window I could see the party.

Everything seemed to center around the young man playing the piano—Tom Buchanan. How I envied him! He had all the things I longed for—but didn't have!

The next evening I dropped in to see Tom. To amuse me he played the piano. When he had finished, I said enviously:

"Tom, I would give anything to play the piano like that. I wish I had had a teacher when I was a kid—like you!"

Tom smiled and said: "Dick, I never had a teacher in my life. In fact not so long ago, I couldn't play a note."

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When our hostess, apparently troubled, exclaimed: "Isn't it a shame that Tom Buchanan can't be here to play the piano?"

I said with confidence:

"I'll try to fill Tom's place."

"Why I didn't know he played!" someone behind whispered.

As I struck the first rippling chords of Nevin's lovely "Narcissus," a hush fell over the room. I could hardly believe it, but—I was holding the party spellbound!

When I finished, you should have heard them applaud! Everyone insisted I play more. I—who had been an outsider—was now the life of the party! At last I was popular.

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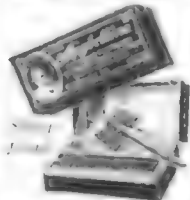
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but what will you be wearing next season?
Who will pay the bills?"

"THERE will be something from mother's
estate," I said.

"Bosh!" he cried. "Lola was always one
leap ahead of her creditors. She was ex-
pensive to dress and she always wanted the
best. Don't kid yourself about coming into
a fortune, and don't expect even recognition
from your father's people. What I have
said may have startled you a bit but isn't
it better to look at things as they are?"

"My mother's life was spoiled because the
man she loved was married. With just a
little luck she might have married him and
I might have been Lady Pamela. Don't
you see, I went on trying to keep fear out
of my voice, 'that the cases aren't the same?
You are not a young marquis and I don't
love you.'"

"Don't try to dramatize things," he said.
"The point is that you are down and out
and I have money that I'm willing to
spend on you. Personally I think you are
playing in hard luck, but that's life. No
decent man will ever want to marry you. I
mean no young man of family and wealth
would dare to marry you. You princesses of
pleasure are too costly for marriage. You
belong to the world, not to one man." He
shrugged his heavy shoulders. "Be virtuous
if you like. You come with me willingly or
not at all."

"Then it won't be at all," I said.

We were sitting at a little secluded table in
what they call the apple arbor. Suddenly he
took both my hands and drew my face
nearer to him. I knew then that I loathed
him.

"Scream if you want to," he said. "They
know me here and more rough stuff has been
pulled here than you virtuous little ladies
have ever heard of. Listen, Pam, you're
going to California with me, and you are
going to be happy, but you are not going
to cheat. Just get that into your lovely
but silly little head. I've influence in Man-
hattan and I'll have you followed from
place to place as you try to get work and
I'll queer every chance you may think
you've got. Your mother once cut me across
the face with a riding whip in Hyde Park.
Someday if you aren't careful I'll do the
same to you. Nobody gets away with any-
thing where Terry Slade is concerned
whether they are men or women. Remem-
ber that."

I saw my opportunity and I sprang up
suddenly and ran into the gardens. I
thought I knew the way back to the road
where all the motors were parked, but I
lost myself in a maze of paths. I hid be-
hind a big tree and saw Terry running by.

Suddenly there was a hand on my arm.
I looked up to see Perry, the tall boy with
the dear, honest eyes.

"It's all right, Pamela," he said. "I've
been afraid something like this would happen
and I've heard every word he said to you."
There was something very quieting and re-
assuring in his manner. I forgot to be
frightened.

"But what brings you here?" I demanded.
"You," he said, "you've forgotten dancing
with me two years ago at school but I'm
Cathleen's brother Bill. Perry's short for
Perrington."

"Cathleen wired to me directly you left.
You know she liked you far better than all
the rest of them. That's why I followed
you to the Dorado. We'd better get home
before there's a scene with that drunken
rotter."

"Your poor hand," I said, "yes, he might

attack you. He is a great fighter. He caned
the Dorado manager."

Bill laughed. He had the sweetest laugh!
"Did he? Pamela, I sprained my left hand
on the Dorado's manager. He has a head
of marble. Slade won't fight but he has
an interest in this debased joint and the
waiters look like prize-fighters." Bill looked
anxious. "My dear," he whispered, "there's
danger here for you unless I can get you
away quickly. Wait here. I'll get my car
and drive right here. I can crash that
picket fence easily enough. You jump in as
quickly as you can and we'll get away." He
stooped down and kissed me. "I love you,"
he whispered and ran off into the darkness.

THEN there was the noise of men run-
ning and I could hear Terry's voice. He
was ordering his waiters to stop every exit.
The crash of the big runabout going through
the fence was frightful but I jumped in
beside Bill and we raced out of the drive.

Terry chased us in his car but Bill seemed
to know every turn of the way. Near
Croton, going South on the bricked road,
there is a bad turn. Bill made it safely but
the car behind couldn't hold the road.
When Bill parked his car and walked back,
he found that Terence Slade was dead.
There was nothing to be done so we motored
slowly back to the city.

"The things I heard him say to you were
rotten," Bill said presently, "and most of
them untrue. There isn't anything in that
heredity stuff and even if there were there
is nothing for you to worry about."

"You don't know the real truth," I said,
"and he did."

"I know more than you think," Bill said
to my utter amazement. "You've been dis-
cussed a lot at home. We're all for you."

"You, the Perringtons, all for me? That
shows you don't know."

"Listen to this," he said. "The Captain
Pole who was smashed up in that accident
was my second cousin Captain Vanderpoel.
He was as choice a scoundrel as Terence
Slade himself. Gregory, who wasn't hurt
badly, kept his name out of the paper. Your
mother was trying to get the wheel from him
and shut off the motor. She wasn't either
drunk or holding her arms around him."

I began to cry. I had had some dreadful
hours and the relief at hearing about mother
was too much.

"You don't quite understand," Bill said,
slowing down. "What Slade told you about
your mother was only partly true. My
father played polo with your father here
and at Hurlingham. He was killed in the
early part of the war in October 1914.
Your mother never went to pieces as Slade
said."

It was like him to try and cheer me up
but what could he do?

"Where are we going now?" I said when
we were on the outskirts of New York.

"Home," he said. "You don't suppose
Cathleen stayed on at school after what Miss
Blank did. Mother has influence enough to
ruin Miss Blank and she's going to use it."

"Bill," I begged, "go more slowly. There
won't be any more hours like this for me.
What should I have done without you?"
To myself I said, "What shall I do without
you?"

Bill's right arm crept around me. "There
will be lots of better hours for us than
these."

Bill stopped his car before a great stone
house on Fifth Avenue, and pointed to the
many lighted windows.

"They are waiting for us," he said. "This
is home."

DID you ever dare to pick out one star from all those in the heavens and
follow wherever it led you? I did and in February SMART SET I'll tell you
about "The Star That Guided My Love" and where it led me.

The Girl With- out a Name

[Continued from page 75]

roomers had give a beef-steak party while the cat was away, and hadn't cleaned up the broiling oven. I'm done with women roomers. Give me men. You don't expect anything good from men, and you ain't disappointed.

Well, first I telephone Lester that the trip was a grand success, and told him to bring Lorraine to supper, and then I set in and cleaned up the place, and all the time I was cleaning I was planning how I was going to spill the good news.

We had to have a kind of a delicatessen supper, after the cleaning and all, but it didn't matter. I dished up the spaghetti and poured the coffee, and then I sailed into my speech.

"Once upon a time," said I, "there was a diamond engaged to marry another diamond—"

"I suppose we might's well humor her," Lester butted in to Lorraine.

"—and the first diamond said to the second diamond, 'I can't marry you, I got a dark facet, and I ain't fit for any good man, I mean, any good stone.' And they got in an awful row about it, and the first diamond fell in the creek, and when they picked her out they found that she was all washed clean, and the dark facet had all come off, and there hadn't been a flaw at all.

"That's the truth, children," said I. "There ain't any dark facet, it was all a bluff. That uncle of yours, Lorraine, was a jilted suitor of your mother's, and it was all a sweet little idea to revenge himself. He claimed your mother spoiled his life, and so he was going to spoil yours, by making you think you were a flawed stone."

Well, they asked me questions till I was blue in the face, and at last even Lorraine was satisfied and convinced, and Lester give her a kiss then and there, and we all washed up the dishes together. And how they did laugh when I got mad again about the enamel being off the sink.

"I'll buy you a new sink, ma," Lester promised, just like a man, promising things when he's happy. "And anyhow, if the sink is spoiled, the facet's all right," he said, and we all laughed at the joke.

I didn't set up long after that. I'm not used to travelling, and with the cleaning and all, I wanted to get to bed.

But I couldn't go to sleep. I kept thinking, did I do right, or didn't I?

You see, that uncle wasn't a jilted suitor, he was the husband. Lorraine's mother had left him and run away with another man, and then after a long while she had come back with a baby (that was Lorraine) and died. I got it straight from the old house-keeper, but she never would of talked if I hadn't pretended I knew the whole story anyway. Poor old thing, I felt sorry for her, for he had poisoned her mind too, so that she never had dared to be a friend to the girl. I could see she was fond of Lorraine, for when I told her Lorraine was going to marry a fine boy, she broke down and cried, and said she could die happy.

It was all like a stage play, wasn't it? But I wasn't so happy about it as you might think, for I guess you see what I was up against. There probably ain't a mother ever lived that would choose to have her boy marry a girl without a name, and I done some thinking on that, I can tell you. But the way I figured it out final was, "Shucks! if she marries Lester she'll soon have his name anyway, so what's the difference?"

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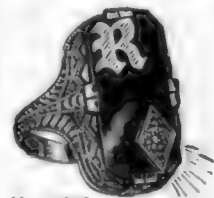
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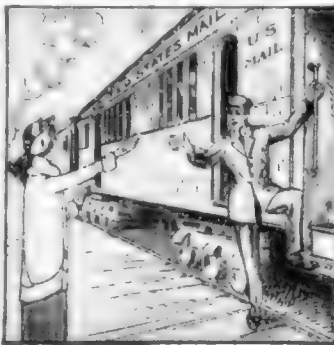


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Could This Be Love?

[Continued from page 69]

Grady. "Something tells me that you are letting yourself in for another debauch of sentiment!"

"I shouldn't wonder," he said, quite simply.

That evening convinced me of one thing: whatever his code of morals, at heart Frazer Foster was a gentleman. I felt that he would never take advantage of a girl who permitted no liberties.

After that, he was a good deal on my mind. The problem I had put up to Minnie was no longer impersonal. I thought of it always in terms of the sculptor.

YET, when next I met him on the stair landing, my heart jumped with fright, as if I had been guilty of something, and was ashamed. I gave him a quick glance, and then started to run away from him without speaking, but he laughed and caught me by the arm.

"You little witch!" he cried. "You are flirting with me, and think I don't know it, but I won't be flirted with, you hear! I just want to be your friend. You needn't be afraid."

"I'm not afraid," I said, bashfully.

Oh, yes, you are. But you wrong me. I'm a versatile old egg, with all sorts of morals, good and bad, as you like. I don't stand for trifling from the girls, but if a girl wants to be nice with me, I treat her like an uncle. Now, can't we stop fooling, and reach some frank basis of friendship?"

"Oh, yes, please, let's," I answered, as if it were my own idea.

He cleared his throat, frowned, and thought a minute, looking down at his feet. Then, in a matter-of-fact tone, he said:

"I'll show you my studio."

I felt that he meant to prove that it was quite safe to be alone with him, and as soon as he opened the door, I went in, to show him that I felt safe.

He showed me his finished work and the things he still had in the wet clay, covered up with cloths. He explained them in a modest, business-like manner, as if he were talking to another sculptor. At first I was nervous, but he seemed not to notice, and, before long I was talking with him as freely as if it were quite natural for me to be there.

And after a while he led me to the door and bowed me out before I quite realized that he was dismissing me.

Next day I had a letter from Luther Speck that I didn't like.

"I pray every night that you will find that you are not fitted to sing in public," he wrote. "I know that you will forgive me for standing out against your ambition in this way, but I feel that you are too pure and sweet a girl to live the life of those gypsy musicians. They have no more morals or honor than so many circus animals. They are not your kind, dearest! You were made for nobler things. You should be safe in the keeping of some one devoted to you till death. And you know that I still hope to be that man."

I couldn't tell why this letter annoyed me so much, but it did. Perhaps it was chiefly because it seemed so unfair to the simple, good-hearted people I was meeting in my work. Could any one say anything against the way Frazer Foster had treated me?

A day or two later, Mr. Foster asked if he couldn't criticize my singing, to see if there were any good reason for Signor Corti's saying such discouraging things to me. I was happy to have his judgment, because, if he had as much taste about music as he did

about art, he ought to be very helpful. He came in, and when he learned that I had let my practice piano go, he was very much upset.

Oh, you shouldn't have done that!" he said, almost scolding. "You'll never get anywhere, if you do such impulsive things. Just to pay for more coaching! You get the piano, and I'll do your coaching for awhile."

That very afternoon, a piano was carried up to my door. I was about to send it away, when Foster came up and explained its appearance to me:

This is just an old piano of my own that I had stored. All I had to do was to get it tuned."

He was so simple and sincere about it that I just had to let the piano stay. After all, why not? He really wanted to help me with my singing, perhaps more sincerely and understandingly than all those Elkton business men whose help I had publicly accepted.

He continued day after day, treating me as if I were a child he wanted to be kind to. He gave me regular music lessons, and he really seemed to bring my voice out. Say what you please, an artist has to have appreciation in order to work her best.

"When you sing, 'Love, Break my Chains!' you put a vibrant feeling into it that is positively thrilling!" he exclaimed one day. "Some day the whole world will clamor to hear what you now sing only to me."

I did not tell him that I was singing so, because my heart was torn between the love I felt growing up in it, a love strong enough to risk all dangers, and make all sacrifices, and an ambition hardly less fierce, which made me fear love, and wish to deny it.

All this time he kept seeing that Yvonne Grady, but I was careful to avoid her. I felt sick, every time I knew that she was with him. She seemed to degrade him. Finally I was brave enough to speak to him about her.

"Aren't you ever going to finish up that piece you are posing Miss Grady for?"

"Why, Bonnie?" he asked mischievously.

"Because I don't like her!"

"But I have to have a model."

"Then, I'll be your model!"

"Do you really mean that?" he asked. "Really? You dear child; I'll confess to you that I've been wanting to do you more than any other subject I ever saw, but I never dared suggest it. It would be glorious! I know just what treatment I'll give to you: the purity and zest of youth. I'll call it 'The Golden Hour'."

AND in his happiness he threw his arms around me like a boy.

As the time for the sitting approached next day, I more than half regretted what I had agreed to do. I tried to think of it in the impersonal way his artist eye would see me. I sat thinking about it so long that he had to come for me.

"Hurry child, the light is just right, and it won't stay that way long."

"Oh, I'm not fixed up yet," I said, nervously. "Let's make it some other day."

"You don't need fixing. I want to do your hair, myself, anyway."

I went in, too frightened to speak. He arranged my hair skillfully and I felt somewhat reassured to see him study the effect as if I were a still-life subject. He was impersonal and silent, and just barely glanced at me out of the corner of his eye. I was glad that he gave me so little attention, for I was cold and all atremble.

"Now," he said suddenly, "you can stand, and I will pose you."

"Oh, I can't do it!" I exclaimed, putting my hand restrainingly on his arm. "I can't do it,—unless,—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you love me, Frazer!"

"My God, Bonnie!" he cried, "I'm drunk with loving you!"

"I mean, in the right way, Frazer."

"I'm yours till you release me, Bonnie!" he whispered, "For marriage, for life, for whatever you think me worth. I only know that I love you. You must show me what is the right way!"

And so, we began the statue. He made it a lovely thing. Myself, yes, but as his lover's eye saw me, "innocence at the moment of asking life its secret," he described it, and "youth in a dream."

It was quite finished before I realized that it had absorbed nearly two months, and that during that whole time, I had not taken a lesson, or sung at all! This, then, was the girl who had foresworn love, that she might follow a career!

Luther Speck's next letter added to my dilemma.

"I am coming to New York," he wrote, "to see how you are getting on with your singing. And if I don't consider your progress worth all your effort, I am going to take you back home with me, whether you like it or not."

THIS letter seemed to emphasize my weakness. Why need I have refused Luther, to advance my music, if I were going to turn around and accept Frazer?

"When Luther comes, I am not going to tell him of our engagement, Frazer," I said to him, when I read this letter.

This made him furious.

"When Luther comes, he is going to find you a married woman!" he fumed, jerking away the letter, and tearing it in two.

"I don't feel sure of that," I answered. I was conscience-stricken at the thought of my neglected music. "I may not marry you, at all."

It hurt me to say that. It hurt worse to see the terrified look that came over Frazer when he heard it.

"Are you tired of me, already, Bonnie?" he asked, weakly.

"No, no, Frazer," I said, earnestly, "I just want to wait a little, to think things out about my singing. I haven't yet steeled myself to the thought of giving it up."

"Giving it up!" he gasped. "Who said anything about your sacrificing your music? I mean to make everything secondary to that! Your singing is you."

My heart leaped at this. It had never occurred to me that he would not be as jealous of my career as Luther was. Yet, foolishly, something made me still afraid.

"Even so, Frazer," I said, after a reluctant pause. "I don't want to tell Luther, because I don't want to hurt his feelings."

"Who is this Luther Speck, whose feelings must be so protected? What claim has he got on you?"

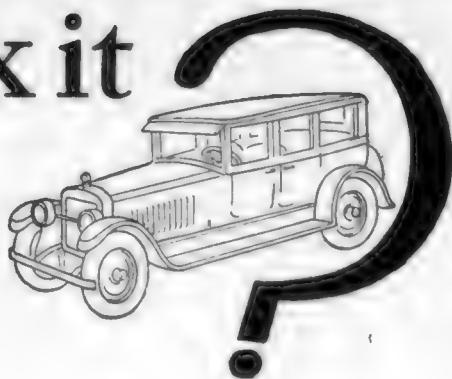
"Only the claim of injured loyalty, Frazer. I'm going to send him back home, and I'm going to try to reconcile him to giving me up forever, to my music. I can't let him know, so soon, that I rejected him and his devotion to me since we were children together, only to throw myself into your arms!"

"Bonnie!" cried Frazer. He grabbed me fiercely by the shoulders. "You say that as if you were ashamed of me!"

"Oh, Frazer, dear, can't you understand how differently my people back in Iowa look at things? They wouldn't consider it anything but a disgrace to turn down a steady-going fellow like Luther, to marry a sculptor. Oh, can't you see?"

"Yes, I see," he answered, grimly. "I can see that you have made a fool of me! I

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have just been going through what Yvonne Grady called a 'debauch of sentiment.' Very well, go back to your censorious Mr. Luther! I'm happy that nothing has happened between us to make it impossible!"

And he stamped out of the room, leaving me feeling crushed and miserable.

He did not come near me again before Luther came. I was heart-broken, but I made no move to bring him back. I remembered that he hadn't really wished me good-by, and deep in my heart I hugged the belief that he did not intend to, but I meant to end things with Luther, finally and forever, before I took another step. Then, I meant to see if I could go on without Frazer, and just my singing again.

LUTHER came, and I found him even more trying, than I had expected. He acted as if I had to marry him. He did not like New York, so he allowed me no choice about remaining there. "Elkton has it all over this burg, for real living," he asserted.

But when I sang, I really roused him. Perhaps it was because I resented his presumption, but for the first time in months, I threw passion into my singing. I taunted him with the seductive aria from Carmen, "Love is Like a Bird."

"I don't like to hear tones like that in your voice!" he grumbled. "It doesn't sound like the sort of thing an innocent girl without experience, ought to sing! I like your church songs best."

But the mood was on, and even Luther's presence could not depress me. I was making a discovery. I knew the tones to which Luther objected: they were new to me, something fuller, richer, freer. Perhaps my voice was better for having rested. Or could it be that they were right who had told me what love would do for the voice?

Frazer kept resolutely out of sight. I began to long to fly to him to escape Luther's urgings. And I wanted to see if he would notice too, the something different in my voice. Luther gave every evidence of his intention to camp on my door step. He declared that he was financed for a year's campaign.

One Sunday morning Luther came to take me to "divine services." He had located the real Iowa variety. As we went downstairs, Frazer's door was open. I wanted to hurry by, lest we encounter him, but Luther caught a glimpse of strange and forbidden things, statues of unclothed women. Fascinated and horrified, he lingered to peep in, his eyes staring.

"Come on, Luther, don't be impolite!" I said, nervously. "That's a private studio. Some one lives there."

Then I saw him suddenly grow pale, and stand stock still.

"Bonita!" he gasped, "There's one that looks like you!"

I glanced in. Standing directly in the middle of the room, facing the door, and with an artfully chosen shaft of sunlight playing on it was my statue. The facial likeness was too strong to be denied.

"Bonita," declared Luther, accusingly, "is that you?"

"Yes, just a sort of ideal or imaginary piece of work."

"Who made that thing? A man?"

"Why, yes; it's the work of a very well-known sculptor, Frazer Foster."

"Did you actually pose for him?" asked Luther.

"Yes, I did!" I answered, beginning to feel angry.

"That way, in that scanty costume? Just you and he, here alone?"

At that moment Frazer stepped out of his bed-chamber, smiling, neatly dressed in a formal Sunday morning outfit.

"What do I hear? Callers?" he asked, a bit maliciously. "Ah, yes, Bonnie, my child, and this, I suppose, is Luther?"

Anger at both of them made me forget my embarrassment, and I tried to introduce them to each other with an icy dignity, but Luther was too excited to show ordinary manners.

"If you are the man who did this thing, I don't want to meet you, except to say that you ought to be ashamed of yourself to display a decent young girl in a statue that anybody can recognize! And as for you posing for it, Bonita, I just don't dare say what I think of your doing that!"

I could see Frazer was angry, but he kept his self-control perfectly.

"Young man, just what evil thing do you see in that statue?"

"I'm ashamed to look at it, with this innocent young girl standing right here."

"Quite so. Well, perhaps you had better not sneak a look, privately, then. Your mind is not prepared to understand beautiful things. But I'll tell you what is in the statue you condemn. In the first place, there is purity,—everything I see in this lovely girl. And there's reverence,—as lofty and fine, as I hope you will pay your Maker, this morning. And there's wonder,—the wonder that such innocence as shows in that simple figure can ever come to maturity in a world so full of evil-thinking people. And finally, above everything else in that statue, there is love, my love for the girl who helped me to create it, the girl I hope to make my wife, and to protect from ugly tongues!"

I was so proud of Frazer that I threw my arms around him, with a cry of joy. I knew at last that I was no longer afraid of love, or ashamed of my sweetheart.

Luther left in a huff. He gave me up for lost. And in his sense, I was; lost to the meaningless prudery with which he had wished to envelope me; lost to the view that art and love are alike shameful. For I knew that love had not chained me, but given me wings.

Yet how proud I was to have Frazer give me his own assurance of this that evening, when I again sang to him!

"Now you must go to Signor Corti and sing 'I Have Lived for Art and Love,' for him! Mark what I say, he is going to tell you, that you will live for art, because you have learned how to live for love!"

My Mother's Apron Strings

[Continued from page 49]

"I couldn't," said I, "I've been thinking of it all afternoon. Thinking what you might have meant."

"And what did you think I might have meant?" asked Ann.

"A lot of things. But I won't tell you until you tell me."

"Probably, you won't like it," said Ann. "It'll hurt you."

"Perhaps I need hurting."

Ann put her hand on mine in a friendly way.

"Bruce," she said, "I think your mother is a peach. I like her and I admire her. And I think your being such pals is very beautiful and splendid. You're a fine man, Bruce, and I can see that your mother has had an awful lot to do with that, but—Oh it's hard to say without sounding brutal."

"I think I understand," I said, "go ahead."

Ann plunged. "But you're a bond-slave, Bruce. A prisoner. You're tied to your mother's apron-strings. You haven't any real life of your own. Your work is the only release you have, and that's sort of on parole."

"Your mother is absorbed in you. I know that, but she has absorbed you too. It isn't conscious. She really means you to be free. She honestly believes that you are free. But subconsciously she fights every influence that might make you free."

"She says she wants you to marry, doesn't she Bruce?"

"She's been urging that on me for years," said I.

"I'm sure she means it," said Ann, "or thinks she means it. But if you show an interest in some girl whom she feels she can't absorb along with you, one with a real life and character all her own, up goes the wall. Isn't that true?"

I THOUGHT swiftly and deeply over my adult years.

Yes, it might be true. There was Selma Tilden, in my college days. There was Ella Vincent when I first came to Chicago. There was Mary Colton, a brief flame of two years ago. All girls with real personalities, girls you couldn't imagine being absorbed by anybody. Something subtle and strange had come into the air at home when my interest in these girls became more than casual.

Mother had been nice to them, had urged me to bring them around, had even, in the case of Mary Colton, urged me to marry her if I continued to feel that way. But I didn't continue to feel that way. Why? I might easily have fallen really in love with Mary, but something happened. Was it the wall?

"Go on," I said.

"Well, there isn't so much more, Bruce. Only this, that your mother has used her comradeship and good-fellowship as a means of making you feel that she depends on you for all her social life. Not consciously. She's too good a sport for that. But the little old subconscious has done it for her. She can't help making you feel you've been selfish and a little mean when you aren't a part of every party she gives and of everything she does, and when she can't go everywhere you go. She doesn't really mean to act that way but doesn't she?"

"Ann," I said, "you're a wizard. I'm seeing things clearly for the first time. I am a slave, but until you said 'I wonder' today I never realized it. I've thought about how brave and splendid and helpful a pal my mother is, and wondered why it was that lately I'd been irritated at her most innocent questions."

"The psychoanalyst could tell you," said Ann, "that it was the perfectly normal endeavor of your own ego to assert itself."

"Ann," I said, "You've been up against that wall, haven't you?"

Ann blushed. "How can you say that when your mother has always been so very kind to me?"

"Yes, I know, but you've been up against the wall, haven't you?"

"Your mother seems to imagine that I—that you—"

"That isn't imagination, it's knowledge. I am particularly interested in you Ann. I'm crazy about you, Ann. I love you, Ann."

It is not etiquette at a studio party to take any notice of couples who feel like kissing in a corner, or elsewhere. So Ann and I were just as well off as though we enjoyed actual privacy.

"Hello, boy," Mother called out as I tiptoed past her door.

"What time is it?"

"Four o'clock, mother."

"Come in. I'm wide awake."

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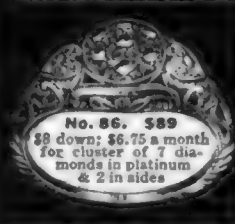
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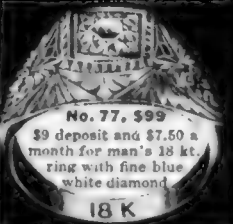
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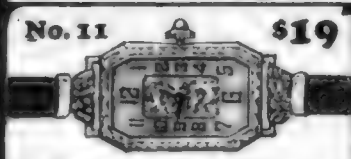
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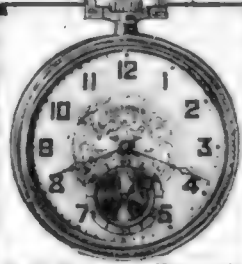


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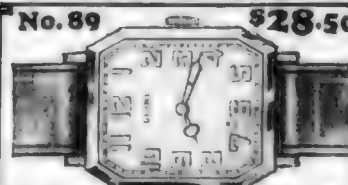
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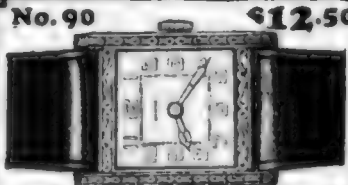
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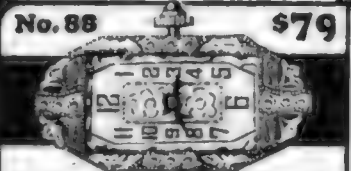


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I sat down by her on the edge of the bed. "Did you have a good time?"

"Wonderful!"

"Who was there?"

"Oh a big bunch."

"Meet anybody interesting?"

"No, nobody in particular. How did you get along, mother?"

A sigh. "Pretty well. We had to play three handed at one table, though. And your cousin was sorry to miss you."

"I'll have to admit I wasn't sorry to miss him."

A sigh.

"I'm coming in town to shop tomorrow. Shall we lunch together?"

"WHY—yes. I'm lunching with Ann. We'll have a threesome."

"That'll be lovely. It's dear of you to take your old mother along that way. Now run along to bed, you must be tired."

I kissed my mother good night and went to bed. But I dreamed that I stood in a gloomy glen with heavy shackles on my feet, and chained to my mother's waist while Ann, the key to my chains in her hand, vainly tried to get through an invisible wall that surrounded me. A quotation from Artemus Ward got tangled into the dream—

"For sixteen long and weary years the prisoner languished in his dungeon—"

I woke thinking:

"Suppose the prisoner hasn't realized that he is in a dungeon. Suppose it is, in the main, a comfortable dungeon, with a soft bed and excellent meals. Suppose the jailer is your best pal who doesn't know that she is a jailer. If it will break the jailer's heart to unlock the fetters she has so devotedly contrived, and leave her desolate if you break from your prison, what then?"

Not so simple, is it?

"I'm not coming in town this morning after all," said mother, as she poured my second cup of coffee at breakfast.

"Why not?"

"Well, I don't really need to. I can do my shopping some other day. And I'm a little tired. Didn't sleep too well, last night."

"You shouldn't lay awake waiting for me," I said.

"I try not to, but somehow I like to hear you come in. Not that I worry any. You've never given me anything to worry about."

I wished she wouldn't always hear me when I came in. Not that I cared whether she knew what time I came in, but it did amount to an accounting. And I was tired of accounting for my time, tired of the tug of apron-strings.

"And besides," mother said, "you and Ann will have a better time without me. Threesomes aren't so good, son, are they?"

"No, not so good," I said to myself.

But why did she have to mention it? Making me feel selfish again.

"Oh rot," I said aloud. "You know we'd like to have you."

"I'll come in tomorrow," she said, "unless—"

"No. I haven't any date for lunch tomorrow," I said. "We'll go to the Congress. Drop into the office about 12:30."

"All right, boy," said Mother. "You and Ann lunching at the Congress today?"

Questions again!

"I don't know, dear. Haven't fixed on a place yet. Gotta skip now. Good-by."

I kissed her and left, hurriedly.

* * * * *

"It's a tough job, breaking jail," said I.

"Sure I'm worth it?" asked Ann.

"I'll say you are," I replied.

Ann's eyes sparkled.

"You do love me, don't you, Bruce?"

"I'll tell the world," I responded.

"Never mind telling the world," laughed Ann, "just keep on telling it to me. I'm the one most interested."

"I intend to," I averred. "But I've a confession to make. I'd have broken jail anyhow when I discovered I was in one."

"Even if I wasn't the one who told you?"

"Even if you were not the one who told me."

"Attaboy!" said Ann.

"I thought you'd take it that way," I said. "It's one of the reasons you're Ann. But it's a tough job, breaking jail. Especially when your jailer loves you and you love her."

"Your mother will be hurt."

"That's it," I said. "This thing has sort of grown into her, unconsciously. It'll be a wrench. I wish I could do it gently."

Ann nodded, abstractedly.

There was silence between us for a moment.

Suddenly Ann's face broke into a radiant smile.

"I have it," she said. "The way out! What a nut that I didn't think of Mr. Henderson before!"

"What's he got to do with it?" I asked.

"He's in love with your mother, silly."

"Don't make me laugh," said I. "He's only an old friend. Knew my father and comes to see mother now and then for old times sake."

"You're a brilliant business man, Bruce, but as an observer of affairs of the heart you're as blind as a bat," said Ann.

"I've watched Mr. Henderson when he's been out at your flat, and he looks at your mother like a—like a wistful old collie dog."

I gazed at her stupidly.

"You listen to me, Bruce Cobban. You're going to New York, tonight!"

"New York! Tonight! I can't. You've forgotten that you and I and Vera and Milburn are dining with mother."

"That's off. You're going to New York tonight. And you're going to stay!"

"Going to stay?" I blinked dazedly.

"It's time you went, anyhow. You've never taken a real chance in your life. Take it now!"

"But—but what has that to do with Henderson and mother and—"

"Everything! You go to New York and telegraph—not telephone—your mother that you've gone. Telegraph her so that the message gets there about dinner time. I'll tell Vera and Mil that the dinner's off."

"Why Ann, that's no way. Mother will be all busted up to have her dinner spoiled. I thought you had a hunch how to make it easy for her. And I haven't any clothes to go to New York with and—"

"Don't you want to break out of jail? Haven't you wanted to break into New York?"

"I have—only—"

"Only nothing. I've got it all fixed—please be a sport and trust me. It'll all be fine if we can get hold of Mr. Henderson. You phone him right from here."

"What'll I phone him?"

"TELL him that your mother asked you to bring him to dinner. Tell him that you won't be able to go, but that she'll be expecting him at seven."

"Suppose he can't come?"

"Then we'll have to postpone our coup until some other night. But—I'm betting he'll come."

"I don't get any of this, Ann, but I'll take a chance your hunch is worth something. I do want to go to New York. Not alone, though. What time can you be ready?"

Ann blushed.

"I—I hoped you'd say that," she admitted. "I can be ready any time you say."

"There's a train at six—and it only takes about fifteen minutes to be married. Are you game?"

"I'm game," said Ann, simply. "Call up Mr. Henderson."

Mr. Henderson was called. Mr. Hender-

son would be delighted. Mr. Henderson had been thinking about coming out to see me and mother for several days. Mr. Henderson would be there at seven sharp.

"And that's that!" said Ann.

"Now, if you don't mind," I said, "will you tell me the mechanics of this god from the machine stuff."

"Absurdly simple," smiled Ann. "Mr. Henderson confided in me the last time I was out at your flat. He said Mrs. Cobban was a wonderful woman. Marvelously young for her age. He admired her devotion to her son. Still, her son was really old enough to look after himself, and Mrs. Cobban would make a fine wife for some lonely old codger."

"Like yourself," I said.

"He admitted the soft impeachment and almost wept on my shoulder. He's loved her for years and tried to get her to marry him. She wouldn't. Her son needed her. When her son found the right girl then maybe—"

"Get the idea?"

"Not precisely," I demurred.

"Well, here it is, dumbbell. Henderson will come in at seven o'clock and find your mother amid the ruins of her nice dinner party. She's had a telegram from you that you've eloped with me. It's the psychological moment. She has no excuses any more and Mr. Henderson will carry her off and marry her."

"Suppose it doesn't work?"

"It will work. Your mother is a woman. The best time to get a woman is when she is sad and worried and a little hurt. This scheme is cruel only to be kind."

"But if it shouldn't work?"

"Bruce, you've got to take that chance. Any other way than this is bound to hurt your mother—and to make the break gradually will cause her more pain than to make it quickly. And believe me, Bruce, if she doesn't take Henderson tonight—she will before long."

"All right," said I— "It seems hard hearted but let's go!"

At seven o'clock, as our train was slipping out of the suburbs and into the open country, she nestled closer into my arms.

"The play has started," she said.

Well, things didn't go exactly as Ann had figured. Mr. Henderson, I learned afterward, performed according to Ann's schedule. But mother, being a woman failed to act as Ann prophesied. She didn't fall into Henderson's arms. She sent him home and told him to come to see her when she wasn't quite so upset.

When she got my second telegram the next night telling her my New York address she wired, "Bully for you and Ann. Best of love and luck."

Mother hasn't married Henderson yet, but I think she will. When Bruce Jr. arrived last month and mother came on to visit us and her grandchild she hinted as much.

"I suppose," she said, "I'll get tired of being independent and having no one in particular to look after. When I do I'll probably marry John Henderson. But while life seemed sort of empty and useless for about a week after you went away in such sudden fashion, I discovered after I'd moped a few days that I was really relieved. Nobody ever had a better son, Bruce, but though you didn't realize it, you'd been standing in my way for twenty years."

From which it appears that a son on the end of an apron-string is a drag on the mother, too.

ARE you afraid of Mrs. Grundy? I kicked over the traces once and—well I'll tell you the results in my story "My Own Arabian Nights," in the February SMART SET

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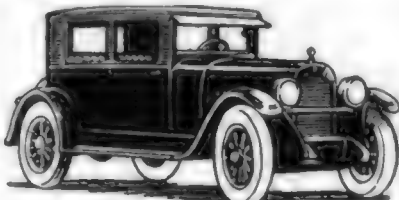
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How To Make Friends

[Continued from page 71]

It's perfectly natural for every girl to make and hold good friends and to be a good friend. If you are your natural, sweet, interested self you'll find it impossible not to make friends. And one of those fine, loyal friends, one day will find in you the Girl of his Dreams, the One Woman who can make him happy as sweetheart, help-mate and wife.

Dear Unhappy Wife:

Why should you try to hate your husband? Be grateful for love. Keep your home restful, comfortable and neat. Make yourself as dainty and attractive as you can while you are at your housework. Wear a pretty house-dress or bungalow apron.

By all means watch your diet, for you are over-weight.

Do you try to please your husband by cooking his favorite dishes? Do you interest yourself in his interests? Do you make yourself an interesting, agreeable wife of whom he can be proud? Do not nag and do not worry; just trust him.

Dear Babe:

Is the friend who interests you a young man of fine character? Is he steady, dependable, industrious, fairly well educated? Are you sure your parents have not more serious grounds for objecting to him than the fact that he is earning a small salary?

Try to find out more about him. If he seems worth while, I am sure you can persuade your parents to permit you to invite him to your home as one of your friends. Then encourage him to save money and progress in his work.

Dear Mem:

You are not a weakling. You are a woman, with all the moral strength and courage of a woman. Use that courage to do right. When you find yourself tempted, do what you know your good mother would wish you to do.

Associate only with those who help you to express your best self. You may find it a great help to join the nearest church of your denomination and take an active part in the work of the young people.

Go in also for athletics. Active outdoor exercise, hiking and work in a gymnasium will help to keep your mind on normal, healthy subjects. All success to you!

Dear Ethel:

Your friendship with the nice young man to whom you refer is far too precious to be sacrificed because of a misunderstanding.

He could not very well take offense because you had to work and so could not go boat-riding, provided you thanked him graciously for the invitation. When you see him, treat him as though nothing had happened. Do not refer to any broken appointments, for the entire matter may have been a misunderstanding.

Dear W. G.:

It is fortunate that you are going away to school. You may meet some one this winter whom you can both respect and like. This will make it easier to give up the man who has proved that he does not respect you or care for your welfare and reputation. I cannot advise you to accept invitations from him or in any way encourage his friendship.

Dear Miss Goldia:

Of course Joe likes other girls as well as yourself. Why shouldn't he? You two are not engaged. Try to be a generous friend. Be glad because he is well liked.

If you are wise dear, you, also will go about with other friends and not confine all your thoughts and attention to one person. Leave serious love to later years.

Dear F. A. B.:

Your mother and father love you dearly. You may be sure they are planning for your happiness. So try to trust them and do as they suggest.

Explain to your mother that at seventeen you do not wish to go about with one young man. Ask her permission to invite the nicest of the girls and boys you know to your home for parties. Then she will get to know and like them also, and will allow you to go about with them.

It is far wiser not to go for long rides alone with young men—your mother is right about that. You will be happier in the long run if you obey your parents.

Dear Alberta:

Ordinarily it seems to me a girl of eighteen and boy of nineteen are far too young to marry. But in your case since you have known each other and been devoted to each other for years, and since your parents approve and your fiancé has a good position, it may be wise for you to marry now.

Dear Bethel:

My reply to Evelyn answers your question, also.

Dear B. E.:

Your question as to the meaning of passion, infatuation and love is answered in my article in Smart Set this month.

Go in for athletics my dear. Take a walk of several miles each day, also daily gymnastics and a daily cool bath and rub-down. Join a class in esthetic dancing, if you can.

Work and read and study. Exercise much in the fresh air. Then you will feel less morbidly self-consciousness and be more natural and wholesome.

Dear Lu:

Drop the acquaintance of this man who has insulted you. Ignore him from this time on. Tell your mother all you have told me dear, and ask her advice as to what is best to do under the circumstances.

Dear Lonesome:

First of all, procure an introduction to a girl who interests you. Talk with her. If she shows interest in you, also, ask whether you may call on her. Should she consent, call some evening when she assures you she will be "at home." You might bring her a box of candy or flowers.

When you have called several times and met her parents, invite her to the movies or to a suitable play or concert.

Dear Peggy:

Your friend is of a different religion from yours. Also, he has told you frankly that you and he cannot marry. So if you are sensible, you will think of him as just a friend and not permit yourself to fall in love with him. Keep him on your list of friends, but go about with other young men also and enjoy their companionship.

Dear C. L.:

You are old enough to choose a husband wisely.

You have known the man who asks you to marry him three years, so if his forty-three and your twenty-eight are entirely congenial, by all means marry him despite the difference in years. The best of luck to you both!

To Forgive Is Divine

[Continued from page 43]

cold, star-lit mornings, and toiled thru long, empty hot days with sounds of cows and birds and the odor of crushed grass under broad, bare feet. This was so different! There was some other idea behind it all they could not understand.

The young husband did not try to understand. He had found a good job in a garage. He had always wanted to work with machinery. Now he worked with it all day. At night he was tired. He sat in an easy chair beside the fire and lit his pipe and smoked and read many books. After a while he slept. He liked the new country but he did not try to understand it.

The girl was different. The lights excited her. The dancing excited her. The people jostling and looking strangely into each other's eyes excited her. She was a big strong girl who had worked on farms. The work in the little apartment left her strength untapped. Her strength was like the sap in a tree. It mounted in her. It pressed through her restlessly, seeking expression. She tried to tell her husband about it but he did not understand. He was a quiet, good, kind man with few words. He did not see why people wanted to talk and talk about things or run about, but he was content that she should go out and see for herself. There was no harm in that. The fire was warm and he was tired. He would stay and read and if the boy waked he would tend him. She should go out and see the great city with her new friend, the young lady who lived in the apartment across the hall.

SO THE two girls went out to see the city. They walked thru the streets and giggled and nudged each other when men smiled. They went to the movies and Hilda felt her blood catch, then run in warm trickles thru her great body as the kisses clung upon the screen. Axel was a good man but he did not kiss her much. Why did he need to say words of love when he was always kind and made a good home? So for weeks he would hardly touch her hand. She had never known kisses like that. It made her feel tummy inside. She felt hot and ashamed—and she could not look at Ethel. She wondered if Ethel felt like that inside too.

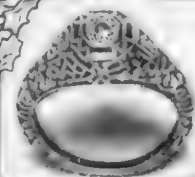
Then one night when Axel was away she left the baby with a neighbor and Ethel took her to a dance. Ethel had a young man. They met him at the corner. He had another young man with him. The other young man was thin and small with sharp, darting black eyes that ran up and down Hilda in one quick swoop. He drew her out like the hot sun draws the wet sweetness from the new cut hay. She forgot about Ethel and the other young man. She followed the slight dark man. She hoped he would look at her again. He did. She was very glad. She had never been so happy before. America was a wonderful land. This new life was better than working on a farm and sleeping like a cow in a hot, small room.

They danced. He was smaller than she was. His head barely rose above her shoulder. She had thought he would be so little and weak, but he was hard and as he danced his thin arms seemed to sink into her. She laughed. It was as Ethel had said. They were having a classy time.

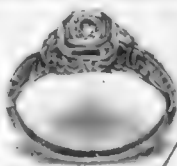
The sentences which went down the page of the letter were more simple than my telling, and they came at last to the words: "I lost my head. I did not know myself. He had a power. I thought we were only going for a ride. When I knew what I had

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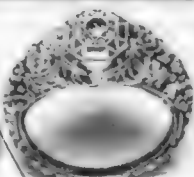
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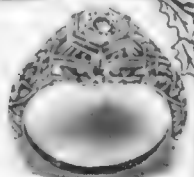
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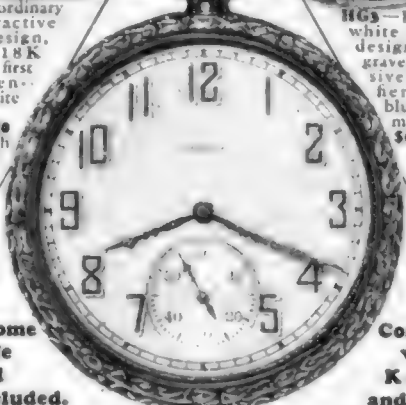


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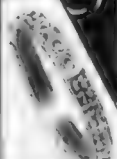
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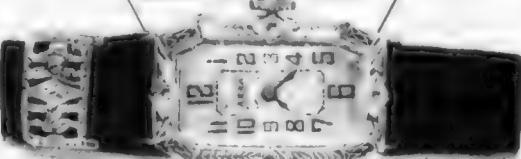
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done I cried and cried. I made him take me home. I could not look at him. It was all different."

For two months she hoped there was a mistake. Then she could no longer hope. She was going to have a baby. It could not be her husband's baby because Axel had been away working. It would be the dark man's baby.

She did not know what to do. Her body went slowly about her house work but her mind fumbled madly in a circle. She did not know what to do.

She went to the doctor. The doctor, being American, must be very wise. He was. He smiled when she said her husband did not know. He told her not to worry. Husbands never noticed.

SO HILDA went home to wait. But she did worry. Axel did not make her worry. As the doctor had said, when Axel came home, he did not notice. He sat and smoked and read his paper and waited with her. He was a kind, good man. He helped her with the washing as the months went on. He never said a cross word to her.

She wasn't worrying because she was afraid of Axel. No one could be afraid of Axel. He was a good, kind man. He never hurt anyone. He would not hurt her, even if he knew. He would only forgive, but something in him would break. He was so innocent. Like a little child. He did not know such things any more than she, Hilda, had known them a few short months before. It would be so hard to make him understand. She could never make him understand.

Each time she thought of it her pain grew. To have hurt him so! To have done this terrible thing for what? For a hard black look that went over her in one swoop. For kisses like sweet, terrible knives. For words and words that meant nothing. She knew they meant nothing now, but now it was too late.

In time the child was born, a tiny, dark thing that laughed from the first and played pranks such as his older, fairer brother never played, pranks that delighted Axel who was never tired of fondling him.

Remorse clung to her like a cancer. It grew. It ate into her strength. She who had been slow and happy and content grew restless and sharp and uncertain. She could not bear it. If Axel had only guessed. But to see him trusting her so—she could not bear it!

She stood it for four years. With the fifth year she resolved to end it. She had thought of a way out. She would make Axel hate her. Then he would get a divorce and marry a good woman and be happy.

But it was not so easy to make Axel hate. In every way she knew, she tried. His eyes were puzzled but there was no anger in them. Always his voice was kind and patient. When she was too bad he would take the two children for a walk, the tiny dark one clinging to one hand, the sturdy fair one clutching the other.

So at last it was she who applied for the divorce and got it, not quite a year before she had come to me. In California one must wait a year before a divorce decree is final. She had still one month to wait. They had been parted for eleven months but nothing she had hoped for had come to pass. Axel had not found a good woman to love. He had not come to hate her or forget her. Nor had she found peace. Instead she was going mad with hunger for the other child, and for Axel himself.

So, because she could never have them again, she was going to kill herself. Before she died she wanted to tell someone the whole story. That is why she had come to me.

I put down the letter. I was as empty of words as a cracked well is of water. There was simply nothing I could say. Here was

something I had never seen. I suppose I believed in them once, in love and faith and remorse like that. And I've always liked the truth, but, we've learned to juggle truth so in our game. We know it's dynamite. We learn how to protect ourselves against awful consequences, how to arm even our inward thoughts against too intimate contact with it. And here stood this girl, holding it in her naked hands, willing to die by it!

We couldn't go on that way, she crumpled across the chair, I staring out of the window into the drizzling rain. I went over to her and put my arm around her. I began saying the usual things. She must tell him. She mustn't fear him.

But she didn't fear him! Didn't I understand? It was that he would be hurt, that was why she couldn't tell him. We couldn't get beyond that, nor beyond her determination to kill herself in expiation. Talking on, tortured her. Finally I got one promise from her. She would do nothing until two o'clock that afternoon. At two she would come back and we would talk again. Then she should go out and do as she wished.

After she had gone I sat looking at her husband's name and address. It had been easy to get them. She had given them willingly, thinking it was part of telling the story. They lay there ready to my hand. I had three hours before she came again—three hours in which to save a life. How? There was the impulse to call him down and tell him, to plead for her, but with the very thinking of it, the old cynical knowledge rose in me. What would I discover? I was very sure what it would be. I had discovered it so often before. I'd find she had only told half the story. He'd prove a brute or she would prove a liar, involved in deeper guilt than she dared tell. There was more to this story than appeared. With every instant that conviction grew. I was letting myself in for a nasty mess. I'd tried to help hundreds of times in cases like this and failed. Why was I such an idiot as to wish to interfere?

YET even as I sneered at myself, the phone was in my hand and a man's voice was promising to come at once.

That was the worst fifteen minutes of my life. It wasn't the thought of the man that sickened me, although that was bad enough. It was my own poisonous certainty that I knew exactly how this thing would turn out.

Didn't I know what an unfair burden such a confession placed on a man and how impossible it was for a man to escape the immemorial male estimate of an erring woman? And this man was a Swede. He hadn't had even the possible leaven of the American attitude toward women. He'd kill her or me or both of us. That's what he'd do. And I was walking headlong into this thing, even though I knew I was letting myself in for murder. I was a fool! A blithering idiot!

Then he came. He was—No, it's no use. I can't describe him. It ought to be done in one sentence and I've forgotten how to be that simple even in my prayers. I suppose it's easy to breed them like that on a Swedish farm. Clean, gentle, slow, kind. His eyes looked straight at me. There was no film over them, no turmoil in their depths. They were like a baby's eyes when it has just waked, but they were a little puzzled.

I told him who I was. He knew. He had seen my column. He withdrew into himself a little. It was plain that he did not understand such things. That column was part of the American itch to talk which bewildered him, but he was ready to be friendly nevertheless.

"I have been talking with your wife this morning."

The puzzle in his eyes deepened. There was plain distaste for this idea that his wife should come to such a place.

"You must not mind," I pleaded. "People do come like that to me when they are in

terrible trouble. They must tell someone. It is like going to a priest. And your wife is desperate." I stopped, licked my dry lips, fumbled with a paper knife, then blurted out, "Unless someone helps her she is going to kill herself."

His eyes widened. There was a long pause. "Why?"

"Because she loves you, and she wants you, but she knows she has lost you."

There was suspicion as well as bewilderment in his eyes now. What was all this talk of loving and wanting and losing? It was not like his Hilda to make flighty talk like that, particularly to a strange woman. Maybe she hadn't made it. Maybe this strange woman was making it up. He had heard stories of American newspaper reporters.

His voice was frankly hostile as he answered, "But, she went away of herself. She could come back any time. If she wants to come back why does she not come? It is foolish to say that she has lost me. She knows it is foolish."

It was getting us nowhere, talking in circles like this. He'd have to have it. I laid the letter in his hand. "This is why she cannot come," I said, and walked away so I might not see his face.

THERE was a long silence and then suddenly he spoke.

"So—" he said and then was still again.

I turned. He had slipped down in his chair a little but the eyes which he raised to mine were quiet.

"So, that was it then," he said, "that's just what I thought."

"What you thought?"

I tried to say it quietly, but to my amazed ears it sounded like a shout.

"Yes, I thought it. All the time. I was always quite sure. The little one then, he is not mine?"

"No, he is not your son."

"That is what I thought," he repeated.

"But—but you mean to say that all this time you knew he was not your son, and yet you did not say anything to her?"

"No. It was not for me to say. It was her secret."

He rose. If he saw the bewilderment on my face he gave no sign of it. His own face maintained its quiet composure. He turned toward the door, but I could not let him go, yet.

"So you knew, and you would not tell her." I was really saying it over to myself, trying to make myself realize this impossible thing. "And now that you really know, what will you do?"

He stared. "Do? We will start again, of course. If Hilda will have me."

"If she will have you! But you will not hold it against her?"

He was quiet for a long space, passing some inner judgement on himself before he answered.

"No, I will not hold it against her. Maybe that will not be easy. It is hard for me to understand a thing like that. All these months I have been thinking. I did not know what to do at first. But I thought and thought. There are many wives in America who do wrong. I have known of that. In our own apartment house, they do wrong all the time and everyone knows and they do not care. But Hilda—she is different. Hilda is a good woman. You must not think she is like those bad wives. She has hurt me, but she has hurt herself worse. I have seen how she hurt herself. I think maybe I should be proud that Hilda takes it so hard. She will be good now."

It was the longest speech of his life. But it still left my most torturing doubt unanswered.

"But the baby?"

Again that long puzzled stare. "The baby? Why you can't take it out on a baby, mam."

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The Girl I Lost to Soochow Road

[Continued from page 29]

me vigorously. Someone was speaking to me. "My son. It is I, Father Fenstra. In a few minutes we stop at Sinanfu. I leave you there. I have much to say to you that cannot be spoken here. So dress and be ready to come to the platform when we get there."

It was absolutely dark, but the intensity of the Jesuit's voice, gave me the fugitive sensation that a madman was speaking to me in that abysmal darkness.

"The train will be here for several minutes," the Jesuit said softly to me as, with his arm linked through mine, he led me toward the rear cars.

"Back there in the shadow of Cathay's sacred Taishan, in the blessed zone of that ancient mountain I do not hold communion with any mortal soul. There I commune with the God of Buddha, Confucius and our Blessed Lord." I saw the Jesuit cross himself. "Besides—my son, at that moment I could not speak with you because I was being watched! Do you comprehend by any chance?"

"Not in the slightest, Father," I replied.

THE girl—my son. You must save her! The mother's soul I have already consigned to the Throne of our Blessed Lord. She will never issue from her dream alive. But the girl is doomed to a worse and far more bitter death unless you save her!

"I, Father?" I stammered.

"Careful, son! If we are seen or heard we are both through with this world."

The thought flashed through my head that the old priest was crazy, but the quiet, deadly-sane tones of his voice reassured me that it was the truth that he spoke.

"Listen to what I must say now in the brief space left to me," he continued. "My life is consecrated to another task, nor have I any longer the youth needful to save this girl. But you, if you dare all things, may succeed."

"But I still don't understand," I broke in with a whisper of protest. "Save her from what?"

And the even, low voice answered: "From Soochow Road!"

I must have started. No one stayed out in the East very long without learning about Soochow Road, the sordid and terrible vice district of Shanghai. It was one of the sights of China, if you cared for such sights.

All the nations of the world had their unhappy representatives there, derelicts of all lands who had drifted into that Sargasso Sea of oriental depravity. There were whispers that once a woman had entered that narrow street, where incense burned all night long, she could never sleep. There were rumors of unbridled horrors that made one shudder.

"I see that you know of Soochow Road," said the old Jesuit, as he scanned my features in the semi-darkness. "Now let me tell you what you do not know. The huge Chinaman who travelled with us is Fang Kwei himself. His power exceeds that of a king. He is the master of the brigands, lord of the drug ring, absolute ruler of the traffic in white and native women."

"But the Englishman," I broke out, "he will take care of her and—"

"The Englishman is Shanghai Mordaunt, Fang Kwei's right-hand man." The Jesuit's quiet voice had become colder now.

"You mean then that he means to take her, to ruin her—" I faltered.

"Even so, my son, as he has done to many others with the aid of his handsome

face. Not for nothing is he Fang Kwei's right-hand man! In the Soochow Road they know him well. There are many there who will curse him till they die."

In spite of myself I shuddered. I knew the perspiration had gathered on my forehead. At the same instant the priest seized me almost convulsively by the arm.

"My son, I saw your glance rest upon the girl, for I see everything. I can read the soul and I have read yours. You have been sent by God to save this unhappy girl. You must not fail!"

"But what can I do?" I whispered.

"That I cannot tell you. I have told you what I can. All else remains with you. Go now, the train moves."

The Jesuit made the sign of the cross over my head and whispered a farewell benediction as he vanished.

The train rattled on once more, and through my disordered brain flew images like the terrors of a nightmare. Again and again I told myself that the Jesuit had been mad, only to realize anew that his calm, clear tones had borne the stamp of truth.

There was no more sleep for me the rest of that journey to Peking. I tried to keep my brain cool. To rush in to the English man and denounce him in a flood of words that I could not prove—what good would that do? Besides the Jesuit had warned me of the power he wielded. I would only defeat my own end. I must be patient, I must watch them like a hawk, not let them escape from my sight, and then seize my opportunity.

I saw at last that only through the girl herself could I achieve my purpose. At the first opportunity to speak to her alone, I must try to convince her, as I had been convinced. Then next I would place her under the protection of the American Consul. Perhaps someday—but I did not dare to dream too far!

To my excited imagination the thing seemed already done. I laughed now at the fears the priest had expressed, at his talk of sudden death and illimitable power. Surely it would be an easy thing to see Antoinette Bridean privately and open her eyes to the deadly peril she was in.

I WAS somewhat comforted when in the first dim ruddiness of dawn the train pulled in at the Peking station. Watchful as a cat, I saw Mrs. Bridean carried in the Englishman's strong arms. Tony clung to Mordaunt's side as a vine entwined about the trunk of an oak tree. They made their way to a motor-bus bearing the name of a hotel.

They passed me as if I did not exist, yet I fancied that Mordaunt's eyes for one brief instant had been turned in my direction. Tony's face seemed to mingle dread over her mother's condition, and profound love and trust in the man at whose side she walked.

I noted that the bus Mordaunt had chosen belonged to one of the less prominent hotels. In that fact I divined a further proof that he was the man the Jesuit claimed. He was not anxious to run the risk of going where too many eyes might know who he was.

I followed them. I told myself that while Mrs. Bridean lived, the girl was still safe. Mordaunt's devoted care would cement the girl's trust.

When I arrived at the hotel, I saw already written in the register in the same masculine hand, the names of Antoinette, Mrs. Bridean, and Lewis Mordaunt.

I managed to secure a room on the same floor.

Then I made my way directly to the consul's, but in the press of anxious and worried men and women, I saw that I might have to wait hours. I had arrived in Peking in an evil time. China apparently was in utter and devastating collapse. Refugees from the residential compounds were pouring into the Imperial City. The war-lords were gathering about the walls, and every white soul trembled with apprehension and sought safety within the comparatively safe enclosures of the legations and European hotels.

It was only too clear that with this situation seething in the city, I had no resources to fall back upon save my own. I returned desperately to the hotel, and on the impulse sent up word that I wished to speak to Miss Bridean.

When she came down she was hanging on Mordaunt's arm, as if he held all of life for her, and I read in her drawn and frightened face the news she did not need to tell me.

Her mother had already succumbed to the swift and mysterious illness. And already, conforming to the inexorable brutality of the quick disposal of plague victims' remains, her body had been consigned to quick lime in the foreign cemetery.

THE girl was sobbing as she told me all this, but no shadow of any expression touched Mordaunt's face.

"It was very kind of you to bother to inquire," she faltered. "I've cabled my father the terrible news. And tomorrow—her hand almost timidly touched Mordaunt's arm—"Lewis and I are to be married in Shanghai by an English friend there. He says it isn't safe for a single girl to be alone in China. So I'm not going to wait as I would otherwise."

I looked up and met Mordaunt's gaze. My own face must have told more than I thought. Almost it seemed to me he colored. But I could not be sure. He was watching, listening to every word. Then, by a miracle the opportunity came.

As if overcome by the ordeal she had been through, Antoinette fell limply forward. I caught her in my arms. Mordaunt turned hurriedly away to get some water, but he had hardly gone when her eyes fluttered open. I had not even a second to waste.

"Listen to me," I whispered. "I must see you alone, do you hear? Alone. As soon as you can possibly manage it you must send him away. Tell him anything, so that I can talk to you. For God's sake, do what I ask!"

"But why?" she asked faintly. "I don't understand. Surely Lewis—the man I'm going to marry—"

"I haven't time to explain," I hurried on. "Only believe me when I tell you you may regret it all your life if you don't give me the chance to see you before you leave for Shanghai."

"But why?" she asked again in the same low voice.

"Because I want to help you. Because I—I love you!" The words were said before I knew they were on my tongue.

For a moment she was thoughtful. Then she said slowly: "In an hour from now I will be in my room alone."

Looking up, I saw Mordaunt hurrying towards us. Mordaunt of the Soochow Road!

Well, the first move had been played. Love is a hard thing to fight against even with truth itself, but I swore now that I would awaken Antoinette Bridean to the position she was in. Then perhaps it would be my guidance and help that she would turn to.

That hour lingered a long time. I walked nervously up and down my room, thinking of the strange drama in which Fate had involved me. And now and then the fear

that I might not be able to save this lovely child clutched my heart. Mordaunt must know already that I had his secret. Perhaps already he had taken steps to defeat me. I was nervous and at high tension.

My watch was scarcely once out of my hand. At last the time came when Tony had promised to see me. I hurried down the corridor, with my heart pounding furiously, and rapped on her door. There was no answer!

For an instant I stood paralyzed with fear. The next moment a Chinese boy who had been working in the corridor sauntered up to me and silently put a note in my hand. I read it swiftly:

"I'm sorry I've had to break my word to you, but the boat leaves for Shanghai earlier than I thought. Lewis and I are anxious to leave as soon as possible.

"I've no time to explain anything. I know you wanted to help me, and I thank you with all my heart, but I don't need any help.

"ANTOINETTE BRIDEAN."

I stood staring at that slip of paper, too dazed to move. Somehow Shanghai Mordaunt had guessed what my purpose was, and telling her some lie or other, had hurried her off before I had a chance to see her.

Then all at once it came over me there might still be time. I might catch them at the docks. Surely they couldn't have been gone long. And though I lost my own life for it, I'd tell her the truth in front of Mordaunt, if only I had the chance!

I scarcely remember how I got there. I bribed a driver to make the best time he could, and then I closed my eyes.

When I opened them, I was driving up before a pier crowded with natives and Europeans. The warning sound of a ship's siren reached my ears as I pushed my way through the crowd. And then I saw them!

But Mordaunt saw me, too, and read the purpose in my excited face. He touched Tony's shoulder. She looked up with her radiant smile.

"Don't say anything," she said to me. "You needn't really. You see, I know what it is you wanted to say to me in my room, and what you probably came down here to say. You wanted to tell me all those terrible things about Lewis, didn't you?"

"They're true," I answered swiftly.

Then she nodded. "Some of them, perhaps," she answered. "But I've already forgotten them! It wasn't his fault; it was the Chinaman, Fang Kwei, who employed him. Lewis has told me everything, and he wants to make a new start with me. As soon as his friend marries us, we're sailing to his home in England."

I STOOD there, helplessly, turning from her to Mordaunt and back again. I had been prepared for anything but this. And then Mordaunt said, almost gently:

"You see, she's giving me another chance, my friend. I didn't know I could fall in love, like this. Now I want to live decently and try to make up for everything. I want to get out of this cursed country while I have the chance."

He was magnificent as he stood facing me, with his fine, handsome head and the eyes that seemed half-sad now. In his voice there seemed to be a simple sincerity; almost as if he were pleading with me to have faith in him. Was this the man whom the Jesuit priest had characterized as an arch-fiend of evil? I could not believe it. Yet I told myself that while love happens in the world, miracles will happen, too.

I breathed easier. Tony Bridean was not for me, perhaps. She had won over to repentance and honor the man she loved.

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the Empress of Russia as she sailed away from Woosung bar. I was leaving Shanghai and China forever. I was aroused from many memories by hearing my name. Turning I saw an old friend, Harvey Green, with whom I'd gone to college.

"Hello, Harvey," I said, "I had no idea you were out in the East."

"I hadn't any idea you were either," he replied, "until last night."

"What do you mean?" I asked, a little puzzled.

He made a sweeping gesture of disgust. "I went slumming last night," he explained. "You know, in the district they call the Soochow Road. Good Lord! I can stand most things; I'm not a kid, but it made me feel like smashing everything to pieces, or trying to find out who's responsible for anything like that."

"An American girl, really only a kid, asked me if I knew you. She said something about having met you on a train. That's how I learned you were in China."

"What's her name? Tell me her name?" I gasped.

"They called her Tony," he said. I went back against the rail, and fumbled for it, and hung on. Everything moved dizzily before my eyes. As if from far away, I heard Harvey's voice:

"Jack, what's the matter? Did you know that poor kid well—is that it? God, it's a shame, but you can't do anything for her. She's drinking hard, too."

A tide of terrible regret rolled over my heart. I had listened to the lies of the crafty Mordaunt and allowed him to fool me with his cruel pretense. He had probably decided I was too easy even to be amusing.

But it was bitterest of all to know that in the hour when I might have saved Antoinette Bridean. I had failed her. I had allowed Shanghai Mordaunt to add one more soul to those souls who would curse him till they died, to make one more pure girl into a victim of Soochow Road.

And that girl was the girl I had loved, the girl who might have loved me. In my utter despair, in my helplessness and baffled rage, I broke down and wept like a woman.

I Lived a Lie

[Continued from page 47]

she had taken care of babies all her life. "Now he's ready for his nap," she said, putting the boy back in the crib and giving him the bottle of milk. "He sleeps for a couple of hours before lunch every day," she explained, "and in the afternoon I take him out. Frank sent up the darlinest little baby buggy. Of course we've told everyone that we have adopted the child. No one has the least idea it is yours, so please don't show any particular interest in him, in public. Our friends are all crazy about him. He's the brightest thing. Frank swears he calls him daddy already. He's going to bring the papers for you to sign home with him this afternoon."

"If I sign them, won't everybody know?" "Of course not. They have to go on record, but nobody here in Pittsburg knows you. Adopting a child is just a matter of routine. No one will pay any attention to it. You're perfectly safe."

All through lunch I was very silent. I was trying to make up my mind what to do. My sister, of course, acted as though she and her husband were doing me a great favor to take the child off my hands. In a way I suppose they were. It never seemed to have occurred to them that I might have something to say in the matter. It would have been different, if they had never let me see the child. A woman can't very well be crazy about a baby she's never seen. But now that I had, it was different. Much as I cared for Donald, I still hesitated to sign my own boy over to somebody else as though he were a piece of furniture.

My sister talked about the matter all through lunch. "Of course, if you should come out to visit me, you could see the child," she said, "although you'd have to be very careful, if your husband were with you. Later on, when the boy grows up, I don't think you ought to see much of him. It would be hard for you, and he might not understand. But by that time I guess you will have children of your own, and won't care."

"Children of my own?" I said. "Isn't he my own?"

"He won't be, after you've given him to us," Kate told me. "That is one thing I insist on having understood. You sign away all your rights. The boy will be ours, legally, just as though I were his mother and Frank

were his father. You will have nothing whatever to say about him or his future."

I didn't answer her, and when lunch was over and she had taken the baby out for a walk, I went to my room and wrote Donald a letter.

It was the hardest letter to write. Instead of feeling light-hearted and happy, the way I had before leaving home, I was horribly depressed, and it is not easy to keep one's real feelings out of letters. Three times I wrote the thing over, and when I finally went out to mail it I had added a postscript saying I had a bad headache. I knew if I didn't Donald would think I was ill or something, and come rushing down from Chicago to see me, and that would have been fatal. And still I couldn't make up my mind what to do. If I had only told him the truth in the beginning. I meant to of course, and would have, if he only had kept quiet that Sunday, and not told mother and dad about our engagement.

After dinner that night we sat in the living room, and my brother-in-law got out some papers and showed them to me.

"This is what you have to sign," he said. "You had better read it over. Your signature will have to be attested by a notary but I have made arrangements with a man downtown who doesn't know you are any relation to me, so everything will be all right. How do you like our boy?"

Frank is a lovely fellow, and I know he only said that in a joking way, but it hurt. As a man, he couldn't be expected to know a woman's feelings, especially a mother's.

"Don't you mean my boy?" I said.

He laughed, at that, kindly enough, but seriously, too.

"Until you sign those papers, yes," he said. "After that, he belongs to us."

"And suppose I don't sign them," I asked.

If I had thrown a bomb right in the middle of the living room floor they couldn't have been more startled. I don't think the idea of my not signing had ever occurred to them.

"It's the only thing you can do," Frank said slowly, "unless of course you marry the child's father. And I don't suppose you have any idea of doing that."

"No," I told him. "I'd never do that. Not even if he wanted me to."

"Does he know about the boy?" Frank asked.

"How could he? I didn't know myself, until last night."

My sister had been staring at me in angry silence ever since I'd said that about not signing the adoption papers.

"What's the use of talking such nonsense?" she suddenly burst out. "Marry the child's father? How could she, when she's engaged to marry someone else?"

"Who is the man?" Frank asked me.

"There'd be no good in my telling you," I said. "He's out of my life, now, and I never expect to see him again. I appreciate all you've done for me, but you don't seem to understand that for a mother to give up her child is a very serious matter."

This made my sister even more angry.

"It's a very serious matter to ruin the reputation of our family, too," she snapped. "To bring disgrace on dad, and on mother. And to let the man you love, know the sort of girl you really are. I suppose you haven't thought of that."

My brother-in-law said something to her, then, and she burst into tears and flounced out of the room. Then he turned to me, very kind, as he always was, but very much in earnest.

"I don't know what you have in mind," he said, "but whatever it is, please tell me about it at once. This situation is too serious to go on. I thought, when I suggested adopting the child, that you would be very glad to have us do it. It seemed an easy and simple way out of your difficulties. The boy will have a good home and something to start life with when I die. It never occurred to me for a moment that you would have any objections, but I can see your side of the case, too. Have you considered thoroughly just what it will mean, if you try to keep the child?"

"Yes," I said. "It will mean, first, that I have to give up Donald. And in the second place it will mean that mother and dad, to say nothing of all my friends, will be through with me. I should have to take my baby and go and live alone."

"Live on what?" Frank asked me.

"I suppose I could work," I said. "Other women have."

"That's true, but let me ask you a question. Putting aside your own feelings in the matter, your own wish to have the baby with you, which is to some extent selfish, how about him? Is it going to be better for him to grow up an illegitimate child, living in poverty, on the little you may be able to earn? Never to have the comfort, the education, the training he would get here? I don't want to influence you. I'm trying to help you, but if you take him away, what have you to give him?"

"I have a mother's love," I said. "That ought to be something."

"Isn't it possible you are making too much of that?" he said. "The baby is only six months old. His mind is practically a blank. You don't mean a bit more to him, so far, than your sister does. If she raises him, instead of you, he will feel exactly the same toward her, as he would toward you, and I am sure she will treat him with the same love and kindness that you would."

"It isn't the same," I said. "If it were, why should any mothers raise their children? They might just as well turn them over to somebody else. And I don't want him to grow up to look on Kate as his mother, and me as a stranger. It isn't fair to me."

My brother-in-law smiled a little when I said that. He is a very intelligent man.

"That's just the point," he told me. "You are really thinking of yourself. And

you are jealous of Kate already, because she is caring for the baby, instead of you."

"Maybe I am," I said. "But every mother feels the same way. Even animals do. It's instinct, I guess. Now that I've seen the boy, I feel as though it would break my heart to go away and leave him. I don't believe I'd ever be happy again, as long as I lived."

When I said that Frank took the papers from me and put them in his pocket.

"I'm not going to force you to do anything you don't think right," he said. "Suppose you sleep on the matter. There's a good deal to be said on both sides. But I must ask you to settle it tomorrow, one way or the other. Things can't go on as they are. Kate and I have our friends to consider. We've lied to them a good deal already about the child, telling them we had adopted it. There is not the slightest doubt, of course, that the baby is legally yours. If you want to take it away with you tomorrow, nobody can stop you, unless you sign those papers. Think the matter over carefully and let me know in the morning. And I do hope you will do what is best for all concerned."

I SPENT a frightful night, of course. I could not close my eyes. Every consideration told me that it would be best to let Kate and Frank have the baby, and yet, I seemed unable to make up my mind to do it. Once, during the night, I heard the baby cry, and it was as much as I could do, to keep from getting out of bed and going to him to comfort him. Toward morning I dozed off, and had a horrible dream that the boy was sick, dying, in the next room, and that I was tied hand and foot, with heavy weights on me, and could not go to him. I was so frightened when I woke up that I crept down the hall and peeped into the room where he was sleeping, just to make sure that he was all right.

At breakfast Kate would scarcely speak to me. I saw she was still furious, and even Frank was very quiet and reserved. There was a letter beside my plate, from Donald. I had just started to read it when Frank got up from the table, looked at his watch, and asked me if I would mind coming into the living room for a minute. It was getting late, he said, and being Saturday, the courts closed at twelve, so he would like to have my decision about the boy before he went downtown.

I followed him into the living room with Donald's letter still in my hand. Kate did not join us. I suppose she had left everything to Frank, who has a much better temper.

We didn't sit down. He just turned to me, looking very grave.

"If you have made up your mind to sign these papers," he said, "get your hat and come on downtown with me. If you haven't, if you mean to keep the child, say so, and I will go alone. I'm not willing to put the matter off any longer."

Just as I opened my mouth to speak the doorbell rang. I heard my sister go down the hall to answer it. I don't know now what made me wait, but I did. Frank had turned, too, and was looking toward the living room door. Then I heard voices, Kate's at first, very much surprised, and then another that sent cold chills of fear down my back. All at once Kate came to the door. There was somebody with her. A moment later I was in Donald's arms.

"Hello, sweetheart," he said. "Why so surprised? Didn't you get my letter?"

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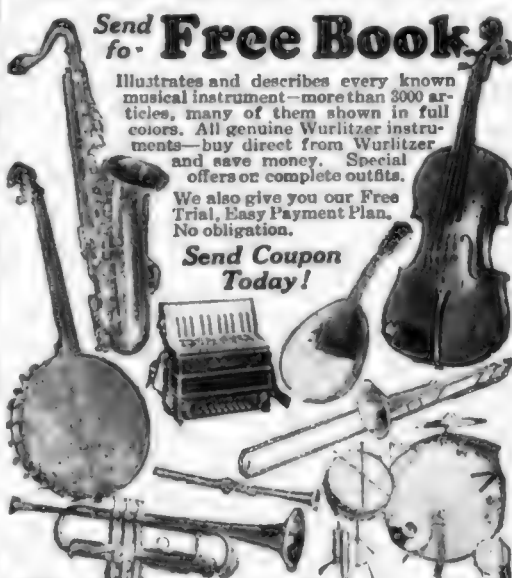


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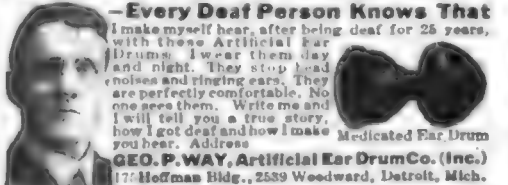
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It Is Your Fault If Another Woman Steals Your Husband

[Continued from page 15]

between these races engendered by the Big War, they had met, married and lived in comparative felicity until the occupation of the Ruhr by French troops had aroused in her a feeling of resentment against his people. Not that she loved him less, or was less attentive to his wants, as he admitted frankly, but—

"She never stopped running down my people and my country," said he. "The most I ever said to her was 'they ended the war in Europe so let's not start it up again over here.' But you couldn't keep her off the subject. She'd fill up on newspapers during the day and lace it into me all evening."

He explained that he had begun to go out evenings to cafes where French people gathered, where he could hear a good word for his country and where it was always pleasant.

A TRUCE was arranged between this pair; but in less than three months they were back again in court. Immediately the wife launched into the same old charges regarding an "affinity" and this time she was right!

It was the usual story. For awhile they had kept to their peace pact, then she gradually had renewed her nagging; he had returned to his congenial haunts, and the other woman had happened along. She was a French woman, and she was sympathetic.

This vampire wasn't nearly as good looking as the wife, nor as intelligent and generally attractive. The significant feature of the case was that instead of inviting the attentions of the husband she had rigidly discouraged anything more than ordinary friendship. She had, moreover, believed his story that he was a widower.

It isn't often possible to make a wife believe that the woman who has supplanted her may not want her husband at all; that the pursuit may be entirely on his side. And because she refuses to believe it, many a wife has changed an innocent rival, who might have been enlisted as an ally, into an active enemy.

That was precisely the outcome in this case. The infuriated wife had sought out the other woman, scoffed at her protestations of innocence, and publicly called her very ugly names. Then the woman, the more angered because she was guiltless, began actually to encourage the husband. It was purely a measure of retaliation. She didn't care for the man but she kept him dangling at her heels merely to punish the wife.

Marital contention due to a difference in nationality is infrequent now, but it is matched every day in Court by rows of the bitterest sort growing out of religious differences, or personal convictions on other matters, so deeply imbedded as to create intolerance of contrary beliefs.

The usual picture of the vampire, borrowed from the silver screen by the neglected wife, is that of a female of extraordinary cunning who lures virtuous husbands from their duty by occult means. Particular stress is laid on a sort of hypnotic power by which her victims are enslaved. This is the only possible explanation to show how a creature so utterly repulsive as the vampire, whose motives are so patently mercenary, can enthrall a man so sensible in other matters. Of course this supernatural explanation incidentally spares the pride of the wife, dis-

closing why her charms and virtues have proved unavailing.

Now whatever the attractions by which a husband is drawn to an affinity they are certainly neither hypnotic nor occult.

Let an aggrieved wife try to recall the special attractions she possessed, or seemed to possess, when her husband fell in love with her, and she will find in most cases that they were precisely the same sort of attractions as those now wielded by the vampire.

Even in his amatory flights man is a creature of habit. What the average man likes best at twenty-three he almost certainly will prefer ten years later, and ten years later than that. It is so of particular foods, of clothing, of types of women. If he favors blondes he will always prefer that type, just as the man who prefers the serious minded girl to her frivolous sister will continue true to form.

The average wife's favorite charge is that the vampire's chief weapon is deceit; that she pretends to be what she thinks the man would like her to be. If this is the earmark of the vampire, then nine out of ten wives are vampires because that is exactly what most girls do and most men, too, when they are in the throes of courtship. It is only because the wives fail to keep up their pretense that disillusionment, the precursor of alienation, creeps in.

And not infrequently the man who has discovered that his wife is a pretender is drawn to the other woman because he has discerned in her an absolute lack of anything that savors of deception.

A certain wife explained that her rival was a young woman who pretended to love tennis in order to attract the husband who was a devotee of the game.

As it developed, the girl in question was not pretending. She had played tennis from early girlhood, and it was in fact during a tournament in which she and the man played that they had first met.

The wife herself, however, had done the very thing she now charged against her rival. Hating tennis and all forms of physical exercise, she had tortured herself to play the game for the sole purpose of winning her prospective husband's approval. And if her tennis playing did not actually make him love her, at least it had kept him constantly at her side under the battery of her real attractions, besides adding that highly effective lure of seeming congeniality.

AFTER marriage she had ceased to play the game. She had relaxed. The chase was ended. Why should she keep up something she disliked exceedingly?

And now, a bare eight years later, the slender, bronzed, athletic girl the man had wooed on the tennis court became the contender against him in another sort of court.

It is by no means certain that this wife could ever have reinstated the old order of things. When the ardor of romantic passion once cools it is not so easily rekindled. However, I recall several wives in similar straits who fought it out and emerged victorious over the vampire.

They did not prevail by following the usual wifely methods. They did not satisfy their spleen by hurling charges and denunciations against the vampire and deluging the husbands with recriminations.

If she would but realize it, the misguided wife who follows that plan only drives her

husband more surely and quickly to the arms of the affinity. And if there is no affinity, such nagging will surely send him in the way of one by making him yearn for the companionship of another woman, any other woman, if only she is different from this scolding wife.

The victorious wives I have in mind searched, not for the defects of the other woman, but for their attractions. Then, instead of trying to fight their husbands back to loyalty, they started the only sort of fighting that is ever effective in such cases. They started to fight fire with fire, that is they started to match the attractions of the other woman with similar or stronger attractions.

A case of the sort comes to mind. The husband was devoted to diversions such as the theaters, the cafes, and, in particular, dancing. His wife, engrossed in their young child, preferred to stay at home. But she did not object to him going out for amusement, in fact she encouraged it until stories began to reach her of another woman.

Investigation showed that the stories were partly true. The rival was a young widow who loved the diversions he did, especially dancing. The sensible young wife realized that harm might result if the pair continued to be too much in each other's company.

Giving the matter much thought she hit upon a plan of action. It was a plan that called for sacrifices, but she did not flinch. Since dancing was the chief attraction of the widow, the wife determined to outdo her on this score. So she took dancing lessons frequently from a fine teacher, and was soon quite expert. And, so with the increased exercise, not only did she regain her lithe-some figure and, with improved health, a brighter outlook; but she made herself so attractive in other ways that the men friends of her husband began to show her attention.

She had carried out her campaign in secret, but now assured that she could make a presentable figure, she began to go to dances with her husband. She did not make the mistake of showing any interest in his activities, nor did she try to keep him at her side. She took her cue from him and seemed to prefer to dance with others. She did not over-play to the point that he would suspect what was under way. Presently he began to realize that she far excelled the widow as a dancing partner. And before long he openly showed his elation at being able to take precedence over the other claimants for dances with her.

Without her ever having said a word about his partial defection, her husband became again his old devoted self and never showed the slightest further interest in the potential affinity.

Some years ago a young wife came to me for what she termed "expert advice." Her suspicions, indefinite for some time, had been focused sharply by the fact that her husband, a man prone to complain about trifles, had suddenly ceased to complain about anything. Her way of summing it up was that he had become "too sweet to be wholesome."

"THERE'S something back of it," she argued. "I believe he's trying to lull my suspicions. Why, to test him I've done things that up to a month ago he'd have raised the roof about. I've done things that any man would be crazy not to complain about, and he didn't even take notice."

This change would probably have been hailed by the average woman as proof that she had finally subdued her husband, but this happened to be a woman with imagination. And she was right in her deductions as a little investigation disclosed.

She got into action just in time to prevent the husband from drifting away too far. And when he was twitted about his philandering as though it was a joke he said

that he thought as long as he didn't complain about what his wife did, she wouldn't complain about his doings.

Naturally, the danger signal in this case wouldn't fit every case. Trouble is just as often in the making when a usually tractable husband begins to find fault. But there is a general rule to which every wife might well give heed. When any husband changes, right-about-face, in any direction it is time to find out why. In wedlock, affections even more than words are used to conceal thought. There are any number of philandering husbands who simulate ardent affection for their wives in order to hide the fact that their real affections are drifting elsewhere.

Usually the wife learns that her husband is involved with another woman only after it is an old story to their social world. And any "secret" affair that is public property usually is too far advanced for correction. Many a compromised husband would welcome any excuse, even wifely interference, for breaking away from his inamorata. But he is so deeply entangled by the time the wife begins to take a hand that he cannot gracefully retrace his steps, especially as the methods employed by most wives only make the matter worse.

IT IS not condoning the transgressions of a wayward husband to apportion to his wife a share of the blame. But just try to make an aggrieved wife see it that way, especially the type of wife who would profit most by a realization of the truth.

The courts are thronged with disconsolate wives who sincerely believe that they love their husbands devotedly and unselfishly, when in fact they love themselves and their pose of dignity more than anything else in the world. The surest way to arouse bitter resentment in this sort of wife is to suggest that it is her duty to put forth special efforts to hold or regain her husband's love.

They have their own inflexible conception of what constitutes marital duty, and have definitely charted the boundaries of wedlock, its rights and its obligations. Their entire viewpoint is influenced by considerations of what should be instead of what is.

Successful wedlock in the mind of such a woman depends on a fixed formula like a recipe for bread. Each of the wedded pair has so many definite ingredients to supply and these being blended by matrimony the result must be perfect.

Unfortunately these wives usually overlook the leaven in the recipe; perhaps condiment would be the better word. They leave out imagination and the things it symbolizes, chief of which is tolerance.

That explains why, among deserted wives, one finds so many who by all social standards were ideal mates and mothers, women with no interests outside the home and family. Doing their full duty in accordance with their marital code, they cannot understand, nor can their friends, how their husbands can possibly be anything but contented and happy.

It is the aggrieved wife of this sort who harps on the explanation of the mystic lure. There can be no other explanation! Otherwise the mediocre attractions of the affinity could never have enticed the husband from his perfect home and wife.

The sad part of it is that while this misguided wife is seeking for the occult explanations and the super-attractions which lured away her husband, she overlooks the actual lures, usually simple human attractions with which she could easily cope.

Good food was the opening wedge in an attachment that brought one straying husband into court. Of course his wife had a much more elaborate explanation. Yet it was she who struck the keynote during her denunciation of the other woman.

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friend," said the wife. "She was always cooking spaghetti, which he's crazy about, and having him up to dinner. She knew I wouldn't go because I hate the stuff."

Now no one, not even the wife, would assert that the man was in love with the spaghetti, nor yet in love with the widow because she knew how to prepare it. Yet unquestionably it had been spaghetti which attracted him in the first place and, by bringing them together frequently, supplied the opportunity for them to learn that they had other things in common not so prosaic, things like music and literature and the drama, which things the practical wife regarded as entirely superfluous in the scheme of married life.

And the strange angle of the case was that, harking back to the courtship of the married pair, the dish that lured him to his affinity had been the outstanding attraction that first drew him to his wife.

Each week the husband-to-be had gone to the home of his sweetheart to eat spaghetti. The chief difference from the present affair was that though his wife's mother cooked it, the daughter took all the credit.

The latter hated cooking, which certainly is not a crime and not to be urged by husbands as an excuse for infidelity. And even in neglecting to learn to cook decently she was guilty only of extreme foolishness. But it disclosed her general attitude in regard to doing the things she wanted to do as opposed to doing the things her husband preferred.

In reality this husband was in such a state of general dissatisfaction that if he hadn't met a vampire through spaghetti, he undoubtedly would have met a vampire through something else. In marital dereliction the seeming cause is usually only an excuse.

Imagine accusing a two-year-old baby girl of being the tool of a vampire. Yet it was just such a flaxen-haired child that brought about a marital smash-up not long ago. She lived next door with her widowed mother and a baby brother.

The husband in this case was passionately fond of children; and the chief cause of his marital discontent was the knowledge that his wife had deliberately defrauded him of the boon of paternity.

"Plenty of time," was her invariable retort when he chided her. She was busy with social activities in which he took no interest whatever. When she went out to attend her various affairs he used to remain at home on the porch playing with the little girl next door, and thus he became friendly with her mother.

The butter-fly wife, secure in her radiance, had no fear of the domestic moth next door. She encouraged the friendship because it

gave her more liberty. She reasoned that a cultured man like her husband, used to a well kept home and an exquisitely groomed wife, couldn't possibly succumb to a shabby household drudge, always in the midst of a confusion of children.

A bitter comment of this injured wife was that the affair showed how false is the idea that a wife can best hold her husband by keeping herself attractive. Like most women with a craze for clothes and society, her idea of keeping attractive was based entirely on her own concept of what constitutes attractiveness, and had no regard whatever for the viewpoint of the husband.

Consider the case of a certain husband who morning after morning left his irritable, unkempt wife, and arrived at his office to be greeted by a secretary, young, attractive, well groomed, and pleasant. Would you say that the man was skimming on thin ice, particularly as he was a very attractive man and the secretary highly susceptible?

The first step in most oblique romances is the sympathy of the other woman for the husband. This sympathy may be real or only pretended. Perhaps he is simply playing on her with that classic subterfuge of philandering men who probably since the Stone Age have complained that their wives "misunderstood" them.

But in this case the sympathy was both real and warranted. The man's wife had been employed in his office before their marriage, in fact had been a fellow worker of the secretary who now succeeded her in her position and in her husband's regard. And this secretary remembering the wife as a girl, attractive in personality and dainty in appearance, was able to draw the full comparison with the frowsy, overbearing, slovenly creature the wife had now become.

Take the pains to scrutinize any case where the wife has triumphed over an affinity and you will find, usually, that while the husband is changed for the better, an even more marked change has taken place in the wife.

A well known actress was sued recently by an aggrieved wife, the latter charging that the woman of the stage had stolen the love of her husband.

And the answer of the actress was that she could not possibly have stolen the love of the husband from the wife, because at the time she had first met him he and his wife had been separated for more than a year.

If you close your ears to wifely hubbub and pry behind the scenes you will find that is the usual story.

It was a witty court attendant who having observed many divorce cases at close range, declared:

"If love is a state of mind, the vampire is an hallucination."

The Happiest Wife In The World

[Continued from page 36]

of the future. We do not lack "riches."

What about suitable backgrounds for the children? Aren't children entitled to certain standards of living? They are, but just what are suitable backgrounds and standards for children? A fine house, a good car, elaborate clothes, a hectic struggle to keep up with a "good neighborhood"? Or a heritage of joyous adventures, understanding companionship with parents, plain living and high thinking? Again, one has to choose.

I can hear ladies in the distance murmuring with cynical voices, "It sounds wonder-

ful! I suppose her James is absolutely perfect and she never had a care in her life!"

Far from it. James is nothing so uninteresting. He's as human as Adam. He's so absent-minded that when he has kissed his nieces and his cousins he keeps right on until he has kissed every girl at the party. The other night when we had barely time to get to a formal party he went upstairs to put on dinner clothes and twenty minutes afterward I went up and found him in his pajamas. He had forgotten what he was undressing for, and was just about to get

into bed. He explained that he was thinking about "Why We Behave like Human Beings!" It takes him twenty minutes to brush his teeth and an hour to shave. He won't wear golf knickers and he will wear old-fashioned high shoes.

Also, James has an understanding heart. He can see, without being told, when your world has turned gray. Your little trouble isn't a mole hill to him, it's a mountain, because it makes you unhappy. No inconvenience is too much for him, if he can help you. He forgets everything else in his desire to brighten the corner where you are.

That's wonderful, when I'm the person that he is understanding and brightening the corner for. After thirty years, the other ladies whom he understands do not worry me, but when I was much younger, and less experienced, there was Marguerite, tall and statuesque, with melting eyes and a slow smile. She had been married four years and her husband didn't understand her at all, but James did, almost at first sight.

It went on for several weeks. Not that James neglected me. Somehow James always can find time to understand so many people. Being young, I agonized a lot over what I called wounded love and blighted faith, but what was really wounded pride and blighted self-satisfaction.

Finally I got so desperate that I stopped feeling and began to think. After that, it was easy. I maneuvered things so that James, who is nothing if not fastidious, took

me out to her house when she didn't expect us. The house was cluttered, and needed airing. The tablecloth was soiled and there were no clean towels in the bathroom. Her magazines had perfectly thrilling covers, and her books seemed all to be about misunderstood ladies of a very high class of society. Her husband, whom we had not seen before, was a clear-eyed, up-standing mechanic who talked intelligently of his work and of trade union problems, while she sat bored and fidgety. When we were riding home James said, out of a clear sky, "It's too bad when folks get so mismated. He's an ambitious, intelligent chap, who'd go a long way if he had half a chance!" I burst into almost hysterical laughter but it was a full minute before James saw the joke and grinned, shamefacedly.

No, Marguerite wasn't the only one, but after that I used my intelligence sooner. I didn't worry so much. Finally I didn't worry at all. Looking back, I see that there was small occasion for me ever to worry except about my own lack of adaptability, but one can't, in youth, have the philosophy of middle age. As a friend of ours says, "the trouble with life is that just as you've really learned how to live it's time to die!"

So through thirty years of joyous adventure we have held fast to our love and courage and sense of humor, and we have added to them faith and tolerance and a sense of proportion.

"A WOMAN will go to almost any length of immorality to secure her desires, and those who are best owe much of their rectitude to fear." This is one of the mildest statements by Prof. A. M. Low in his frank criticism of women. Prof. Low, with an international reputation as a scientist, is a member of almost everything in England, including the Royal Geographical Society, Institute of Patentees, Research Association—but the list is too long to give here. With all his learning, has he got understanding of women? You women will have something to say in answer to this when you read his article in SMART SET for February.

Some One To Care

[Continued from page 41]

was irritated, which was what I hoped for.

That night in front of my hotel I shook hands gravely with Sandy.

"You don't suppose you'll go swimming again?" he asked.

"Why?"

"I was hoping you'd swim out to my boat just as you did yesterday."

"I'll come out tomorrow morning if I can get off," I told him.

His voice sounded thick and husky. "I hope you will. I hope you will!"

Oh, things were going too smoothly, too incredibly well. The next morning as I sat on Sandy's boat, listening to his talk of strange fish, and feeling his intense, solemn eyes on me, I congratulated myself on my cleverness. Tony had been irritated. I would see to it that he was irritated again and again. I had a sense of power. But as I was about to leave, Sandy said:

"I wish I weren't going away this afternoon."

"But you're not," I protested.

"Do you want me to stay?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Really want me?" His voice was actually trembling.

"Naturally, when we're just getting to be such good friends."

But somehow, swimming back, I felt mean and unfair. To make that poor kid fall in love with me and lead him on! I'd never been sentimental about men, but somehow, this one was so helpless. But I put the brief regret out of my head. After all it wouldn't do him any harm. Besides I really liked him.

For the next two weeks I managed to see a lot of both Tony and Sandy. It was luncheon at one place, tea at another, and dances everywhere.

Sandy would arrive, pale and determined, and I was remorseful at making him spend more money than he seemingly could afford. First time I'd ever worried about how much money a man spent on me!

Tony did his part perfectly, but he seemed to have lost his sense of humor. He was irritable and sarcastic but he always came back.

"What can you see in that bird," he began once. I burst into tears. Then he became apologetic. Somehow he wasn't cynical about me any more.

"Listen," he said. "I'm sorry, Myrna. And you don't know what a lot I hand you. Here you are, crazy about a man who probably hasn't a nickel. I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it with my own eyes. By God, I wish you'd fallen for me!"

Then one day Sandy proposed in his halting, scared way, and I told him I couldn't answer right away, I'd have to think things out. After that he used to watch me just like a dog, with his solemn eyes. Finally even Tony noticed.

"Why damn it, the man's crazy about you," he said.

"Oh, do you think so?" I whispered. "Do you really think so? But why—why doesn't he propose?"

"Hasn't got brains enough," said Tony sourly.

Then I wanted to dance up and down and sing. For I knew it now, I knew for certain



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that Tony West was jealous. The rest would be easy.

I had been planning things all along so that now I felt competent to handle anything. It was I who begged Tony to arrange a party on his yacht over Sunday, returning in time for work Monday.

"If you invite Sandy, and I can be alone with him, perhaps—"

Tony shook his head. "All right," he said. "Sometimes I wonder if I'm going crazy. Say, my best friends wouldn't recognize me. Here I am working my head off to get a girl for another man, and a blasted idiot at that, and all I get is thank you. Well, I'm in it, I might as well go on!"

WE MADE an early start on Sunday morning. There were the other girls from the shop, and an equal number of men. Also a married couple who got drunk right away and we scarcely saw them the rest of the sail.

It was a wonderful thing that yacht, all dark wood and polished brass and beautiful little cabins with sea chests in them and decorations that must have cost a fortune. I'd pat a railing as if it were living and wonder if I really could some day say I owned this. I didn't dare believe in my heart that I was succeeding in spite of the signs I had had.

Of course it turned into a wild party, Tony leading everybody on. I never heard so many champagne corks pop in my life. People were making love everywhere, trying to sing, and just cutting loose. That night I went out to one of the decks and found Sandy hunched up there.

"I'm so glad you came out," he said. "Do you dislike all this as much as I do?"

"I don't dislike it. Why should I? You're too prudish."

"It's not that. It's just that I like peaceful things better. I guess maybe there's something wrong with me."

"But what do you like?" I asked.

"I guess I'd just like to be out on my boat and have you there and go gliding along under the stars," he answered.

I don't know why, but it actually made me want to cry. He sounded so pathetic, poor kid. Not what he said, of course, but just his way of talking.

The next morning we were down the coast quite a bit, and nearly everyone got up late with various kinds of "heads". Tony was pretty shaky. The yacht had come to anchor and he asked me if I wouldn't go ashore with him to a strip of beach backed up by dense vegetation.

"I want to feel some ground under my feet," he said with a shiver. "I don't give a hang if I never see the water again."

We were rowed in by one of the crew, and to escape the sun's glare pushed our way into the shadow of the woods. Tony had been strolling as if he were too tired to do more than drag one foot after the other, but all at once his hand closed on my arm.

I saw his eyes on me with a strange light in them. I tried to draw away, but he only gripped me tighter.

"Look here," he said. "I'm sick and tired of seeing you run after this simple ass you've picked up somewhere. I want you, and I'm the better man. Why that crazy pauper, sleeping on his boat, and keeping alive by fishing is impossible. I'm not going to let you throw yourself away on him, not if I have to kidnap you."

He bent and kissed me then, and I struck at him and simply shrieked. I was really scared. He was talking so wildly and his eyes were wild, too. But I couldn't get away from him, and all around us was that wall of green.

What happened next was like a movie! There was a crackling noise and Sandy McLellan appeared before us. I'd never

felt so much like a heroine before. And Tony West certainly seemed to have lost his senses.

"Get out of here, you little fool!" he roared. He swung up his fist.

"Don't go, Sandy," I screamed, as wildly as Tony. "Don't you let him hurt me!"

I saw Sandy frown and all at once he came sailing in. Before I knew what was happening both men were fighting for all they were worth, but it didn't last long. Sandy's arms worked like flails and in two minutes Tony with one eye half closed went over on his back. Sandy stood above him, breathing hard.

Then Tony said hoarsely, "Well, that let me out for good. I was going to try and kidnap you, Myrna, and marry you in the town back there, but I guess it's no use."

"Marry me?" I faltered.

"Yes. But I'm a bum caveman. Your friend can fight."

"But I didn't know," I said hurriedly. "Tony, I didn't know you really cared. I—I'll marry you if you want me to."

There was a kind of frozen silence and when I looked up Sandy was staring at me as if I were a thousand miles away. He looked unhappy, almost sick, but he said nothing. I murmured his name, tried to hold out my hand. He did not seem to see it, but his eyes were gleaming and somehow very wise. In that moment I knew that it was not Tony West, the man of the world, who had seen through me, but this boy.

He turned away suddenly and I saw him push his way through the shrubbery and head towards the town.

Then after what seemed a long interval I found myself sitting on the yacht in a wicker chair with Tony at my side. We were both silent. The yacht which I could soon call mine was steadily pushing its way homeward. I should have been exultant, but I only felt depressed and I hated myself.

I kept seeing Sandy's back, I kept thinking of the way he'd rushed to defend me, of how patient he'd been all along and how good and decent. And now he wouldn't even return on the yacht but had apparently gone back to Palm Beach by train. We had waited a long time for him before we started.

Why wasn't I happy? What was the matter anyway? Then the truth burst upon me, the silly, foolish, terrible truth that I ought to have known all along. I, so determined to be clear-headed about everything, had fallen in love with Sandy McLellan!

He was so unlike me, he was so odd in lots of ways, and yet thinking of him made my heart almost stand still. By my side, silent, sat the man I'd agreed to marry. He was thinking, too. I shut my eyes, told myself not to be a fool. Love—what did that amount to really? At the best a single year, and then poverty, regret, my really good chances gone. I'd get over Sandy, and I'd have everything—everything!

LATE that afternoon we returned to our anchorage. I went down below to get my things. Nearly everyone else was on deck watching the landing. I heard the faint "put-put" of a rickety motor-boat and I glanced through the port-hole. It was Sandy's boat! He had come back, and he was leaving for the Keys at last!

For one moment I stared breathlessly. Then I gave up. I knew I was a fool, but it didn't matter. Nothing mattered. I tore my things off and clawed my way into a bathing suit.

I stole up on deck and without anyone seeing me, slipped into the water. Then I began to swim so as to head Sandy off. In my folly I forgot what poor time I could make against even the worst motor-boat in the world. And I was swimming badly, and had lost my breath. The thought that I might be drowned came over me, and I

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was terrified. Then all at once I saw that Sandy's boat was turning; it was coming towards me.

I was pretty nearly done for, I think, when Sandy hauled me on board. I couldn't speak, and he merely looked at me. His eyes seemed awfully stern. At last he said: "I'll take you on shore directly."

"No," I gasped. "No, I don't want you to. I—I came out here to—to you. I want to stay with you. I love you, I do, I really do. And I'm sorry for everything."

Then all at once he was kneeling, and his arms were around me.

"Myrna, you'll really marry me?" he asked and his voice was shaky.

"Yes," I said. "I'll go sailing around with you and fishing for a living or whatever crazy thing it is you do. I know you haven't any money, but I don't care. I guess I was all wrong about myself."

"Who said I hadn't any money?" he demanded angrily. "I've got plenty of money."

"You've got plenty of money?" I repeated. "Well, what are you running around in this boat for?"

"What's the matter with this boat. I built it all myself. That's more fun than buying a yacht like West's. And I don't fish for a living. I collect specimens for scientific research work. Haven't you listened to me even once?"

"Oh, don't be cross," I said. "I'm so happy."

Then he smiled his queer, puckered smile. "All right. And I'll buy you a yacht later if you want it—maybe not so big as West's, but pretty nearly. And now I'm taking you ashore anyway. Sit here, so I can steer."

He spoke definitely, giving me orders, so that I rubbed my eyes. His voice was masterful and protective. I remembered that I had felt he needed someone to take care of him. Now it looked as if he were taking care of me. Which way was it? I couldn't decide.

I haven't decided yet.

I'm Glad I'm Plump

[Continued from page 61]

and we get the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. If plumpness and general jollity had remained the rule at Court, some thousands of Huguenot weavers would never have left France to change world history.

Women who stand out in History, were women who indirectly directed the course of events by influencing men through their amiability and subtle charm, rather than through the masculine intellectuality; and it is almost an axiom that while thin women are nervous, irritable, inclined to be sour, their plumper sisters are classically the possessors of sweet dispositions! Plump women certainly do smile more easily than thin women, and radiate intenser sex-attraction by their very animal-magnetism of full, rounded figures.

Venus, the goddess of love and the personification of feminine charm, is undoubtedly the plumpest goddess in the mythical heavens. The cult of her ample white form has been responsible for all the world events since creation. No one would deny her devastating influence, any more than the luxuriousness of her body.

Cleopatra was notoriously plump. You have only to go and look at her mummy case in the British Museum, to realize that if Mark Anthony found her fair at forty, he found her fat as well.

Olympia, mother of Alexander the Great,

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is shown as positively stout; as also was Queen Tamyris of Scythia, who managed to beat King Cyrus and an army of two hundred thousand men.

There was Helen of Troy, divinely tall and most divinely fair, and doubtless most divinely plump as well, although Tennyson, owing to the exigencies of his meter, was unable to work in the full description. A whole nation went to war about her for ten years.

THERE was, turning to dramatic art. Salome, for years censored by the British Lord Chamberlain, doubtless on account of the extraordinarily generous view afforded of her physical make-up. There was never anything niggardly in any Salome of the stage.

I discussed the matter with one of Europe's best-known dispossessed royalties, whose amorous adventures will one day be the epic of the age. What His Highness does not know about women, thin, plump or fat, isn't worth knowing!

"Ask any man whether he is more influenced by the brains of the thin woman, or the charm and sweet disposition of the plumpish one," he said. "It is a delusion of the modern thin, or emancipated woman to believe that she affects directly the course of events, local, state, national or world. History shows that woman affects such events only through men, and in proportion to her ability to influence men, as mother, wife, or sweetheart, particularly the latter. The unconventional sweetheart, companion or affinity if you wish, figures prominently in history as having influenced men, and the course of events. Almost invariably the role has been filled by a woman of curves, and not of angles."

Beginning at the very beginning of England's real story, we find the few portraits of Arletta, the daughter of the Tanner of Falaise, as showing a pleasantly plump young woman. So well matured indeed was she as to attract the favourable interest of the nobleman playfully known as Robert the Devil. Their mutual interest grew, and an unofficial union resulted in the birth of William the Conqueror. A less well developed lady, and half the aristocracy of Old England might never have come into being. William, on his coming to years of discretion, in turn married Matilda, a lady whom we are told was a "stately presence."

Nell Gwynn was another lady well known in the best Court circles of her day. Plump too we are told and indeed, one reads that at the age of fifteen she attracted her first lover, in the person of Mr. Duncan, a Scotch merchant. Now, can one imagine any Scotchman paying for nothing?

Indeed in those days, if a girl was not plump, the poor thing had to do her best to make herself look so. It might have been a disappointment to some poor man afterwards, but facts were facts. A padded dress of the period, weighed up to forty pounds, and we read that at one great ball given by the Grand Monarque, several ladies actually died "in harness" as it were, from the heat and weight of their own skirts.

Ninon de l'Enclos managed to keep up her little naughtinesses to the very decent age of ninety, when she was supposed indeed, to have been fallen in love with by her own grandson, or was it great-grandson? How she did it we do not know. There were tales of a mysterious Man in Black and his sale to her of the gift of perpetual youth; but at least we do know that she was of "plump figure."

The modern craze for thinness, is war against Nature. The forced reduction robs the nerve centers of the elements necessary to the development of woman perfect in all her attributes. Who can see in the emaciated flapper of today a latent Maker of History? Where are the feminine per-

sonalities to be found today to replace those of glorious memory?

Catherine of Russia, a well-fashioned woman, captured the heart of Peter the Great and he "made love to her in his own peculiar fashion." What that fashion was we shall never know, but at least there was a daughter born of the royal match.

Queen Isabella of Spain, not the lady who vowed never to change her lingerie till the English gave up Gibraltar, but the other Isabella, the daughter of Maria Christina, managed to keep her Kingdom in a perpetual uproar till, in the end, it got rid of her Plump, of course. Success goes with scales.

Napoleon's Josephine provides a warning to all thin women with aspirations. Skinny, sulky, soured, and Napoleon gets rid of her, and tries again, taking the more liberally lined Marie Louise. Are we to think that the Great Emperor was a fool?

And what about the romantic story of Flora Macdonald, whose early pictures show her as a generously made Highland lassie, and her Bonnie Prince Charlie. Flora goes off, and Charlie takes to drink, and dies miserably. There is a moral in it.

Shakespeare, the well-known poet, whose different birth places are almost entirely maintained by American funds, chose Anne Hathaway, that well-proportioned wench of whom the great author once playfully said that, "Anne Hath A Way."

The standard beauty today, according to feminine opinion, is to be as thin as possible, but aren't we all dreadfully wrong? Flattered by the dressmaker and tailor, whose work must be considerably lightened by the modish clothes-prop figure, if may come as a bit of a shock to learn what Sir Harry Baldwin, Surgeon-Dentist to the King of England, really thinks about us. In a lecture at the Institute of Hygiene he spoke with disconcerting plainness about the "pinched faces" of the modern women, regretting the blooming fullness of past beauties. In fact, he more than implies that the race of womankind is deteriorating and as a medical specialist, deplors the modern craze for thinness.

Doctors are not the only ones either. Artists and stage managers realize there is nothing to be done with scragginess and it is not likely that anyone will pay for a seat in the front row if they aren't going to get ample return for their money.

George Washington chose as a wife, a lady "rather below the middle size, but extremely well shaped." A man so sensible not only founds a great people, but actually manages, for well over a century, to make that great people believe in his old story of the cherry tree, and his "little axe."

THE last addition to America's gallery of plump patriots, was Carrie Nation. That dear little plump American lady who some years ago was kind enough to come over (complete with her little axe) as a sort of "extra turn" at those of the London music halls, whose commissioners were unable to recognise her in time. It is true that her genius might be called rather destructive than constructive, but as a rather early effort at showing the Old Country exactly how Prohibition ought to be run, it was at least one more proof that it is the plump woman who really gets things done.

You will note that I emphasize that the plump woman "gets things done," for there is one thing certain, and that is what the thin woman achieves, she has had to do off her own bat. No "getting things done" for her; the thin heroines of History have all been those who knew not which way to turn when it came to getting man's collaboration. The men were all too busy looking after the plump ones.

Joan of Arc was a slender, almost boyish figure, in fact quite a large number of female saints would find favour with the

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most exacting dress designer of this year of grace. It may have been that they did not enter into their saintship till there was not much else left to do. Putting it in another way, one did not, in the old philosophy, take up the calling of a Canoness Regular till most of the Canons of Irregularity might have been said to be fairly exhausted.

A really great figure of history on the other hand, always depicted as thin to the verge of scragginess, was Elizabeth, the "Virgin Queen" of the history books written for the very young. The probable truth was that her unfortunate, wasted looking figure was really due to a type of neurosis, brought on by a lifetime's vain search for her ideal man.

MATILDA, the daughter of Henry 1st, was the Queen of England whose chapter in the child's history book is so regrettably short. Is it a coincidence that her pictures always show her as a thin woman with a body of the skinned rabbit-type, like the Saint of a stained glass window? A little more nourishment, and her chapter might well have been longer!

Madame de Brinvilliers was, according to contemporary chronicles of slender figure. She may have had nearly as many lovers as Ninon de l'Enclos, but there was no living until ninety for her; she was executed after an apparently unpleasant torture. The few extra pounds of weight, and what a difference there might have been. As it was, a thin woman, and a whole career was absolutely blighted by the official axe.

Compared with the East, however, Europe and America have but an inadequate appreciation of the aesthetic beauty of the really plump woman who has probably done more to make the history of the Orient, than any potentate or Pasha.

The Taj-Mahal, near Agra in India, erected by the Emperor Shah Jahan, to the memory of his wife, is one of the most poetic buildings in the world. Can we imagine this gem of British India, erected to the beautiful Mumtaz Mahal, being put up to any skinny woman?

The very Begums of the same country, those Queens who have ruled whole States, are ever on generous lines, and the Moors even go to the length of fattening up their future brides. What follows? A country with ideas at once so beautiful, and so thoroughly practical, can manage to make a fool of the united army of two great European nations.

The Oriental appreciation of plump beauties has been so lusciously savoured in the "Thousand and One Nights," that the unexpurgated edition is unreadable to a Western mind. The full charms of Sherazardi saved her neck for one hundred times ten nights.

Plumpness is the chief asset to beauty in any Eastern woman.

My husband, son of a British diplomat, born in the East more than half a century ago, knows the secrets of the Orient before it began to lose its glamour and romance. In the old days, he tells me, no harem was complete without its Doors to Felicity. Doors not so narrow, but between whose portals the would-be aspirant to recognised beauty, must stick fast in any successful effort to get through.

It augurs ill for the future of femininity, that women today have but one idea, to reduce. In the nineties bustles, and false busts were still included in beauty's make-up. Where are the women today to replace the Queens of Intellect and Society, whose brilliance remains a memorable constellation in the Victorian and Edwardian history?

"A man's a man for a' that." Nothing can change his nature, and where a woman has a finger in the pie, you can bet your bottom dollar it's a plump one!

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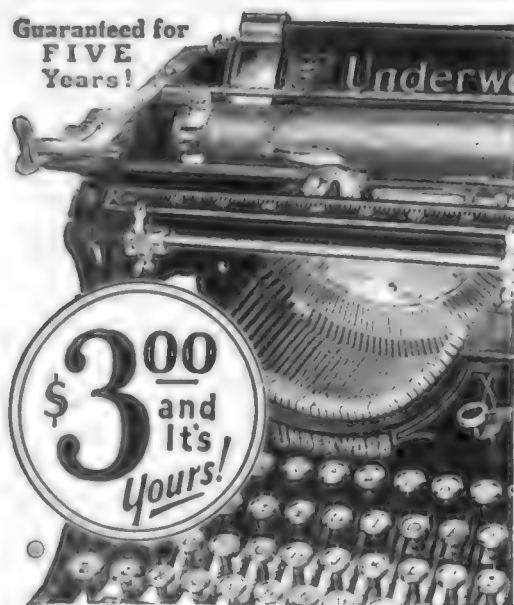
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Men Who Have Kissed Me

[Continued from page 33]

expression and his voice blended into a genuine sincerity.

I looked at him with that limpid directness of gaze that was part of my age. I took in the greying hair, the handsome, lined face, the half-weary, ironical eyes. I thought how many toys he must have pulled to pieces and cast aside, and I wondered rather petulantly what the process would be like.

There were other girls, other men, who seemed to blend into a vague background of lovely frocks. I found myself sitting in a great armchair before the fire and Darell stood looking down at me and talking with the almost arrogant ease of one who has always had the world at his disposal.

"You're too intelligent for the stage," he said lazily from his great height. "It's meant for stupid people who like posing. You think too much, and you couldn't pose if you tried. Why do you do what you hate doing?"

"I have to work," I answered. "This is a man's world, and I've only my looks. I'm not clever; I can't do very many things, not the kind of things that earn money. I understand clothes and how to wear them, and that's what you want in the chorus. Besides, what would people like you do without us? You're extraordinarily ungrateful. How would you kill your evenings if you couldn't come down to the theater to look at us, and guess which would be the most fun to take out?"

"Heaven knows!" admitted Darell. "The worst of it is, you aren't all fun. Some of you are vain, most of you are stupid, nearly all of you are greedy. But this is my lucky evening and I am so glad I've met you. Come and let's drink to our long and charming friendship. I hope it's going to be long; I know it'll be charming."

Afterwards, he took me, in the manner of a man, to show me his treasures, things he had shot, trophies he had won by skill at games. I found myself alone with him in his own room, smoking delicious Egyptian cigarettes, listening idly to his lazy gossip. At last there came silence, and I felt him looking at me. I raised considering eyes, and interpreted the look. My brain cleared to an ice-cold, glittering efficiency.

"APRIL," he began with the calm omnipotence of a man who has never denied himself anything, "I want to be friends with you. You're the most delightful thing I've met for years. You wouldn't find me an awful bore. I've never got particularly on any woman's nerves as far as I can remember. You'd discover I'm quite amusing and a good sort in my way. The only thing is, I'm too old to spend ages and ages creating an atmosphere and working gradually upward from acquaintance to friendship and so on. I'm putting it quite clearly from the start. You won't mind, or be cross, will you? I think you're too clever for that. Only stupid people are cross and put on frills. It isn't done in the best circles."

He stood smiling down, very tall, and good-looking, and experienced, and confident. Evidently he had the habit of victory. I took the cigaret from between my lips and answered:

"You're quite right. I'm not a fool. I know quite well why I was brought here, but I'm not a humbug either. You've got to see my point of view. Are you going to listen?"

He nodded, still smiling. Evidently I seemed an attractive variant from the ordinary theatrical type.

"Well," I went on slowly, "I'll be perfectly frank. I've nothing to give you, or sell you, as men look at it. I belong to me, and all the dinners and frocks and cars in the world won't alter the fact. It depends entirely what you want. I'll be friends with you if you like; I'll be the most accommodating dance partner, dinner guest, supper companion, and all that sort of thing. But if you're out for anything more serious, let me beg of you to find someone else. You know as well as I do that it would be frightfully useful at the theater for you to be my friend. But I won't take anything from you on false pretenses. I may have to earn my living by appealing to men, but I'm not a hypocrite. Can you understand, or don't you want to?"

THE smile in his eyes lingered. His quick brain, wise in the ways of women, endeavored to riddle my attitude and just failed. Was I very deep, or very simple? Very sincere he refused to believe me, for rich men seldom encounter sincerity in women, but I offended his fastidious taste in no smallest trifle, and in addition I had intelligence.

"You've met me on my own ground. We've both been frank to the edge of brutality. I think we'll get on. Shall we be friends and risk it?"

Half laughing, half caressing, he took my face between his hands and kissed me. Then being subtle in the ways of love-making he released me gently and let me go.

"And perhaps we might lunch tomorrow at the Carlton if you'd like it?" he said. "Now let's go and find Cynthia."

I went slowly past him as he held the door for me. My thought was this:

"I'm lucky. He only kissed me once, and then very nicely."

Bond Street is very heavenly at half-past three on a summer afternoon. To me, sauntering Piccadilly-ward in my coolest, shortest, most captivating frock, the sunlight, the shop windows, the splendid, silent cars, the warm, bituminous scent of London in June brought a feeling of sheer happiness. Similar emotions seemed to stir the big bronzed man limping toward me for a smile lit up his rather somber countenance; he paused and raised his hat.

"At last, thank God!" he exclaimed fervently. "Please don't go. Really I've tried so hard to see you, it would be deliberate cruelty for you to run away. Haven't you ever noticed me at the theater? I come and watch you nearly every night."

Irresolute I stood trying to connect something familiar about his steady gaze and limping foot with other circumstances.

"You're the man in D27," I said mechanically. "I remember now. But you mustn't stand here talking. It'll make you—make you—" I glanced helplessly at the crippled foot and flushed with embarrassment. "It's so tiring for you," I ended with an effort.

Our eyes dwelt on each other beseechingly as the eyes of people do who are in perfect sympathy and yet are perfect strangers. We seemed to implore one another mutely to do something before the passing moments tore us apart, still strangers. He jerked his head back restlessly and took a desperate risk.

"Do please come and have tea with me. I've so much to tell you. Anywhere you like, though I'd rather it were my own place because—because I'd like to see you there. May I?"

The ghost of a smile hovered round my lips. We were being so tremendously serious

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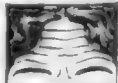
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over a mere matter of tea. An answering smile lit up his brooding face and grey eyes. A crawling taxi swerved to his raised hand. In a moment we were gliding towards his rooms in Ryder Street, chance met, unexplained, and utterly happy.

It happened to be an exceptional taxi, with real flowers in the flower-holder and clean dust covers on the cushions. The occupant of stall D27 waved a prophetic hand at all this magnificence.

"An omen," said he, "of happy import. Aren't you pleased and excited, just a little? I am; I love it!"

In five minutes I found myself in a man's rooms differing utterly from George Darell's. These were simple to the point of austerity. My unknown host made me welcome, rang for tea and began to explain himself while an obviously ex-soldier servant brought the tea with the silent efficiency of his kind.

"I'm Lord Chalfont," he said slowly, sitting opposite me in a state of happy dreaminess. "I can't help it and it doesn't matter. I got this foot crooked in the war and it seemed to spoil the whole of life till I saw you at the theater. Now I've begun to buck up again simply in order to get to know you somehow. I've done my damndest, but you've been rather unkind, for you never answered a single one of my letters. When I met you in Bond Street I couldn't help speaking. Now here we are. Do tell me your name, please."

"I'M APRIL ROGERS, but I couldn't answer your letters because honestly I never had one of them. How did you address them?"

"Described you. They couldn't have misunderstood. Dirty work somewhere. Never mind—I've found you at last. Are you a small piece pleased? Do try to be!"

I smiled at him frankly and nodded. I thought of George Darell with a sinking heart. Here sat a man who would be a friend in the real sense of the word, but people like George Darell do not let go easily. It seemed so like the careful working of malign fate that I asked unconcernedly, because I wanted to know very badly.

"Have you met Cynthia Kay?"

"Once. Once was quite enough. There are some young women it's not good for a man cursed with a title to know. Cynthia is such a young woman."

I smiled at him again, rather less frankly. Not for nothing had Cynthia produced George Darell. Yet it seemed such a pity to have met Lord Chalfont, stall D27, a little, so very little, too late.

"We're going to be great pals, aren't we?" he was saying with a wistful boyishness oddly young for a man in the thirties. "I'm due a shade of happiness after a perfectly horrible war, and God seems to have given you the knack of making me absolutely happy just to look at you. I daresay I appear a mad fool, but there it is. Try and put up with it, please, April dear. I can't call you Miss Rogers, can I? Personally I've got half a dozen assorted names, but my pals generally call me Hugh. Will you, if you don't mind?"

I nodded, and fell into a little constrained silence.

"What's the matter, April?" he said at last. "Have I worried you? Or is there someone—no, there can't be. That would simply crash everything."

"His name's George Darell," I explained slowly, "and Cynthia introduced him. I don't care for him, but there was nobody else, then, and he promised to be awfully good. I'm afraid he's very exclusive about a girl. You see he's helped me at the theater and he's most frightfully jealous. He'd make trouble and be perfectly impossible. I simply daren't be seen about with another man."



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A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that are you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

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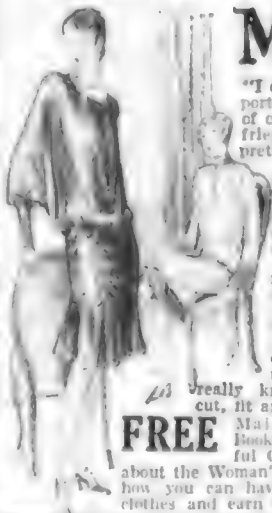
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Hugh listened. He sat perfectly still, his face hardened into an iron mask. When I ceased speaking he said:

"I'm afraid that ends everything. I'd hoped to be so happy with you because—because you're such a dear. But Darell's another matter. I knew him at Eton. He's not a man I'd introduce to any woman for whom I had the least regard. You'll understand before you're through with him. But I'm glad we met. I've had such a happy afternoon, and they happen quite seldom."

He stood up awkwardly, and I held out my hand. A smile lay in my eyes and behind it tears struggled to break through. Life seemed very miserable, because I liked him so.

"Please let me send you home in the car," he begged, and I let him since it was all I could do. The chauffeur, refused a tip with the greatest tact.

"You'll not be annoyed, I know, Miss," he explained politely. "You see, mine's not a place of the ordinary kind. Bates—that's the doorman—and me was with the Major in France, and anything we can do for 'is friends—if you see what I mean. Thanking you kindly all the same."

AS I climbed the stairs the smile faded from my eyes and at last the tears had it all their own way.

It wasn't long before Darell came up against his limitations. One day at tea he said:

"I hear you're to have a song and some lines written into the show. Quite a triumph, what?"

Knowing exactly why these things had occurred, I nodded laughingly.

"Yes, thank you so much. Clegg's been awfully decent, too, and Cynthia's perfectly sweet. I'm a lucky girl."

"But I," he objected, "am not altogether a lucky man. I stand on the brink of paradise. Like Moses on Mount Pisgah I survey the promised land that will never be mine. Why are you so unkind to me, April?"

"The promised land wasn't in Moses' contract, and there was nothing about it in yours," I smiled at him very adorably because I did not want him to see how he distressed me. "Remember I stipulated that there should be nothing serious—only kisses, and dinners, and dances. Let's stick to our bargain, please dear."

He shrugged his shoulders disdainfully.

"That was a kind of saving clause on your part in case you didn't care for me. But we've travelled a long way since then. I like you far too well for these narrow limits; no man could stand them indefinitely who loved you as much as I do. Be sensible even if you don't want to be kind!"

I leaned back and looked at him steadily.

"Did you say love?" I asked with an undercurrent of irony in my voice. "My dear George, you're far too wise for love. I do know what I'm talking about. Love implies unselfishness, and, attractive as you are, you couldn't be called unselfish. Why should you be when you needn't? If I were a man I should be thoroughly selfish. As I'm not, I play the game as far as I'm prepared to go, but no further. I meant what I said that first evening."

I saw a faint angry colour darken his face, but he kept his temper admirably.

"Don't let's be in a desperate hurry. Dine with me tonight at the flat and cut the theater. It'll be all right. Clegg knows me, and your new part doesn't begin till next week."

"Very well. I warn you it won't make the slightest difference, but I'll love to dine with you all the same. Will you take me home now? I shan't have very much time to change; it's nearly six already."

By chance I found Netta at home.

"You look a little fed up," she said. "I hope you're dining out. I am for there's nothing to eat in the flat."

"I'm going to have my last dinner with Darell," I said curtly. "He thinks he doesn't get a proper return for his kind attentions. Well, he isn't going to get anything more. I played square; I told him at the start. I gave up that charming Chalfont man because of him and this is what it comes to."

"You played square—with him? April darling, what's come over you? Your brain's giving way!" was her only comment.

The hands of her tiny clock showed twenty minutes to seven, when the hall door bell rang.

"Oh!" I cried distractedly, "Darell must jump into his clothes head first. Can you keep him amused for a minute, Netta? I'm nearly ready."

But Netta came back bringing a man in chauffeur's livery. I stood staring, powder puff in hand.

The chauffeur addressed me with military directness.

"You'll not remember me, Miss. I'm Ramage, Lord Chalfont's chauffeur, and I drove you here several weeks ago. The Major's very ill, Miss. It's influenza, and his temperature's high. The doctor's afraid of pneumonia. You'll pardon the liberty, but he keeps calling for you by name. Bates, the indoor man, told me. He asked if I remembered where you lived. You see, Miss, we thought, if you'll excuse me, if you'd come and see the Major it might quiet him, so that he'd take a turn for the better. I hope I've not presumed, Miss; but Bates and me were with the Major in France, and we couldn't stand by and let him go out without—"

Ramage seemed unable to control his voice.

I put down the powder puff and tears came into my eyes.

"Of course I'll come at once. Thank you for telling me."

"I've got the car waiting, Miss," said Ramage and moved towards the hall door. He opened it to admit Darell. I stood away from him, one hand on the door.

"I can't dine with you, George. I'm sorry, but I've got to go. A friend of mine's very ill and wants me. Please make it another night."

Darell's smile faded.

"This is frightfully sudden. Is she very bad? Do you think there's anything you can do?"

"IT'S not a girl, it's a man," I said slowly. "And his car's waiting."

"Who is he?" asked Darell.

"Lord Chalfont. Why?"

Darell went perfectly white.

"I disapprove of your going to Lord Chalfont. If you do, it ends our friendship," came slowly from Darell.

"Damn your friendship!" I said distinctly. "I'm going to him because he never asked me for anything. There are men like that. I don't suppose you ever met them. They'd take care you didn't."

I sprang down the stairs. With excessive politeness Ramage closed the door in Darell's face. So I came for the second time to Ryder street.

Bates received me with sympathetic gratitude. He led me at once to the sick room, and I entered so naturally that any explanation was unnecessary. The doctor took one quick look at me and sighed inaudibly his relief. He could depend on me. The night nurse, standing by the bed, glanced up swiftly, and went on with her business.

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we've done all we can. Will you answer him next time he speaks?"

I went silently to the bedside and stood looking down at Hugh. Suddenly his voice broke the silence.

"April," he murmured. "April, I want you so. Why don't you answer my letters? Won't you come and see me? I'm beastly ill. No, there's that other man. Oh, my God!"

"It's all right, darling, I'm here," I said gently. "There isn't any other man. I've sent him away."

The doctor moved close to me. "Carry on," he whispered. "It's up to you now. I'm going into the next room."

Hugh clung to my hand and muttered less frequently. Whenever he called me I answered him. Periodically during the night the nurse brought me hot milk or hot coffee. Sometimes she smiled encouragingly at me. She seemed like something wound up to go for so many hours.

At midnight the doctor came in, nodded to me, took Hugh's pulse, and went out. I felt an insane longing to scream. They appeared to treat me not as a human being, but as part of the apparatus of healing, greater than a thermometer, but less than a stethoscope.

Hugh moved restlessly and his voice rose in a despairing cry. "Oh, April," he said, "why don't you come when I want you so?" I bent over and kissed him.

"I'm here, my dear, and you don't know me!" I whispered, and then: "Hugh darling, I love you. Go to sleep, there's a dear."

About dawn Hugh opened his eyes again and saw me.

"You!" he said feebly. "April darling, how do you come to be here? You're Darell's. Or is it this damn fever, and you're not real?"

Very gently I stroked his damp hair. "I'm not Darell's. I've broken with him," I said. "You must sleep, dear, you're very tired. I promise not to go away."

The doctor entering half an hour later motioned me out of the room.

"To all intents and purposes you've saved that feller's life," he said slowly. "I'm extremely grateful. We're very old pals, he and I. I've had a room made ready for you, and you're to have a hot bath and go to bed."

"But—" I began. "Netta—the theater—I—"

"Bates has telephoned, and a medical certificate will settle the theater. Do as you're told," he answered and there seemed no other alternative.

However stern the fight, there comes the inevitable moment when all is won, the struggle is over, the bugles sound "cease fire," and the tired soldier has time to draw breath before the next fight. Some such thought flickered in my brain when, a month later, I poured out tea for Hugh in his Ryder Street sitting room, a pale, convalescent Hugh, clothed and in his right mind, weary still, yet overcome with gratitude.

HE LEANED forward, took one of my hands and held it gently between his. The moment marked one tiny halting place, one oasis in life's desert.

"April, you've been so good to me. I love you and love you, but I can never love you enough. You're the littlest thing, aren't you? I want so much to take care of you always. Will you please let me? They say I've got to have a sea voyage, but we could be married ever so soon, and let the voyage be our honeymoon."

I opened my eyes and they felt wide and starry. This man was not as others, the Darells of this life. In his mouth were the words "love" and "marriage," and they sounded very sweet, even as I put them away from me, quickly because of the un-

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[bearable temptation that they held out to me. "You're a perfect dear to me, Hugh," I said slowly, "but you would be, because you're you. I can't tell you how much I love you for what you've said, the more so as I can't possibly marry you. But I do thank you ever so much. These things mean such a lot to a girl."

His face seemed to go perfectly blank, with all the life and eagerness swept from it. "You love me, and you won't marry me? I don't understand."

"My dear, you've been very sweet, but you're not a bit your own self, and you never have been since you first saw me. Once upon a time you were wounded. Now you've been ill as well. For the moment you think I'm everything in the world to you because you're down and out, and you just cling to the one idea of loving me. But before the war, when you were perfectly fit, you wouldn't have thought of marrying a chorus girl, would you?"

His pale face flushed.

"I don't care a damn—" he began.

"But I do, Hugh, I don't want you not to care a damn if you do marry me. That's what would spoil it. You've got to look at it from my point of view. Women are queer, proud difficult things, aren't they? It's been so lovely to think you needed me a certain amount and I was able to help, and now it's over, so here's love, and good luck, and I want you to be happy."

WITHOUT men's weaknesses a girl would have no chance at all. I thought I had learned all the tricks in a chorus girl's trade but surprisingly enough two men came into my life who were different from any I had yet known. I'll tell you about them in the February SMART SET.

The Madness of Love

[Continued from page 13]

easy to imagine what I went through, knowing whom he was with. There were moments when my jealousy wouldn't allow me to believe that he had stopped short on the lover's way. Neither of us was rich enough to marry yet. Had he the self-control, the respect for Léonie, which I hadn't had? My knowledge of her nature caused me at that time a misery quite indescribable. Wouldn't she tempt him subtly as I now said to myself she had tempted me? And if she did, could he resist? Perhaps, probably, she had so tempted him.

One night that horrible question was so fierce in my mind that it must have been in my eyes as I stared at Harry. It must have been, because he said abruptly:

"What the devil's the matter, Martin? Why d'you look at me like that?"

I laughed, and of course said that I hadn't been thinking of him. I'd been thinking about some surgical problem, and had looked at him without being attentive to him. He didn't believe me. I could see that. And he said:

"I can't think what's come to you. Is anything wrong? Have you got anything on your mind?"

It seemed to me that I spoke at haphazard, but when he said, "Well, what the deuce is it?" the answer sprang to my lips. It was this:

"I'm considering whether I shan't go out of London."

"Go out of London!"

"Yes. My time at Thomas's is nearly up. I may make a change. I may look for something outside of London."

"Where?" he said.

"Manningham of Leeds seems to believe in me. I might get hold of something through

He sat very still, staring straight in front of him.

"Just the remains of a man, done in physically, and turned down by the one girl— God! what an existence!" he murmured bitterly.

I got up slowly, drew on one glove, and came and rested one hand on his head.

"You don't think it was easy, do you?" I asked. "You don't think, if I didn't love you so that it hurts, I could bear to leave you like this, just because I know it's good for you? Good-by, Hugh darling, and God bless you."

Late that night when it was too dark to see, I suddenly turned to Netta and laughed.

"Rotten luck the show's coming off," I said. "Hugh's going abroad, but he asked me to marry him first, and I wouldn't. I did do right, didn't I, Netta? Say I did, for God's sake!"

Netta stared at me and suddenly cried:

"What do you want, you fool?"

I looked up with amazed, startled eyes.

"But you know I—"

"I know that if ever an utter fool drew the breath of life, it's you." And Netta crashed out of the room.

I buried my face in my pillow and sobbed until I was exhausted. And although I did not know it a second agony awaited me, round the next corner in life's pathway—the sweet unfaithfulness of Basil Wray.

him. Up north—does not matter where."

Harry said nothing for a moment. He looked very grave. Then he said: "Well, nothing can last forever. But it's hard when the moment comes for chums to part."

"Oh—I don't know!" I said, brutally, I think, and repelling with my morbid hatred his sane, even touching sentiment. "I want work. I want to go on."

That night I resolved to get away, to break away from my chum-life with Harry. I was beginning to be afraid of it. I didn't know what I might do if I kept on with it. I was becoming afraid of myself.

Next day I telegraphed and wrote to Manningham. The upshot of it was that Manningham got me a job in Manchester, and I broke away finally from my life in Smith Square with Harry.

I'd hoped that the breaking away would help me, that new work in a new place among new people would drive out my demon. But it wasn't so.

There was a good train service up to London from there and I began to use it. Whenever I could get thirty-six hours away from my work I went up to London.

I went to Smith Square, but not in. And I went to Swan Alley, to, but not in.

I spied on them. I never caught her at Smith Square, but twice I—I saw him going into her place at Swan Alley. Of course he went there. They were going to marry. I knew it. What was there against his visiting her there? But one night I waited three hours, from seven o'clock till ten. Then I had to get away to the station. And he was still there. It was on that night that I felt I shouldn't let him marry her, that I should prevent that somehow.

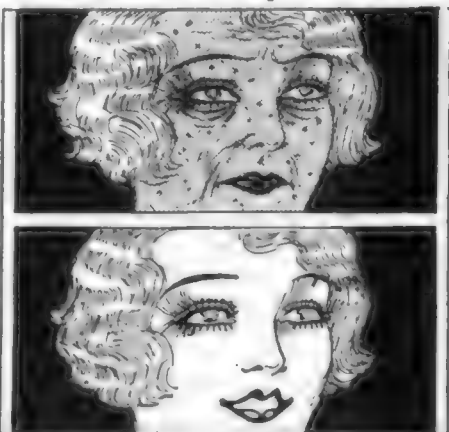
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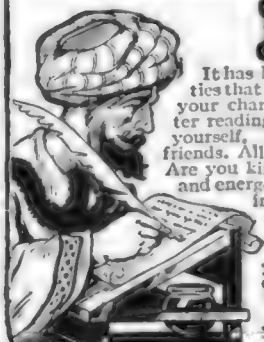
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certain means, of preventing their marriage was in my possession, as I told you. I had rejected it. Now I considered it again. I had only to tell Harry what had happened between Léonie and myself and his connection with her would be broken. I was absolutely positive of that. Could I tell him? If not, how could I prevent their marriage, separate them, smash up the relation between them?

All one night in my lodgings I sat up considering this. I now was absolutely resolved that I would never let those two marry. I had got so far. And I had got so far, too, as to try to get rid of my scruples about what a man generally calls "honorable dealing." But that I couldn't do. I even sat down at my table and wrote a letter to Harry telling him that Léonie had been mine. I even put it into an envelop and addressed it. And then I threw it into the fire. And when I saw it burning, curling up into flaky blackness, I said to myself, "I'd rather murder Harry than do that."

IN THAT moment for the first time I thought deliberately of murder as a way out.

Now, not many days after this horrible mental movement of mine, I got a letter from Harry. (He wrote to me sometimes, and I always answered him.) In this letter he wrote:

"I've had a stroke of luck, old chap. Congratulate me. My godfather, old General Bellamy, has left me a rather big legacy in his will. No doubt you saw his death in the papers. I'm thinking of setting up in Harley Street, and aiming at high game. And I may soon have some other news for you, too." (I knew of course what he meant by that "other news." He was thinking of marriage, of marriage with Léonie.) "But now"—the letter went on—"for the cloud behind the silver lining. I've been feeling very seedy lately. I can't digest my food. I have a lot of abdominal pain at times and a beastly feeling of nausea. Can't make out what's the matter. As you know I've always had the digestion of a camel. There's certainly something wrong with me."

I laid the letter down and sat considering. Marriage, money—pain, a beastly feeling of nausea. Harry had always been a particularly healthy man. And he hadn't been a fool, hadn't played tricks with his health. What was the matter? My doctor's mind got to work, and my demon's mind got to work, too. I hung as it were over dark possibilities. Death comes to many mysteriously, sometimes almost without premonition, sometimes absolutely without premonition.

I answered his letter and asked for further news. More than a fortnight passed without any communication from him. Then I received a telegram: "Seriously ill with internal abscess must be operated at once, wish you to operate please come—Harry."

After reading and considering Harry's telegram I wired that I was going to him at once, and I took the first fast train to London. During that journey I didn't debate things. There didn't seem any need to do that. I was going to see to it that Harry didn't marry the woman who had so brutally thrown me out of her life. And yet I couldn't then, or at any time, have told Harry that Léonie had once belonged to me. Just that one thing I knew now I couldn't do.

When I got to London I drove straight to our former lodgings in Smith Square and found that Harry had been already removed to a nursing home in Bentinck Street. I went there at once and found Léonie there with him. He was in bed. She was sitting in a chair by the bedside with a small tea-table before her. There was a nurse in the room too, standing up at the foot of the bed. He was looking horribly ill.

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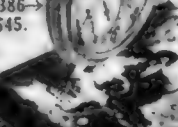
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When I saw Léonie there, in that intimate setting, I had a tremendous shock. I don't know why but I hadn't expected to see her, hadn't thought it possible that she might be there. As I came in she looked at me as if I were a stranger whom she'd never seen before. I took my cue from her, naturally. What else could I do? I went up to Harry and took his hand.

"Thank you for coming, old chap," he said. "I felt I must have you to do it. This is a great friend of mine, Miss Marsh. Léonie, this is my great friend Martin Lesley, whom I've often spoken about to you. If I come through this all right, Martin, Léonie and I are going to be married."

Léonie held out her hand to me and of course I had to take it. Then she said:

"I'm glad you've come. Harry's so often told me about you. I've wanted to know you for a long time. He would have you to operate. He trusts you more than anyone else," she added slowly, keeping her eyes on me. "Do your best for him."

It sounded in my ears like a terribly earnest plea. I said something perfunctory and again turned towards Harry. I knew exactly what she was feeling at that moment.

I HAD a consultation with two doctors from Thomas's later on, and after an examination of Harry and a thorough discussion of the case it was decided that I should operate on the following morning at nine o'clock. When I said good night to Harry he kept my hand for a moment and said:

"Do you like her?"

"Miss Marsh?" I said.

"Yes—Léonie."

"But I don't—well, I've hardly had time!" I replied evasively.

"He looked at me rather keenly, with eyes tired by pain. 'You aren't angry at my not telling you anything about this before?' he said.

"Why didn't you?" I asked.

"I wanted to, but Léonie wouldn't let me. She's a curious girl. She hated the idea of our love being known, discussed."

"Really!" I said.

"Yes. I wanted you to operate, since it had to be done, because of our Old Heidelberg! You know what I mean!"

"Yes," I managed to say.

And then the night nurse came in and I got away.

I was staying at a quiet little hotel just off Manchester Street, Manchester Square, and I had mentioned that fact to Harry before Léonie in the nursing home. I got back there pretty late and was having some dinner when a page boy came into the dining-room and said that a lady wanted to see me. Of course I guessed at once who it was.

"I'll come in a moment," I said.

The page went away and I asked my waiter for a liqueur brandy. When I had drunk it I got up and went to find Léonie.

She was standing in the small hall sitting-room, which was full of chintz-covered furniture and old prints. Nobody else was there.

"Why have you come here?" I asked, as I went up to her.

"I wanted to speak to you. I had to speak to you."

"I can't see what we have to do with one another now," I said. I didn't ask her to sit down. "You kicked me out of your life with a brutality which only a woman could be capable of," I added. "Today you pretended that you had never seen me before. And now you have the indecency to come to me at night when I want to have a little rest before tomorrow's work. Women are supposed to be sensitive, more sensitive than men. That's one of the innumerable errors of supposition. Trust a woman to be blatantly crude!" There

must have been hatred in my eyes as I looked at her then.

Her white face didn't change much as I beat her with words. She just stood there quite still looking down at the carpet. When I stopped speaking she said:

"I had to come. I want to know exactly what you think of Harry's condition."

Harry again! Of course it was Harry! I felt at that moment that as an individual man, a mere isolated human being, I meant nothing to her, that she didn't care what I thought of her, that nothing I could say to her, or of her—if I didn't say it to Harry—would worry her in the least. She considered me at all only because I was, in her view, a man of science, with an opinion about Harry worth knowing, a power over Harry's fate which was of extreme importance to her. Because of Harry, and only because of him, was my existence of any value in the eyes of that woman. And I was still desperately in love with her physically.

"You must tell me!" she added. And now she looked at me, hard, with a burning eagerness. "How serious is it? Is he in great danger?"

"He is in danger," I said. And when I said it I was thinking not only of Harry's physical condition but of the fact that he had put himself into my hands.

She seemed to be painfully affected, either by my actual words, or by the way in which I had spoken them. She still kept her eyes on me. She was trying to read me. I realized that her woman's intuition was at work. It had taken the alarm, and sensed danger before she had seen me again, before I had come up to London.

"But I want to know what you—what you expect to be the result tomorrow."

"I can't see how my expectation matters. Thornton has always been a thoroughly healthy man until now, so far as I know."

"That's in his favor, of course?"

"Of course."

"But you!" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"It all depends on you!"

"The result of an operation depends on two factors—the skill of the surgeon performing it and another uncalculable factor."

"The—the patient?"

"The mystery of the patient."

"The mystery?"

"The human body is, and will always remain, a mystery. Two apparently similarly strong people undergo the same type of operation. The one recovers, the other doesn't. Impossible to say exactly why in many cases."

I saw her shiver.

THIS interview seemed to me sinister, and I felt sinister in it, like a man different from the man I usually was, the man I was accustomed to be.

"I didn't want you to operate!" she said, after a pause.

"Oh!" I said.

"No. I tried to prevent Harry from sending for you." I said nothing and she added, "I knew you hated me."

"I can't see what that has to do with it," I said.

"You hate me, I know. But you don't—you can't hate Harry? He's never done you any wrong knowingly. I swear to you that even now he has no idea that you and I ever met before today."

"Of course! I know that!"

She was, I saw, trembling, upon the verge of an awful avowal. I looked at her, calmly I think, perhaps repellingly. I didn't choose that she should make that avowal. I was resolved that she should not make it. My eyes just then must have been quite pitiless as they looked into hers. Anyhow, she didn't finish the sentence she had begun. Instead, and in a different voice, she said:

"You might have told Harry about us."
 "Of course I might."
 "But you didn't. Why was that?"
 "Oh, there are some things a man who has been brought up in a certain way doesn't do," I said, without any emotion.
 "If that's the case—" she began—and stopped. I saw her look at the chintz in the room, at the prints on the walls. "If that's the case—" she began again. "Of course you—" Again she left off, and there was a silence. I broke it by saying:
 "I was dining when you came."

SHE reddened slightly. "Oh, I interrupted you! I'm sorry. But it was so—it's so terrible to—"

Just then I felt as clairvoyant as any woman could ever be. She was afraid of me, terribly afraid of me. She dreaded lest she might take a false step with me and make matters worse.

In that moment I had a sort of revenge upon her for what she had done to me. She didn't finish her sentence. She didn't dare to finish it. She stood there looking at me. And her eyes begged me to be merciful.

"I hope you won't think me very rude if I go to finish my dinner now?" I said.

She reddened again. "I'm sorry I interrupted you," she said. "Good night."

And then she went out of the room. I followed her and signaled to the hall porter to open the swing door of the hotel.

"Good night," I said, as she went out.

When she had gone I went back into the dining room to finish my interrupted dinner. Nobody was there now except one waiter to attend upon me. Any appetite I had had was entirely gone. But I sat down and swallowed some more food mechanically, and I drank the best part of a bottle of Bordeaux. When I had finished I put on hat and coat and went out into the cold streets. I don't think I had any special object in doing that. I simply felt that I couldn't stay indoors, cooped up in a small hotel with my own mind for my only company.

I remember walking across Manchester Square past the Wallace Collection, going on into Mansfield Street, presently finding myself in the greater noise and movement of Oxford Street.

I stood still for a moment there. Then I walked towards the Marble Arch and turned into Hyde Park. Did I know consciously where I was going that night? I don't believe I did. And yet I must have been drawn on by something within me, something obscure but compelling.

The two meetings with Léonie, in the nursing home and in the hotel, had had a horrible effect upon me. They had proved to me how the woman had managed to root herself in my flesh. I loathed her now, and surely had reason to loathe her. But I wanted her more than I had ever wanted her before.

I've had to study the human body minutely for professional reasons, but I felt its mystery that night in a very dreadful way. It seemed to me that my very flesh had a will and even a sort of soul—what else can I call it?—which were completely divorced from what we call, and think of as, the will and soul of man. Even to the trained physician, the trained surgeon, these obsessions of the body are sometimes, often even, incomprehensible.

My own case was one of the most extraordinary I have any cognizance of. I look back upon it now with sheer amazement. I ask myself what it was in Léonie Marsh which caused in me a tumult such as no other woman—and I've known women far more beautiful than she was—has been able to bring about in me. I ask, but I get no satisfactory answer. But that night I didn't ask of myself any cold, cruel questions. But I felt my own mystery in a sort



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of blind and hideous way. I suffered under it. I was driven by it. I was its victim.

I walked on, at first slowly, then—presently—faster. I saw the lights at Hyde Park Corner. I realized—Chelsea. And when I realized Chelsea—I seemed to do so suddenly, with a sort of piercing suddenness—I knew why I had left the hotel and come out into the night. It was because I couldn't keep away from the woman I had dismissed so unceremoniously, so almost brutally, only a short time ago.

All the time I had been in Manchester I had been starving for Léonie. At that moment I was amazed at the long self-control I had exercised. Seeing her again, unexpectedly, had broken it down. I was no longer my own master. When I reached Hyde Park Corner I got upon a bus that would take me to Sloane Square. From there I'd walk to Swan Alley.

I got down from the bus and walked toward Swan Alley. It wasn't far from ten o'clock at night. In walking, in getting near to her place, I felt my degradation more acutely. I tingled with it. It seemed to prick me, actually to prick my skin, all over my body.

The house in which Léonie had a studio was called Lowther Studios. She lived on the ground floor. (She had a kitchen and bedroom attached to her studio.) There was a line of bells outside. I knew which hers was. By Jove I did! And I pressed it hard and waited. No one came. After a longish pause I pressed the bell again.

Soon after that, but not before I was beginning to feel sick with irritation, I heard rapid footsteps. The door was unfastened, pulled open—I felt with anxious haste—and Léonie stood there in the dark dress she had worn when she came to me in the hotel. Directly she saw me, and before I could speak, she said:

"Is it Harry? Is Harry worse?" When she said that I said, "No, it isn't Harry! There's another man in the world and he's got to see you tonight." "But why have you come, then?" she said. "Just now you—well, you turned me out."

"I was rude. I regretted it afterwards. I've come to say so."

"Thank you for coming," she said, in a voice suddenly becoming very quiet. "I've only just come back," she added. "I'm getting myself some food. Then I'm going to bed. I'm nearly tired out. Good night."

As I looked at her, I saw that she really was tired. She looked even pathetically white, and her eyes glittered in that strange unnatural way peculiar to eyes that are fatigued.

I TOOK her hand firmly and suddenly moved forward still holding it. Instinctively she went backward. In an instant I had the door shut. I saw light coming from her studio shining into the hall of the building.

"You must let me come in for a little while," I said.

"Why?" she said. "It's so late, and besides, you hate me."

"Haven't you done everything to make me hate you?" I asked.

She didn't make any answer to that. I let go of her hand and walked quickly into the studio. She followed me.

In a corner I saw a table with some cold food on it and an opened bottle of white wine. There was a faint smell of smoke. She'd been smoking a cigaret.

The faint smell of that tobacco of hers, lingering in the studio among the studies from the nude, brought back to me instantly and poignantly all the past which I had shared with her. For a moment I shut my eyes, breathed in that faint smell of tobacco, and mentally abolished the interval between the then and the now. For a

moment I struck, I was able to strike, Harry out of her life. And again she was mine.

"Why—what's the matter—" I heard her say.

I opened my eyes and I saw that she had left the door of the studio ajar.

"Why don't you shut the door?" I said. "Very well, I will!" And I went quickly to it and shut it.

I don't know whether I can make clear all that happened between Léonie and me that night.

Her instinct, I'm convinced, told her that I had become very dangerous to Harry. I don't know, I shall never know, whether it—how shall I put it?—whether it came out into the open, whether it whispered to her that there was a possibility of murder in my heart. Perhaps, as instinct often does, it kept in the shade, hinted, told her to beware of me as the man who on the morrow would have the life of her lover in his hands.

WITH my coming into the studio, she probably felt that the light was on once more. And she wanted somehow to placate me, on account of Harry. She didn't want to stir up the evil in me. And yet, loving Harry as she undoubtedly did, she must have loathed me pretty thoroughly that night. But I think I was beyond really caring about that.

Being what we were, a couple of educated people, not perhaps conventional—she certainly wasn't—but accustomed to certain standards of conduct, and to a certain array of appearances, we feigned. I remember that, having shut the studio door, I suddenly became even more conventional. I begged her to sit down and go on with her supper. I said I'd wait upon her. I tried to assume the ease of an old friend. It must have been a pretty pitiable travesty. But she played up to it. And she sat down at the little table in the corner of the studio and began to eat something. And I handed her one or two things and poured out some wine for her. And then I remember I tried to soften her.

Yes, I tried to soften a woman who was deeply and entirely in love with another man. Then, being mortally afraid of me because of Harry, she began trying to soften me. It was fairly sickening. I remember even at the time it revolted me. I felt my falseness to her, her falseness to me. But hers was less odious than mine, for her motive was in a certain degree altruistic; whereas mine was absolutely personal. And by nature—if freed from controlling circumstances—we were both sincere people. That fact made the whole matter more difficult, more abominable.

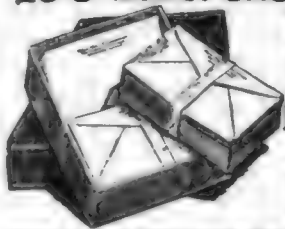
She couldn't eat much and she had soon finished. But she went on sipping her white wine. I forget what we talked of. But I remember that we kept up a sort of uneasy, strained conversation. It was getting late, very late. I knew that. I knew that things couldn't go on as they were much longer.

She looked at me and got up. Her look had been furtive, questioning. She didn't want to precipitate the thing that she feared. Her eyes were horribly tired but I had never seen them so feverishly alive as they were then. She held out her hand to me and managed to smile. She meant me to go.

Then a very ugly thing happened. I remember that as I took her hand and kept hold of it, in the midst of my dreadful concentration on her and my want of her, I was conscious of the melodrama of the situation, of the—what to call it!—of the staginess of the whole thing. But the reality under the staginess was tremendous, and for a moment I seemed to be underneath life.

At the moment my concentration on Léonie Marsh was, I believe, exclusive. Everything else seemed to be totally shut

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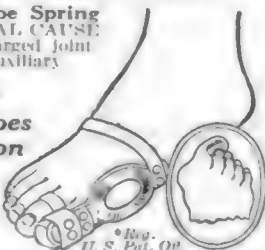
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out from my consciousness. I wasn't quite sane that night. On her side Léonie—I feel certain of this—was now being tortured by her instinct, the faculty women are inclined to trust, often absolutely, nearly always more, much more, than men trust theirs.

I took her hand and held it. And the physical contact brought my passion to the stage when the mind gives in and all the subtleties of the soul seem to wither. Léonie's hand wasn't enough, you understand. And then the ugly thing happened which suddenly, in a flash, restored the supremacy of the mental over the physical part of my nature. Léonie didn't resist me.

She didn't resist me, because of Harry. And then—I came to my senses, and almost immediately I went away from that dreadful studio.

Next morning I went to the nursing home with murder in my heart. All night I'd been awake. All night I'd had the light on. Harry was ready for the operation. He still looked very ill, but he was calm. He welcomed me with a smile and told me he was certain that I should pull him through. Léonie was in the house, waiting in a room down-stairs. But I didn't see her then. She didn't ask to see me. And now I'm near the end of it. Up to now I don't think I've told you flatly whether I am, or am not, a deliberate taker of human life.

I've implied all through that it didn't come to that. Well, I began to operate on Harry with the definite intention of not making a success of it. I thought of the waiting woman down-stairs, of the woman waiting for her happiness. I had made up my mind to punish her. The power to do that had been given to me, and ironically enough by the man who loved her. His trust in me had put the perfect weapon into my hands. I meant to use it.

During the operation I discovered something. It was this: I discovered that I couldn't do what I had intended to do, that I couldn't murder my friend. For Harry was still my friend though I had ceased to be his. But it wasn't his friendship that saved him. No. It was my love of my profession.

I couldn't fight against that, I found. It was too strong for me, too strong altogether. There was no mistake made in that operation.

When it was all over I claimed the privilege of telling the waiting woman down stairs.

I went to the room where she was waiting, and opened the door. As I did so she got up from the little sofa she'd been sitting on and stood looking at me.

"It's all right," I said. "The operation's been a complete success. I can see no reason whatever why he shouldn't get perfectly well in a little while. But you must be patient for a few days till he gets over the shock."

And d'you know, while I was saying that, I felt all my love for old Harry come back? Smith Square, the darkness, the snow. Harry and I by our fire, listening to the grinding organ playing by the railings in the smoke from our pipes—youth, friendship! They weren't quite dead in me!

Léonie and he are married now, have children. He doesn't know. He'll never know. I see them very seldom. I'm a busy man and they don't live up in the north. But he's still old Harry to me—thank God! And I no longer hate her.

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Should a Woman Tell?

HUNDREDS of women and many men wrote letters in SMART SET'S contest, "Should a Woman Tell." From these letters the contest editors found that experience and life have not dealt kindly with many of the women who have a past. The intolerance, the jealousy and the pride of men stood, very often, between these women and happiness. Not always. There are men who can understand and forgive. So the answers to the question, Should a Woman Tell, were almost exactly divided between "yes" and "no."

That perhaps was to be expected but one thing that stands out in pitiless, cold relief is the fact that, almost without exception, a woman's happiness depends upon some man. "I risked my life's happiness." "My happiness depended on his answer." "I did not dare risk all hope of happiness by telling." These phrases occur over and over in the hundreds of letters SMART SET received.

In awarding the prizes the editors were guided by the life experiences revealed. Abstract essays on the subject were found of little value or interest. In general the contests appearing in SMART SET are designed to draw from the readers, facts rather than ideas and fiction.

In the First Prize letter, the writer gives the experiences of herself and her friend. One told, one didn't. The letter follows:

I BELIEVE a woman's past is absolutely her own secret. It may find you out, but it is a chance well worth taking.

I cite my own experience and that of my chum. We were two indiscreet girls and as I look back, I realize we got away with murder, for somehow the tongue of scandal did not touch us. Probably the high esteem, in which our families were held, saved our reputations.

Edith and I became engaged about the same time and needless to say, the men were not of the old fast set. She called on me to have a heart to heart talk in regard to our approaching marriages—Almost her first question was, "Are you going to tell?" We argued for some time, pro and con. I did not intend to jeopardize my happiness by confession. I knew I now possessed the strength of youth without its follies. Perhaps I lacked that quality called "conscience" for after marriage I never gave my past another thought and no two people were ever happier. My husband died believing himself the only man in my life.

Edith said she could not go into the arms of a good man with a lie in her heart, so she confessed. The very first quarrel they had, he called her vile names. Beatings and abuse followed, he pretends to doubt the paternity of their child, brings lewd women in the house to spend the night, etc.

She says it is a living hell, but must endure it, because he threatens to reveal her past in court and in that way gain possession of the child. She also faces another problem. Will he tell their son?

Although it is too late, she is now of my opinion. *A Woman Should Not Tell.*

H. T.

THE second prize goes to a young woman who, after bitter debate, has decided to put her happiness at stake and tell. She writes:

Shall the girl with a past tell? That has been my problem for some few months and after seeing the question placed before me in such a bold fashion, I have made my decision and the answer is—Yes.

I am twenty-five years of age, an age in this generation when a woman is young but, not foolish, so for my companion in life I have picked a man thirty-six for you know the French say, "A woman should be half a man's age plus seven years." This man is in business, able and capable of keeping me as I am accustomed to live.

When spring comes and the new moon is a silver crescent in the sky and the daffodils are a golden cloud, we shall be married. I hope we shall, but I will tell him of the nights, when as a college girl, I spent several week-ends at the beach with my boyhood lover. Oh, those nights and the thrill of them which comes even now. I was young and foolish and mistook my emotions for love.

But love has come to me now I know. My future happiness depends, I believe, entirely upon my own judgment.

So with my own happiness at stake, I must tell this man I love, for deceit is dishonesty and no lasting happiness was ever founded on dishonesty.

P. L. McC.

A WOMAN who is now happy with her husband and children, wins the third prize. This woman has never told. Her past, she thinks, is her own. Here is what she says:

If our "fore-sight" were as good as our "hind-sight" there would be few women with a "past" to hide. But if I could only tell every woman and girl with a past just how foolish it is to uncover the past when it is safely hidden by the cloak of forgetfulness, I feel that I should have lifted a load from my mind.

I am happily married. My home is filled with laughter and childish happiness, and no shadow of the past blots out any of the love and confidence my husband and children have in me.

"To err, is human—to forgive, divine." There are few men who do not err, but in how many men does such a divine spark exist, that they can cast into the shadow of forgiveness and forgetfulness the past of a wife who has erred? A man's past is his own, he never tells his wife of his escapades before marriage—as the books he has read and the old clothes he had discarded, he casts his sins away. Oh woman, woman! why do you feel that you have to make a "Father Confessor" of your husband?

"Familiarity breeds contempt." At eighteen I thought myself madly in love with a youth of twenty-three. Blindly I yielded to his persuasions and deeper and deeper waded into the net of romance, until one day, I awoke with a start to the realization that true love—clean and pure—asks no gift but the vows of marriage, and no familiarity until the marriage knot is tied.

My quilt of love has been pieced with rotten squares. Could I take these out? No, but I could begin again. No one knew my past but my youthful lover and myself. A man can keep a secret.

When God forgives he forgets. Man may forgive, but will he forget? No, the memory of a wife's confession will make him jealous,

suspicious and unreasonable, and will often break up a happy home. You can't undo the past. Forget it; it's yours, keep it. I am happy and my past like my childhood is gone. God has forgiven my past sins and forgotten them. My present and future are my husband's. My past is mine.

E. M. S.

MEN also told SMART SET what they think about this important problem. Most of them feel that there should be no confession—that the past of each should be left to bury itself. One or two of the unmarried boys wrote that they would like to know what the girl they loved had done. But each of them was very sure he would forgive and forget if the confession was voluntary and complete. Here follows the letter of a man who stresses friendship as the basis of happiness—a friendship that asks no questions and does not want to know:

It seems to me that if there were more friendliness in married life, there would be less unhappiness and mutual dissatisfaction. My wife and I have lived for six years on the basis of friendship. We agreed that our pasts should remain buried. We required a clean bill of health from each other for the sake of any children that might come, but as to confessing the experiences we had had before we met each other—no!

Just the principles of friendship, applied to marriage, can in most cases bring a sense of fairness, justice and tolerance that is rarely found without it.

I had no desire to confess my past life because I wished to marry, nor had I any desire to know my wife's past. There was a sense of friendliness that has never failed. If I have a friend, I do not inquire into his life. I do not expect him to tell me all his experiences and reveal himself to me. I am his friend—that is enough. Why then, should we ask more from our wives and husbands than we ask from our friend? After all most troubles in marital life are due to a sense of possession and vanity. If you are capable of being the kind of friend to your wife that you would be to a man friend, you will find that the compensation is well worth the effort.

There is too much of the personal in most married lives anyway. We hate to feel that there might have been a time when other people or things were of great importance to this woman to whom we want to be everything.

I have no right to my wife's past, nor has she any right to mine. All that counts is what happens after we are married. I plead for more friendship in marriage.

K. D.

ON PAGE 36 of this issue is a new contest for you on "The Secret of My Happy Marriage." SMART SET wants to know, from your own experience, whether your marriage is happy or unhappy. There is a general belief that modern marriage is not all that might be desired. The letters SMART SET has received in the "Should a Woman Tell" contest indicate that there is more married happiness than folks think. SMART SET wants to know if this is true. And if true, why? Here is your chance to help solve a hard problem. Please write your own experience.

What Has Gold Digging Got Me?

[Continued from page 20]

marry a man I liked and respected, a man of position and wealth who could have given me everything that life could offer. William Craig came into the club one night late last summer with a group of business friends. He asked me to dance with him. He was an attractive, middle-aged man, and was in some manufacturing business in Philadelphia. He was intelligent, serious, kind, and treated me with a deferential respect. He seemed to take to me at once. He asked me to lunch with him the next day. He was courteous, and I needn't tell you I was on my nicest behaviour.

HOW and why those things happen you can never tell, but William Craig fell in love with me. It was the first honest and serious regard with which a man had ever honored me. He remained in New York a week and before he left proposed marriage. "I'll be frank in telling you, you may find my relations somewhat opposed at first," he told me, "but I have no prejudices against the stage. I believe there are as decent women in the theater as anywhere else, and so long as a girl is straight—it's alright."

I admired Mr. Craig. Sterling, upright, honorable, I might have gotten to care for him very much. Of course, he was older than I, but he would try to make me happy. He had been living with his sister, and wanted to settle in a home of his own. Would I consent to an early marriage? Would I sacrifice a career on the stage?

Would I? We began to make all our plans. I was elatedly joyous. At last my troubles seemed to be over, my future secure.

Two weeks later Mr. Craig telephoned me one morning. Would I have lunch with him at the Waldorf? His sister and nephew were over from Philadelphia, and he wanted me to meet them. Then he and I would go out to select my trousseau!

Carefully I made up my toilet, not using too much make up, and out of my wardrobe I selected a quiet dress. I wanted to make a good impression. Humming with happiness, I took a taxi downtown.

When he saw me enter the lobby he came toward me with both hands extended, beaming. He led me down "Peacock Alley" to the lounging room. I saw an elegantly gowned and severely handsome woman arise as we approached. I saw, but could hardly believe my eyes.

"My sister, Mrs. Watson," I heard Mr. Craig say, as everything seemed to spin around me.

"My nephew," a tall lanky youth rose from a lounge, his mouth gaping, the incredulous amazement on his face giving way to an ugly, vindictively triumphant leer.

His nephew was my \$5,000 ring Willie!

Need I say this is the end of my story? No; not the end. I'm not much success as a gold-digger any more. I'm getting on in years; younger and prettier girls are crabbing my act. And what, I wonder, will the end of my story be?

DID you ever set a trap to catch someone else and find yourself caught in it? If you would like to know why I was glad when that happened to me, read my story "He Skated Into My Frozen Heart" in February SMART SET.

My Wonderful Christmas Gift

[Continued from page 59]

matter of the house rent, but the Judge's mind worked backward. He was young again, a boy with father. "How old are you, Dorothy? Just seventeen I'll wager." He got up slowly from his chair. His mind was keen as a blade but his body was old and tired. He looked down the road toward our little brown cottage. "Tell your mother I'll call on her to-morrow. We can arrange about the rent, I think." He looked at me keenly, "And I'll be happy to take her for a ride in my car. I'm going to be lonesome here! Of course you'll go, too."

"Yes, Judge," I said feebly, for I was deadly afraid of his white mane, his big heavy hands, his ponderous frame. But I had to say "Yes!" for fear he wouldn't take mother.

I told mother and she was delighted. It pleased her to think of us as driving with the Judge. She saw us moving in his social circle as father's old friend, just as father would have wished it. She sat up late that night sewing velvet pansies on her hat. She told me that I must wear my blue dress because the Judge would be sure to come home with us to tea.

On the drive the Judge talked about old times. I sat quietly. When we passed the barns I looked for Jack, who was always busy with the animals. He must have gone in to town or we would have seen him some-

where about the barns. He had so much to do.

The Judge did come in after the drive. He sat in father's old arm-chair, talking quietly with mother while I made the tea. The Judge must have told her not to worry for she looked cheerful for the first time in weeks. And all the while the Judge was watching me. He leaned back in the chair, his heavy old eyes never leaving my face. He looked like a picture I once saw of a big hungry old lion watching a young lamb. I brought up a little table to his side and poured him a cup of tea. He waited for me to put the sugar in it, and the cream, and help him to cake, as if it made him feel younger to feel the touch of my warm pink fingers against his old cold hands.

Mother told him about me; how my salary in school was all we had; and how it left me nothing for myself. "Such a hard life for a young girl!" The Judge listened. All he did was nod his head and look at me, and tap with his fingers on the arm of his chair. But that tapping seemed to convey his thoughts, like a nervous shorthand of his mind. And the tapping fingers said: "A young girl. A young girl!"

I wanted to cry out that I was very happy; that I was going to marry Jack, and Jack and I would take care of mother. But mother gave me a look that stopped me.



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Now the Judge was getting up out of his chair, straightening the old arc of his back, and getting ready to go home. I fetched his cane and wrapped his muffler around his neck. The nights were cold. He promised mother that he would take us both driving again next day. Then his big car, electrically heated, drove away.

Mother sat entranced for hours. She forgot our little brown cottage. The Judge was coming again.

Jack called as usual after his work that night. He brought a pair of pigeons for mother. She did not come out to see him. It would have been too great a drop from the heights into which the Judge's visit had lifted her. But Jack and I sat on the front steps and I walked back to the barn with him. Wolf, the sheep dog, was at his heels. Jack wanted to show me Lassie's litter of puppies. We went in to her little runway. Jack lifted the puppies out, one by one, for me to see. He laid them back close to Lassie, his hands gentle as velvet. "They'll bring fifty dollars apiece, Dolly, any day."

But I couldn't help thinking about the Judge's splendid car. "You're only making more money for Judge Martin," I said. "And he doesn't need it. He doesn't even know you're breeding prize sheep dogs."

He touched Lassie's sleek head: "I love these animals, Dolly. And it doesn't make any difference whether Lassie's pups belong to me, or the Judge. That's the queer thing about the young. You love 'em most, just when they need you most."

A quick jealousy flashed over me. I think every woman knows what that feeling is, the thought that she must share the love of the man she loves with something else. "Do you love them more than you do me, Jack?"

It was the first time we had talked right out about love, but I had had a hard afternoon. "No Dolly! I love you more than anything. More love than one girl can stand. I wouldn't know how to love these animals, if I didn't love you so much more."

"And I love you, Jack. I never felt it as I do to-night," Jack straightened up from petting Lassie. "I love you too, Dolly and I never felt it as I do to-night."

We sat down together upon a feed-box and I laid my head on Jack's shoulder. It was the first time we had ever drawn close together like that, and something seemed to unfold us, to tell us that danger was near. Jack felt it; "Nobody can ever take you away from me, can there, Dolly?" And, then he laughed. "What a foolish thing to say. Of course, not. You're mine, Dolly."

"OF COURSE, Jack," I said. "Of course." And we sat there, my head on Jack's shoulder, his arm around me. Jack's arm was warm and I could feel his heart beating through his flannel blouse. It made me very happy to know that he loved me so. "I love you, Dolly," he said. "And I love you, Jack." And, then I shut my eyes, happy with love. My heart felt numb and every sense ceased; for Jack was kissing me and I was happy.

We could not sit there forever on that old feed-box in the big barn. And on the way home, when we were snuggling along the starlit-road, arm in arm, I told Jack about the Judge's visit. Somehow I hadn't the heart to tell him before. It was like telling him that the Judge could do something for me that he could not. But Jack was glad. "I wish I could have seen you in the Judge's big car," he said. Jack had splendid eyes, blue and true, and he could look you in the face. "I'll buy you a better car than that, some day, Dolly." I felt a little bit in awe of him, and proud. In his new dignity as overseer, he carried himself differently. He dressed better. I was glad and proud, because it brought the day nearer when we could be married.

Oh, that last good night at the gate. It was very quiet. We couldn't think of very much to say; but the stars and the night seemed to say it for us. At our last good-by I told Jack that the Judge was going to take mother and me out again to-morrow.

Jack stopped short.

I answered the look that had sprung into his eyes. "The Judge won't take mother unless I go, too."

"Did he say so?"

"Yes, Jack."

The murder was out. I saw the happy look fade from Jack's face; saw him look dark, protesting. In my eyes he read the truth, the truth that I had surprised in the Judge's big old revealing eyes, that he was taking me to drive and not mother! He was taking me.

"I'LL take you out, Dolly. Haven't I always? I don't see why the Judge must take you two days in succession." Jack was not mean. He would have done anything to please me. But he was a man, and a man fights for his own.

I tried to pacify him, though I was indignant about it myself. "Don't be jealous, Jack dear," I said, for Jack had always been jealous of me; and that was why I never had another beau. I could not bear to make him jealous and unhappy. I loved him too much for that.

He was dressed in his blue tweed suit that night, as he had been to town; and he looked like what he was, a strong, splendid man. "I can't help being jealous of you, Dolly. I'm made that way. And you belong to me. Why Dolly anybody in the world could pick us out as mates. Your eyes are black and mine are blue; and our hair is different. Those things count, Dolly. A man can't be among the animals, as I am, and not know that. I'd love you anyway, Dolly. But those things go deep and—well Dolly!—you're mine! I can't help being jealous." He gave me that clear look that was all truth, and I knew that, along with Jack's love, I must take his jealousy. And I knew, too, that when a girl loves a man, as I loved Jack, it only makes him dearer to her.

The Judge came next day and took us out. It was a repetition of the first day, and he came home with us. I heard him and mother going over things, picking up the thread of life where they had broken it off. Life is so kind to us that way. It holds our memories for us and keeps them fresh until we want them again.

But the Judge, even while he talked with mother, seemed impatient at life. He was like a man who, realizing that his time is short, wants to pack all his desires into the next few days. He wants to live his life—what is left of it—fully. He wants to live it so happily that, perhaps, he may cheat Life itself, fool Life into thinking he is a jovial young man, fool Life into giving him back his youth.

What happened next! I don't know through what mazes my terrified mind travelled before I could bring myself to understand it! It is an old, old story. But it was new and terrible to me. Mother and I thrashed it out one night, after the Judge's grand car had stood in front of our cottage every afternoon for weeks. It was the night of the first snowfall. When the Judge was saying good-by the white snow settled on his hair, making him look like a terrible old Father Time.

"He'll give you everything, Dolly," my mother said, "everything your heart could wish! You're to live in the big Manor House. You'll have a dozen servants. I want to stay here where your father died. Your father would have wanted you to marry the Judge." Mother's voice shook.

"But I'm going to marry Jack, mother! We promised each other long ago."



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Mother looked at me, her pretty eyes sad,
as they have been ever since father died.
"Jack can't take care of us, Dolly." And I
knew that mother was thinking of the auto-
mobiles, the cottage, the things the Judge
had been sending her.

Yet my dear mother was thinking more
of me than of herself. She thought of her
own pinched life with father. She could not
bear to see me go through the same thing.
But she forgot that her love for father had
made all hardships seem light, forgot that I
was young as she had been.

"I'm going to marry Jack."

She told the Judge about Jack, next day,
when the big car came over at tea time. I
was standing in front of our china closet
getting out the tea cups. Mother told it in
her own pretty way; "It's an old affair
between Dolly and Jack, just a boy and girl
affection."

The Judge gave her a look as one who
thoroughly understands. "That's nothing,
nothing at all." The heavy old fingers were
drumming on the chair, as the Judge al-
ways drummed when he was disturbed. "My
daughter Elizabeth, you remember her, had
some such fancy (she called it love) for my
chauffeur. I broke it up, took her to Italy
and married her to a title. You know
about it! The chauffeur was a low-lived
fellow."

I turned from the china closet, forgetting
the cups. "Jack Welch isn't a low-lived
fellow. He's as well born as we are. His
father was a civil engineer, out West. He
died and so did Jack's mother."

But the Judge only exchanged looks with
mother. It was a girlish fancy of mine and
I called it love.

Then things began to happen with start-
ling suddenness. A maid came every morn-
ing to help mother with the work. They
put a new furnace in our cottage. A doctor
came from the city to see mother. The
School Board dismissed me. A professor
was coming out from the city. I was dis-
missed! And not a cent was coming in to
us from anywhere.

The Judge called one afternoon to take
me over to the Manor House. He said he
had some things for mother, but I knew it
was to show me the house. We went through
the broad front door and into the immense
drawing-room, heavy with rosewood and
velvet, and hung with crystal chandeliers.
The Judge took me through the oppressive
dining room, gleaming with silver and gold,
through his library, shelved with massive
law tomes to the very ceiling. Then he led
me up the wide, winding staircase into the
hall above. It was nearly dusk; and the
clock in the hall was tolling the Angelus. I
did not feel pure nor holy nor thankful.
My only thought was to get away from
this big white-haired old man who was ex-
erting himself to please me. He led me
into a great room, dark and rich with hang-
ings. There was an enormous mahogany
bedstead, great dressers. The light shown
grudgingly through heavy velvet window
hangings.

THE Judge turned to me. "This has
been the bridal chamber of our family
for generations. It shall be yours."

He had talked with mother, and he took
it for granted that I was going to marry
him.

"Here I brought both of my brides."

I turned away choked. Both of his
brides! And I would be the third. I
stepped to the window and out through the
velvet curtains. I felt as if I must get
away from him for a minute. Below lay
the great barns, where Jack was. I wanted
to drop out of that window and run to him;
go as fast as I could to Jack and stay with
him forever. I drew back into the room
for fear I would obey my impulse and jump
from that window.

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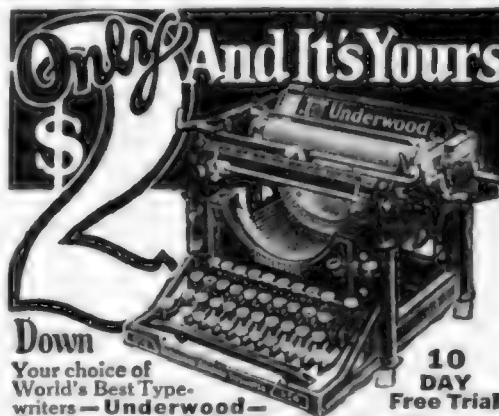
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And the Judge as he took me back in his car told me that it was all waiting for me, the Manor House, his fortune, and himself!

Mother put the question straight to me that evening. Would I marry the Judge? And she answered it herself!

"What will become of us, if you don't?"

I cried all night and rose, pale, with no appetite. I went about the house, quiet, not like my old self. I could not bear to think of it.

That night when Jack came, mother broke the news to him. Her manner was that of one who is arguing with a child who can not be brought to reason. She said, "Dolly can do a lot for you when she's the Judge's wife."

Jack's face was sunburned and the winter cold had deepened its color but he flushed to a deeper crimson under it.

"I'm not that low, Mrs. Grey, to take from Dolly, after she's the Judge's wife."

He was sulky, frightened. He took me out with him for a walk over the frozen snow. "You don't mean it, do you Dolly?" He rubbed his hand across his forehead. "I can't realize it, Dolly! You, so young, so fresh and so pretty, married to that hoary-headed old man. Married to him!"

I put my head in my hands. "I'm afraid it's got to be, Jack."

"When?" He was sparring for time to work and earn money to give mother the things she wanted. He knew that I would have enough if I could only have him.

"The Judge wants to be married in ten days, on Christmas eve. He's lonesomest during the holidays with all his memories."

"In ten days! Great God!" Jack put his arms around me and gathered me to him. My face felt the roughness of his shaggy coat.

"Don't marry that old man, Dolly darling. No good'll come of it. You can't mate May and December. You can't! Wait for me, Dolly, it won't be long."

"There's mother now. I must think of her."

I left him stunned, standing in the road. He put his arm over his face. Wolf, the sheep dog at his heels, jumped up and licked his hands.

I had my last argument with mother that night. "The Judge has been married twice. I'll be his third wife."

"But Dolly," mother came back eagerly. "His first wife died in child-birth. His second is in a sanitarium in the South, incurably insane. The Judge got a divorce by special decree." Mother told it as if it ought to make me love the Judge better.

"He's nearly sixty and he's horrible."

"He can give us everything."

THE next day I saw the Judge, walking about the barns. He was the gentleman farmer, now. He had grown younger; his step was lighter. I believe that he really felt that he had arranged our destinies, his and mine and mother's, for our ultimate happiness. There was no law to compel me to marry him. Yet I was doing it. And to make me happier he was giving me the things that made the kind of women he knew happy. It was candy and handsome silks. My hands were heavy with the old family gems he gave me; my head bent low under the long chain of diamonds he brought one night and twisted about my throat. And mother thought that, after I was married, I would grow so fond of my new luxuries that I would forget my dreams with Jack!

As I watched the old Judge leaning on his cane, looking off at the sheep on the hills, I wondered what kind of a wife I would make him, after we were married and settled down. Would I be a faithful wife? Could I be a faithful wife? Or would I be one of those women who deceive

their husbands? At Jack's call would I slip away from the Judge's great house and go to Jack? Slip the halter of my diamond chain and go at Jack's call!

I wondered why he wanted to marry me; what he saw in me, when he knew that my heart was not his. Yet I knew that it was because he needed me, because I would take youth to him, in his big somber house. The sight of me, my buoyant youth, touched him, made him feel young; deluded him into thinking that he was a youth.

I grew so pale and thin with the strain that mother was worried about me. The Judge noticed it. He ordered a handsome grand piano for me; gave me a new bracelet. Mother was so happy that she sang all day. I tried not to let her see that my heart was breaking.

THE day of our wedding was drawing near and our cottage began to bloom. Great wreaths of holly came from town to hang in our front windows. Evergreen trees in enormous pots stood on the little piazza. Mistletoe hung from all our chandeliers and was twined with the holly over the mantelpiece. And a great bell of holly came down from the city, our wedding bell. The florists brought it and fastened it high between our front window. The Judge and I were to stand under it. And our wedding was only two days off. An immense wedding cake arrived.

I went to the barns to see Jack that day. The time was so short when I could go to see him. I ran into the Judge. He spent so much time on the place now! He had placed seats everywhere so that he would sit and rest and watch the splendid flocks as they spread across the fields. He was outside the big barn where I always met Jack.

The honest way would have been for me to throw myself upon his mercy; to tell him that I could never love him. But there was mother! And the Judge's hand was big and heavy. He could crush us all. I was afraid. I believe, now, that fear is at the bottom of all woman's dishonesty. I was afraid to tell the Judge and I slipped away without seeing Jack.

But I went down next day, the day before our wedding. I must see Jack. Yet I was not deliberately a bad girl, planning vows which I knew I could not keep. I was young, only vaguely guessing at love's irresistible power, its resistless pull. They were singing carols at the village church, getting ready for Christmas. As I passed I wanted to put my hands to my ears to shut out the sound:

"It came upon the midnight clear
That glorious song of old."

And what was that glorious song of old but a song of love? Jack had seen the wedding bell arrive. He had realized at last that I was really going to do it. I stopped outside the barn door. I could not face him yet for our last good-by. I felt too faint. The big old seat where the Judge came and rested every afternoon was empty. Then I went in and looked for Jack. He sat on the old feed-box where we had sat together that night and told each other our love, but his head was in his hands, his rough brown hair like a tousled mat on his head. "I can't believe it, Dolly." He muttered it over and over again. Wolf was there, his nose against Jack's face. And, Lassie, with her pups crying around her. Even Naomi, the old black cat, came and rubbed against him, and the hens pecked silently. "I can't realize it, Dolly. I've even let the animals go to-day. Hear Sheba whinnying for her sugar! The lamb with the splint on its leg—I can't feed it, Dolly. I can't—I can't. And you married so soon to that old man!"

I laid my head on his shoulder; "Let me

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MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION,
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE
ACT OF CONGRESS OF
AUGUST 24, 1912,**

Of SMART SET published monthly at New York, N. Y., for Oct. 1, 1926, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. E. Berlin, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of SMART SET and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Magus Magazine Corporation, 119 W. 40th Street, New York, N. Y.; Editor, W. C. Lengel; Managing Editor, Grove Wilson; Business Manager, R. E. Berlin.
2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Magus Magazine Corporation, 119 West 40th Street, New York City, Sole Stockholder, George D'Utassey, 119 West 40th Street, New York City.
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cry, just a minute, Jack, just a minute." And I sobbed my heart out on his shoulder, his arms around me.

"Don't, don't cry so, Dolly. I can't bear it."

"I've got to cry Jack. It's wicked to force me into a marriage with a man I can never love." I caught myself quickly. "But it can't be wicked, Jack, when I'm doing it for mother!"

"In such a short time I could provide for you, Dolly."

I shook my head. "Look out of that door, Jack. All those grand things! I'm marrying the Judge to give them to mother."

"If I thought you wanted them Dolly—if I thought they'd make you happy—"

"Happy!" All the listlessness of the last few days left me. My voice was strong; all my pent-up sorrow burst forth; "I hate them, hate them all. I'd rather have a crust, just a crust, than all the Judge can give me—if I could have that crust with you, Jack. I mean it."

Jack looked around. "I feel as if there were someone else here, Dolly. I think sometimes that I'm going crazy. I'll have to go away from here after you are married. I can't stay here and see you go driving past, and me here, away from you."

I CAUGHT him frantically; "Promise me Jack, promise me, that you won't go away. I shall not live long. Promise me you'll stay until I go."

Jack seized me. "Speak the word Dolly! It isn't too late. I'll take you away with me to-night. Will you go with me? Say you'll go Dolly."

"There's mother, Jack. The Judge is going to give her a car and a chauffeur. She's to spend the winter in Italy with the Judge's daughter. We'll have to wait."

"To wait? And you married?"

"Don't tempt me, Jack. Don't!"

He walked with me to the great door. The Manor House rose high and proudly on the hill. The air hung heavy with snow and there was a sharp wind blowing, now. On the roads the snow was banked deep, but the air was clear. Jack's eyes were blazing. He lifted his hand toward the Manor House. "That's your window, your wide, bed-room window. I know the house. I'll be watching it, Dolly. Every night I'll be watching it."

"Jack, you mustn't."

"I don't care, Dolly! You're mine! I'll watch that window like a hawk watches a dove's nest. I'll see it every night. I'll be here to-morrow night when you go there. I'll be here, standing in this barn door. I'll be here, and if you ever want me, you set a signal in that window and I'll see it. And I'll come. That's all that will hold me here, waiting for that signal." He was against the barn door now, his head in his sleeve, sobbing. Wolf growled and Lassie whined.

"Good-by Jack!"

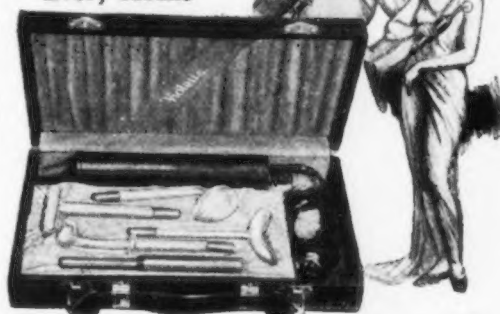
I put my arm around him but he was as one who cannot be comforted, a man buffetting against a fate that sweeps him under. I stepped out of the barn door alone. Not ten feet away was the Judge. He had turned his back and was walking slowly toward the road, along the wide path. How long had he been outside? Could he have heard? Had he been a silent witness to our farewell? I did not try to overtake him; nor did he wait for me. His big car was in the road. It gathered him in; and he drove away. That night I did not see him. For the first time he did not call at our little cottage, and it was the night before our wedding.

I slept soundly that night for the first time in many nights. I had given up. Henceforth I would try to be a good wife to the Judge but I could not seem to see the future. I could not see myself living on.

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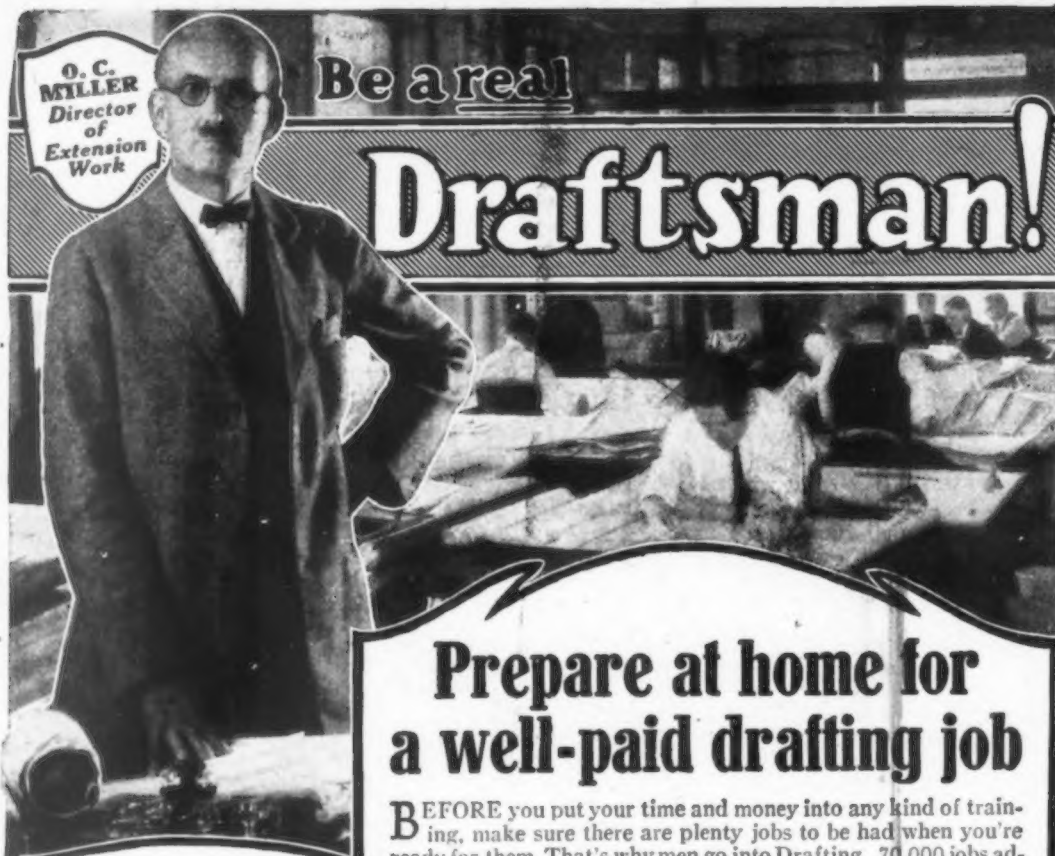
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afternoon. Mother helped me on with my wedding dress, fixed the veil with her own hands. There was a dressmaker from town to help. She dressed mother in a grey satin, which was very becoming and put handsome combs in her hair. They fixed my veil with orange blossoms. The scent nauseated me; the whole house nauseated me. It was so sweet with flowers and holly and greens, all the beautiful things of winter. Mother was very happy. The Judge had given her the deed for our cottage, and she was to sail for Italy in three days to visit the Judge's daughter who was ill.

Mother gone! And I alone with the Judge! I tried to admire his Christmas gifts to me, such rare things, such gloriously expensive things. And all the while, all day, the bells were ringing, carols everywhere. The children had been in front of our door singing. And I heard always that carol: "It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old." Oh, what a night for Christmas eve! So different from a year ago, when we had gone to the woods and cut our little tree, and come home, singing our own love carol.

The Judge arrived at noon. He looked tired. I felt sorry for him. He walked heavily. He had come early to his own wedding. And he wanted mother to make a cup of tea for him; to fuss over him. It was such a little village, and the Judge owned so much of it, that he was like a feudal baron. He could do as he pleased. There were to be no other guests, just the clergyman and we three.

Mother was the happiest of all, buzzing like a joyous bee over the presents. "There can't be anything more to come?" she questioned the Judge, smiling.

"One present more," said the Judge briefly. "Just wait."

Our door bell rang. A servant from the Judge's house answered the summons. We stood facing the door. Who could it be? What could it be?

I was in the middle of the room, my veil falling around me, watching the door. It was the clergyman probably. But it was not. In the door, hesitating a minute, then walking straight in, was Jack. He was very pale but he walked straight toward me.

Jack spoke; "A letter for you, Dolly. The Judge told me to give it to you—just before—just before time! He told me to hand it to you personally; and to get your answer."

I opened the letter with cold fingers. Mother stood back of me. Jack was facing me. He had dressed for the occasion in his best suit. He would not have come to me with a message on my wedding day, except in his best. And all the while I was trying to read the letter. It seemed to blur. Yet through the blur I read this:

"This is my Christmas present to you, Dorothy. I give you Jack. You love him. He loves you. I did not realize how much, until yesterday. Your mother and I will sail for Italy soon. Take Jack! I want you both to stay here, to live here."

There was a sound at the door. The Judge was going. I caught Jack's hand and we dashed after him. He had reached the automobile before we could get to him. We called out. He leaned from his car and lifted his hat, a splendid old figure, carrying his head proudly to the end.

We went back into the house. Someone was coming up the walk. It was the clergyman. And the children were trooping up the walk singing their carols. Jack and I joined hands. And through the open door the voices floated in singing: "It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old—" And the bells were ringing—every bell in the village was chiming.

I still held the Judge's letter with its valiant old handwriting in my hand. "My Christmas present! I give you, Jack!"

The mothers of tomorrow

are thinking seriously
about this matter of poisonous antiseptics

MATRONS of the younger generation are becoming more and more aware of the dangers following the use of poisonous antiseptics for strictly personal hygiene.

The facts of this matter are clear. Bichloride of mercury when used in sufficient strength to possess real value as a germicide, is destructive to human tissue. It coagulates the cell fluids and if used repeatedly will deaden and toughen the tissues with which it comes in contact. There is always the danger of mercurial poisoning through its use.

Risk in compounds of carbolic acid

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of the poisons. In spite of this they are corrosive and caustic in their action and the soap ingredients coagulate and wash away many of the necessary gland secretions. Their continued use results in an area of scar-tissue and dullness and hardening of the membrane.

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